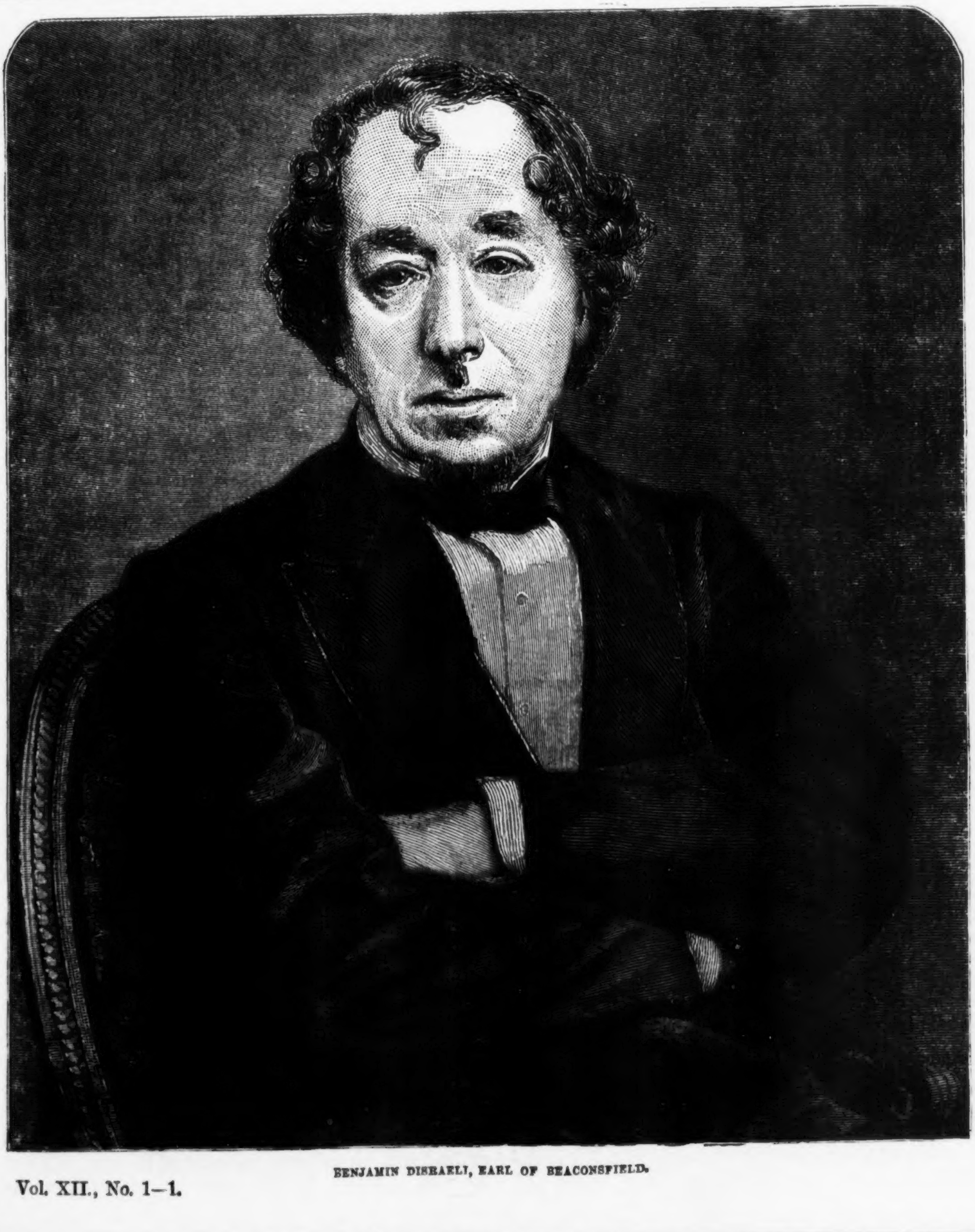
FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. XII.—No. 1. JULY, 1881. $3.00 PER ANNUM.



BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

XUM

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

By Richard B. Kimball, LL.D.

In the year 1748 there came to England from Venice a Jew who wrote his name "Benjamin D'Israeli"—literally, "Benjamin of Israel." He claimed descent from the high Hebrew aristocracy of Spain, whence, toward the close of the fifteenth century, his ancestors had been driven by the persecutions of the Inquisition, to seek refuge in the territories of the Venetian Republic. There, "grateful," so it was stated, "to the God of Jacob, who had sustained them through unprecedented trials, and guarded them through unheard-of perils, they assumed the name of D'Israeli—a name never borne before or since by any other family—in order that their race might be for ever recognized."

It appears that this Benjamin D'Israeli had already amassed a handsome fortune in commerce, and soon after reaching England retired from business, and, purchasing a valuable property, passed thereafter a life of luxurious ease, entertaining at his house at Enfield many of the distinguished men of the day, and among them Horace Walpole and Sir Horace Mann. He is represented as being "a man of ardent character—sanguine, courageous, speculative, fortunate, with a temper which no disappointment could disturb, and a brain amid reverses full of resources." The same account informs us that his wife, though a Jewess, "never pardoned him his name and herself her race," and was so mortified by her social position that she lived to nearly eighty without indulging a tender expression. Nevertheless, her husband scrupulously maintained strict relations with the Spanish and Portuguese synagogue in London, and was a close observer of its ceremonies.

This man had an only son, born after he came to England, whom he named Isaac, and whom he destined for a merchant prince, after the family traditions. Unknown to his father, Isaac had become addicted to poetry, and when the old gentleman announced his intention with regard to him, the son coolly replied that he had written, and intended to publish, a poem of considerable length against commerce, which was the corrupter of men. The father took a sensible view of the matter. So, far from attempting to coerce the youngster, he afforded him the opportunity to carry out his tastes. Isaac became a studious recluse, living literally among his books, without relations or family acquaintances, but enjoying the society of the most distinguished literary men of the time. Such was the author of the work entitled "Curiosities of Literature," one of the most curious and remarkable books in the English language.

Isaac D'Israeli married in 1802 a lady of great beauty and remarkable accomplishments, Maria Basevi by name, and on the 21st of December, 1804, their second child, a son, was born to them, who was named Benjamin for his grandfather, and who is the subject of this memoir. The child was initiated into the Abrahamic covenant on the eighth day, at the Bevis Marks Synagogue, of which his father was a member, though rarely an attendant.

Before this event the Act of Parliament, passed by the influence of the Duke of Newcastle, permitting the naturalization of Hebrews, had been repealed, owing to the clamor of the inferior clergy, so that the prejudice against the race for the time became intense. We must keep this fact in mind, for it bears specially on our subject. As I have remarked, Isaac D'Israeli gave little or no attention to the observance of the ceremonials of his religion, but he did pay into the treasury his regular yearly assessment of £10. On being elected president of the congregation he declined to serve, whereupon he was fined £40, which he refused to pay, and shortly after he severed all connection with the synagogue. The young Benjamin was at this time in his tenth year, and by this action of the father was left in a most untoward position, having neither the small advantage which might accrue to a Hebrew in full covenant with his race, and being at the same time cut off from every hope of recognition and advancement in a community of prejudiced Christians. This alone is enough to account for that unvarying cynicism and mocking satire which in one way or another characterized his whole political career. He had no schooldays, as those days are counted among English boys. He was sent for a short period to a boarding-school, which proved sufficiently disagreeable to him, by reason of his Hebrew origin; after that he was placed in charge of private tutors, who, under his father's direction, looked after his education. While this was in progress an odd circumstance took place.

Although Isaac D'Israeli had forsaken the synagogue, he did not exhibit the slightest leaning toward Christianity. He was engrossed with his books, and little else beside. Benjamin was an attractive, handsome boy, of a remarkably quick intelligence, and specially noticeable. The literary friends who frequented the house spoke with regret of the isolation which threatened his future. This, it was reasoned, could be partially counteracted by his becoming Christianized. But how to do it? Accounts differ in this regard, but an accepted version is that Mrs. Ellis, wife of a well-known man of letters, taking advantage of the father's temporary absence, hurried the boy off to Saint Andrew's, Holborn, where he was baptized by J. Thimbleby, the curate. This occurrence, which took place when Benjamin was twelve years old, must have produced an extraordinary impression, little calculated, however, to enhance his respect for the ceremony, or his faith in the rite. It was his first great lesson in adapting means to ends, and was not likely to be forgotten.

The obstacle which would have frustrated any attempt to enter public life having in this way been avoided, he was, four years later, confronted by another peril, which, in its way, might have proved equally formidable. It happened that one of his father's intimate friends was a wealthy solicitor, by the name of Swain. The man had no children, and he proposed that Benjamin, now sixteen years old, to whom he had taken a great fancy, should enter his office, under the promise that he should ultimately succeed to the business of the firm, of which Mr. Swain was the head. Besides, the young man would, in this way, become fitted for a respectable Government office, if his tastes went in that direction. So it happened that at an age when those who became his contemporaries in public life were entering at Oxford or Cambridge, Benjamin Disraeli was sent to the office of the aforesaid solicitor, in Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, where, in due course, he was to be articled in accordance with the rules. But matters did not follow in due course. He had no taste for the law. After a brief trial he refused to be articled, and gave up his desk to a younger brother.

Old Isaac D'Israeli did not, it seems, take the matter to heart. Possibly he recalled the circumstances attending his own choice when at the same age. He was a man of easy competence, so that at no time did his son have to contend with the unhappy cramping of poverty, or in fact the want of money for all reasonable expenditure. At nineteen he visited Germany, and on his return commenced to develop the energetic, persistent purpose which lasted as long as his life—this was to attract public attention and challenge public notice. He possessed every qualification for the work. He had unbounded confidence in his own abilities, which he doubtless overrated; but it was so much the better for his object. He exhibited at all times an egregious self-sufficiency. He was audacious, but calculating; brilliant and imaginative, but sagacious.

Young Disraeli devoted himself to the fashionable puppyism of the period, of which Bulwer was a shining example and Count D'Orsay a chief. There were at the time a class of young men, of bright intellectual promise—severe students, too—who affected the dandyism of Pelham and the effeminate mysticism of Delisle; but they wielded keen pens, and on occasion gave the reading public clever books and slashing magazine and newspaper articles. At the age of twenty-two, young Disraeli set himself down to produce a romance. He was not content to rest its success upon its literary merits; he made the book a gallery of portraits and caricatures of living personages. "Vivian Grey" was caught up with avidity. Society was agog over it. Everybody was "taken off." So everybody was engaged discovering who was who, and in fitting the characters in the novel to the persons they were supposed to represent. At length a "key" was published, and society set to reading the book over again. Taking himself for the hero, and picturing his father as the hero's father, we find Brougham as Mr. Foaming Fudge, Canning as Charlatan Gas, Prince Leopold as the Prince of Little Lilliput, Lord Lennox as Lord Prima Donna, Lord Eldon as Lord Past Century, Horace Twiss as Vivacity Dull, Abernethy as Dr. Spittergen, Mrs. Coutts as Mrs. Million, and so on, and so on. The reader will see how thoroughly some parties must have been gibbeted. "Vivian Grey," though immature and erratic, is a work of genius, full of originality, vivacity and wit, and has survived the personalities which gave it its first currency. It demonstrated the writer's powers of satire, which he never in his subsequent career permitted to flag. It made a lion of him in London society, and brought him into the best political and social circles. Shortly after its publication, the author made a classical tour in Italy and Greece. Returning, he published a flimsy satire on the manners and customs of the day, entitled "The Voyage of Captain Popanilla." It attracted but little attention.

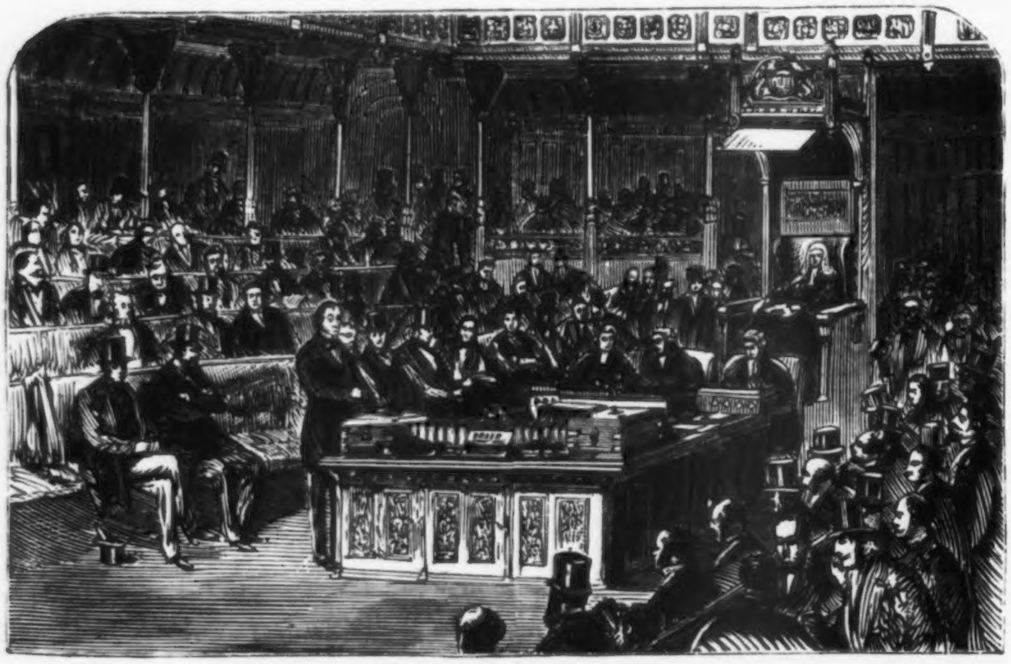
It was about this time that N. P. Willis met Disraeli at the Countess of Blessington's, and gave the following striking picture: "He wore a waistcoat splendidly embroidered with gorgeous gold flowers, patent-leather pumps, a white stick with a black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pockets. He has one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw. He is lividly pale. His eye is as black as Erebus, and has the most mocking, lying-in-wait expression conceivable. His mouth is alive with a kind of working and impatient nervousness—and when he bursts forth, as he does constantly, with a partially successful cataract of expression, it assumes a curl of triumphant scorn that would be worthy of a Mephistopheles. His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats. A thick, heavy mass of jet-black ringlets falls over his left cheek almost to his collarless stock, while on the right temple it is parted and put away with the smooth carelessness of a girl's, and shines most unctuously." This description is not more valuable for a picture of Disraeli, than for that of the dandy of the period, of which class Willis himself was a shining example. The difference between the young Disraeli and the dandy par excellence, was that the latter took up the calling as an occupation, the former used it as the best method at hand for attracting observation.

About this time (1829-30), Disraeli undertook an extended pilgrimage. He spent the Winter in Constantinople, the following season in Albania, and the next year in Syria and the Holy Land. In these journeyings, he found or fed the Oriental fancies that inspired his fantastic romance of "Alroy," and traveled through the sacred scenes which he revisited afterward with Tancred and Lothair. When he returned to England, he came back to carry out his cherished design to enter on political life. The times favored him, for the country was in the vortex of the Reform agitation. The old landmarks were being swept away; everything was unsettled. Christianized as he was, he still had to contend with the obstacle of his birth. Jews could not sit in Parliament, and he was a Jew in everything but the one operating legal provision. This in no way disheartened him. He had only to decide under what flag he was to embark on the stormy sea of politics—the more stormy the better suited to his purpose. From the Whigs, who were then in the ascendant, he had nothing to hope. He looked upon their party as represented by an exclusive caste, which regarded Government posts as its inalienable birthright, and he continued through life consistent in his denunciations of the "Whig Oligarchy." He saw little opening for the time being among the Tories. There was nothing left for him but to undertake what Roebuck had already accomplished—namely, to endeavor to enter Parliament as a Radical and "Friend of the People." With such men as Joseph Hume and Daniel O'Connell as his sponsors, he presented himself as an independent candidate to the electors of High Wycombe. Of positive principles, in his address there was literally nothing. He belabored the Tories, and abused the Whigs. Questioned, as is often the habit at the English hustings, his answers were adroit but non-committal, until an impatient elector at last demanded, "Upon what *do* you stand?" "Upon my head!" was the retort—a statement for once sincerely made and true.

On this occasion he was defeated, only to renew the contest before the same constituency the succeeding year, on the dissolution of the Melbourne Ministry, with Hume and O'Connell still his friends. He failed of an election by eleven votes. He was in no sense discouraged.

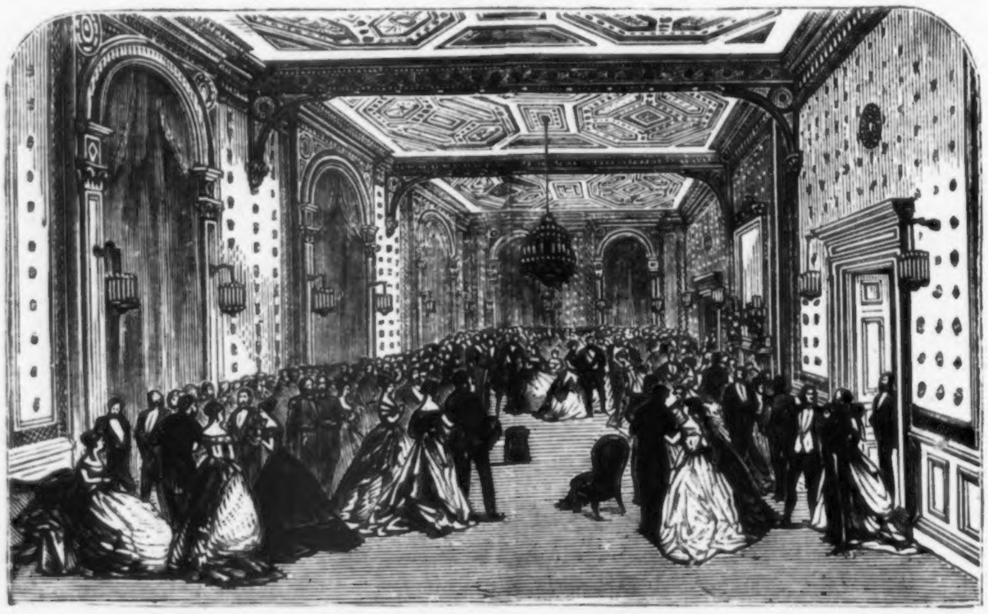
It happened two years later that a vacancy occurred at Marylebone. Whereupon Disraeli issued a flaming address, in which he described himself as one who "sought the support of neither of the aristocratic parties," but who advocated the cause of the people. He accepted, to the fullest extent, the radical doctrines of triennial Parliaments, vote by ballot, abolition of all taxes except a property tax, and separation of Church and State. To his disgust, he found the metropolitan constituency, from which he expected so much, even more implacable than the rural electors of High Wycombe, and he had so little support that he refrained from going to the poll. This served to disenchant him with radicalism. Fortune favored his efforts to put himself again in nomination the ensuing year. Mr. Labouchere having been appointed to office, went to his constituency, as was the custom, for reelection. He found Disraeli on the ground to oppose him, not in the shape of a radical, but in the interest of the Tories! The contest was very bitter, as may be imagined, and the neophyte in these new principles encountered a severe defeat.

Here we must record the incident of Disraeli's quarrel with O'Connell. Both were looking for a party, but with a different purpose. The great Irish leader had no personal aims. He sought, and he achieved, "emancipation"

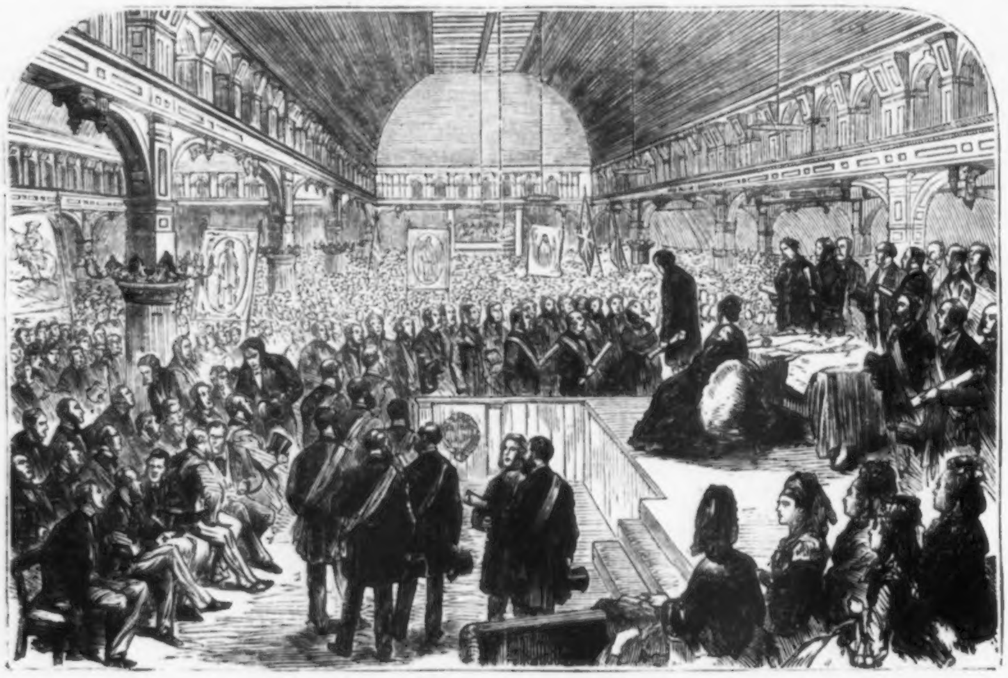


DISRAELI'S FIRST ADDRESS TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, AS PRIME MINISTER, IN 1868.

for his countrymen. Party and place were to him as nothing. Disraeli, on the contrary, was endeavoring to find a party who would advance *him*. In attaching himself to the Tories he showed great sagacity, as we shall see further on. O'Connell, meanwhile, had cast his lot with the Whigs. When Disraeli came to air his new-blown principles, he was taunted by his auditors with O'Connellism. Whereupon he launched into a severe invective against his former friend, calling him an incendiary, a traitor, and other hard names, and referring, in the most biting terms, to his alliance with the Whigs. As was generally the case with those who fell foul of O'Connell, the Irishman had the last word, and left to his adversary the ridicule. "The author of 'Vivian Grey,'" he retorted, "possesses just the qualities of the impenitent thief, whose name must have been Disraeli. For aught I know, the present Disraeli is descended from him; and with the impression that he is, I now forgive the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died upon the cross." For once Disraeli's imperturbability was stirred. He sent a challenge to Maurice O'Connell, the son; for O'Connell, after killing D'Esterre, had vowed never to fight again. The authorities interfered, and the affair lapsed.



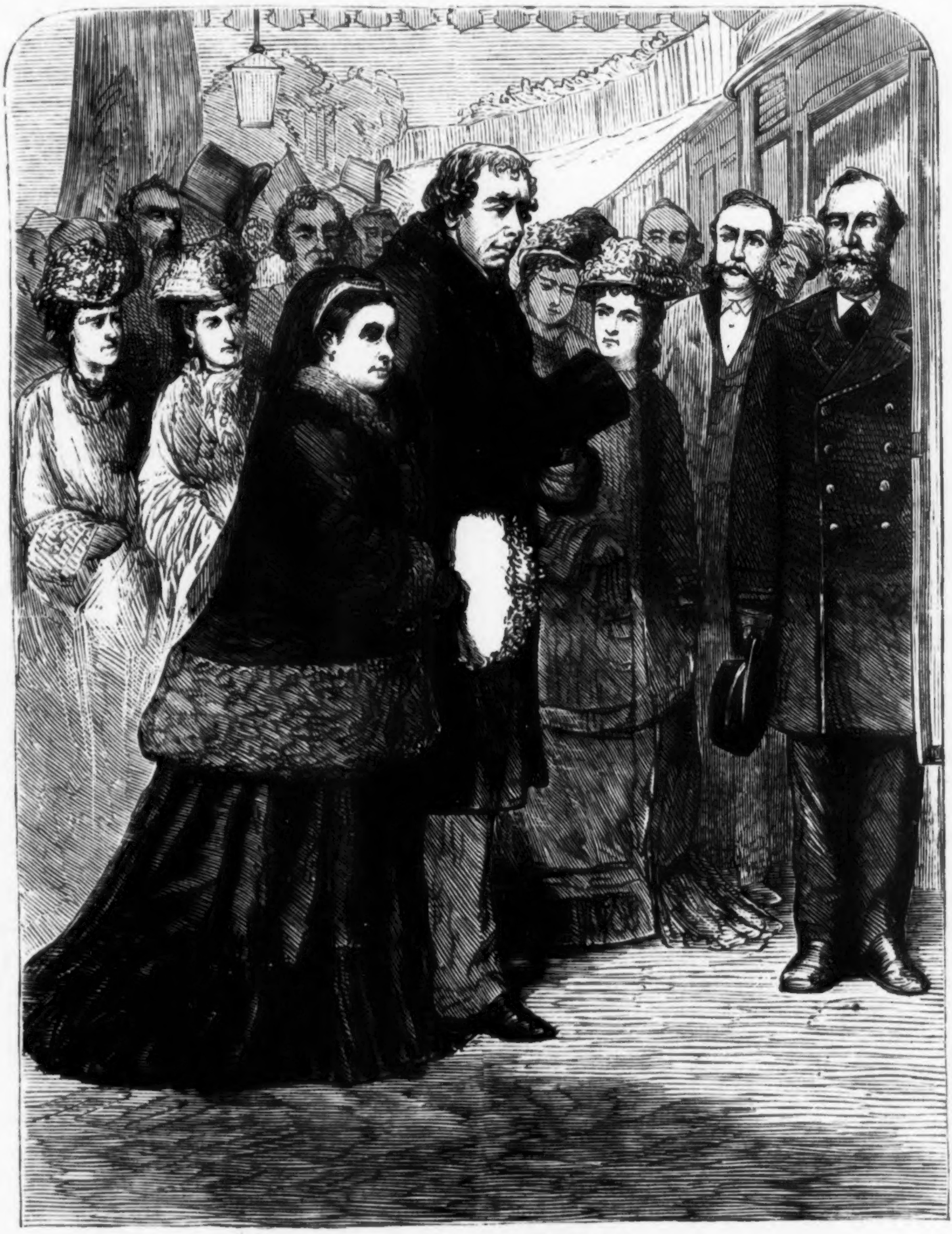
A RECEPTION ASSEMBLY GIVEN AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE BY MR. AND MRS. DISRAELI.



ADDRESSES TO DISRAELI AT MANCHESTER.

During the years that, despite his vigorous efforts to the contrary, he was consigned to private life, he occupied his leisure and energy in the production of the "Young Duke," and of "Contarini Fleming," a psychological romance, pronounced by Heine one of the most original of works, which was speedily followed by "The Wondrous Tale of Alroy," an Oriental romance of real power, depicting the adventures of a prince of the house of David, who in the twelfth century proclaimed himself the Messiah, and called the Jews of Persia to arms. He then published the "Rise of Iskander." Next we have "What is He?" an answer to a question asked half contemptuously in political clubs, and in which, appearing as a political pamphleteer, he gave evidence of those powers of sarcasm which did him and his party such service afterward. His versatile talents were next turned to poetry, and the "Revolutionary Epic" was, perhaps, the only failure he never tried to redeem. On the contrary, in the preface he expressed himself with unwonted diffidence. "The public," he says, "will decide whether this work is to be continued and completed, and if it pass in the negative I shall, without a pang, hurl my lyre to limbo." He continued to write political pamphlets, and in 1837 "Venetia" appeared, wherein the life of Lord Byron and the death of Shelley are combined in one individual. For this and other personalities it was severely criticized. Shortly after, he published "Henrietta Temple." This is a love story, with no political allusion.

At last the time had come when the younger Disraeli, as he was called, and as he liked much to be called, was to reap a result from his persistent efforts to enter on a Parliamentary career. William IV., the "Sailor King," died on the 20th day of June, 1837, and Victoria was proclaimed Queen. A new election followed, as a matter of course. Disraeli, by his last brilliant canvass, when he espoused the cause of the Tories, had attracted the attention of the leaders of the party, of whom Sir Robert Peel was chief. Through his influence Disraeli was invited by Mr. Wyndham Lewis to stand with him for Maidstone, where on the 29th day of July, 1837, he was elected to Parliament.



QUEEN VICTORIA AT HUGHENDEN.

He had reached the first round of the ladder.

We may get an insight into the workings of his fancies—fancies practical and sagacious—by these sentences from "Vivian Grey":

> "Mankind, then, is my great game. At this moment how many a powerful noble only wants wit to be a Minister; and what wants Vivian Grey to attain the same end? That noble's influence. When two people can so materially assist each other, why are they not brought together? Shall I, because my birth balks my fancy, pass my life a moping misanthrope in an old chateau? Now let me probe myself. Does my cheek blanch? I have the mind for the conception, and I can perform right skillfully on the most splendid of musical instruments—the human voice—to make others believe those conceptions. There wants but one thing—pure, perfect courage; and does Vivian Grey know fear? He laughed an answer of the bitterest derision."

It is an interesting circumstance that the first entrance into Parliament by Benjamin Disraeli, writer of romances, flippant dandy, mocking, cynical politician, Christianized Hebrew, with an imagination Oriental, picturesque — a fancy unrestrained, unlimited, yet with no illusions—I say it is an interesting circumstance that his first entrance into Parliament should be coincident with the advent to the throne of a girl of eighteen. For this Benjamin Disraeli was to make that young Queen an Empress! There is a long, wearisome road to be traveled first. Let us return to our history.

The state of parties which at that time represented the nation as well in administration as in the various phases of opposition, was extremely unsettled. The Government, which was in the hands of the Whigs, possessed but a feeble majority, with Melbourne Prime Minister, and Lord John Russell still wearing his laurels, won by the passage of the Reform Bill which had been wrung from the Tories, or Conservatives, as they were now also called, under Sir Robert Peel. The Radicals, in their Anti-Corn-Law League, were pressing both Whigs and Tories for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and other so-called destructive measures. O'Connell had some years before carried his

Emancipation Bill, and advanced ideas were rapidly sweeping both parties away from their moorings. Bulwer, who was of the same age as Disraeli, had already been in Parliament five or six years; and Gladstone, who was to become his great rival, and who was five years his junior, had taken his seat in 1832. In short, there was at that period a group of young men of rising talent and advanced thought, who were familiarly known as the "Young England" party, and who have figured notably on one side or the other during the last fifty years.

Parliament met on the 15th day of November, 1837. Three weeks afterward Disraeli attempted his famous "maiden speech." It was in the debate on the Irish election petitions that the member from Maidstone rose to follow O'Connell. His purpose was to wreak vengeance long threatened on his former patron, now his bitter personal enemy, for the terrible onslaught on him, which we have already mentioned. He had sent word to the Irish leader he would meet him at Philippi, and now the meeting had come. When O'Connell resumed his seat it was the new member who caught the Speaker's eye. Great were the expectations of Disraeli's friends. There was a loud buzz in the house as he stood up in the second row of benches, opposite the Speaker's chair. An eye-witness gives the following account: "His appearance and manner were very singular. His dress, also, was peculiar; it had much of a theatrical aspect; his black hair was long and flowing, and he had a most ample crop of it. His gesture was abundant; he often appeared as if trying with what celerity he could move his body from one side to another, and throw his hands out and draw them in again. At other times he flourished one hand before his face, and then the other. His voice, too, is of a very unusual kind; it is powerful, and had every justice done to it, in the way of exercise; but there is something peculiar in it, which I am at a loss to characterize. His utterance was rapid, and he never seemed at a loss for words."

In spite of the habitual consideration of the House for a novice, the orator's style and manner were irresistible, and notwithstanding the cheers from his Tory friends, among which those of Sir Robert Peel were loudest, bursts of laughter filled the hall, until at last the orator came to a premature standstill, amid shouts of merriment. It was an almost unparalleled episode. The peroration of that maiden failure was most remarkable, for it contained the secret as well as the promise of his long series of triumphs: "I am not at all surprised at the reception I have experienced. I have begun, several times, many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now; but the time will come when you will hear me."

This reception, which would have crushed the hopes of most men, served rather to aid the new Radical Tory member. His overweening self-confidence did not desert him. Instead of studying to conciliate prejudice, he had set himself to provoke and defy it: for the matter of the speech seemed almost as affected as the manner to an audience accustomed to the severe simplicity and unimpassioned delivery of the Parliamentary orators. On the other hand, the House was disposed in the future to listen to a man who showed he had some reason for his audacious defiance of its judgment besides mere audacity. At the same time, Disraeli did not disregard the lesson he had received, and he was listened to with growing attention as he learned to tone down his style and gestures in deference to the sentiments of his critics. For the next few years, while his party remained in opposition, he spoke at intervals against the Repeal of the Corn Laws, about the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill, and on various other measures, with evident care and preparation; but he made himself in no sense prominent. He kept himself before the public rather as a writer than a speaker, and added more to his literary than to his political reputation. In combating the general idea that a literary man is unfitted for active life, he writes in one of his novels:

> "It is a common opinion that a man cannot at the same time be successful in meditation and in action. But in life it is best to judge men individually, and not to decide upon them by general rules. The common opinion in this instance may be very often correct, but when it fails to apply, its influence may lead us into fatal mistakes. A literary man who is a man of action is a two-edged weapon; nor should it be forgotten that Julius Cæsar and Frederic the Great were both eminent literary characters, and yet were, perhaps, the two most distinguished men of action of ancient and modern times."

From 1837 to 1847 Disraeli produced, among other things, three novels, entitled "Coningsby; Or, The New Generation"; "Sybil; Or, The Two Nations"; and "Tancred"—a "trilogy," as he was accustomed to describe them. Their scope was entirely political. In "Coningsby" he embodied the doctrines of a new school of political thought, dealing entirely with the aristocracy. In the book the descriptions of individuals were so marked and personal that everybody recognized them rather as veritable portraits than caricatures. In it he criticized the great party leaders, and with brilliant epigram, metaphor, satire and antithesis delineated their party strategy from his own sarcastic point of view. "Sybil" is of a different character, though equally personal. It deals with the condition of the English people. Disraeli had made an effective speech in the House on behalf of the convicted Chartists. He had previously made a special pilgrimage to the scene of the Chartist disturbances; and in "Sybil" we are taken into the busy manufacturing cities of the north, and introduced to the home life of the mill-hand and the iron-worker. The book evinces true sympathy with the people, which was always one of Disraeli's leading traits.

"Tancred," in some respects, is the best of Disraeli's novels. Its subject is the mystical influence of religion. It is filled with personal portraits, like "Coningsby" and "Sybil," and completes the "trilogy." With "Tancred" the author suspended the work of the novelist, and threw himself, with all his energy and enthusiasm, into the arena of politics. Before this he had married. His colleague, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, had died shortly after being elected to Parliament, in 1837. Two years later Disraeli married his friend's widow. She was rich, and her fortune enabled her husband to pursue his career untrammeled by the harassing need of money. The couple were deeply attached to each other, and their domestic life was very happy to the end.

In 1841 the Tories came into power, with Peel as Prime Minister. It was expected that Disraeli would receive some minor post in the ministry, but none was offered him. This circumstance may have changed his whole career, for had he accepted office, he might have felt constrained to have followed his leader in his free trade doctrines, which we may reasonably suppose would have been more acceptable to Disraeli than those of the protectionists. As it was, he felt free, and he boldly assumed the freedom of criticizing the acts of the ministry, but still in a friendly way, until when, in 1845, Sir Robert Peel announced his conversion to free trade doctrines, and the impending doom of the Corn Laws. Disraeli might, had he chosen, have found good reasons for following his leader. Party ties were dissolved; he stood less committed than most men. Besides, he had often held language leaning toward free trade in corn and liberty in religion, and he might have readily tendered his support to Peel. But what would he gain by it? His support was really not essential. He would, at best, have to remain the lieutenant of his leader. As to the Whigs, he could easily have strained his views in "Liberalism," and joined them. But the fact is, Disraeli really detested the Whigs. Again, their front rank was composed of men of high Parliamentary renown, and before reaching the front he would have to force his way through a line of dangerous rivals. On the other hand, if he cast in his lot with the protectionists, leadership was assured him at once. They were, as has been forcibly expressed, a scattered mob, hesitating between desperate and timid counsels, but they offered the nucleus of a formidable force to a leader who knew how to rally them. They were struggling silently with bitter indignation, and longing for vengeance.

It was the fortune of the writer about this time to pay a visit to the House of Commons. Disraeli did not speak on the occasion, but we can never forget the observation of an old country member, a personal friend, it seemed, of Peel. "I will not say," he ejaculated, "that the honorable member has deceived us, but he has allowed us to deceive ourselves." This reproach, uttered in a tone of sadness, no doubt struck deeper than the bitterest invective.

At this time Disraeli had formed an intimate personal friendship with Lord George Bentinck, who was scarcely three years his senior, but who had already been in Parliament nearly twenty years. He was a younger son of the Duke of Portland, a great agriculturist, and fond of the racecourse. He was a man of fine talents, a ready speaker and debater. He, with Lord Stanley (afterward the Earl of Derby), had been ardent supporters of Peel, and helped to make up the then famous Conservative party. They represented the great landed interests of the country, and Peel's new measures, as they conceived, fatally imperiled them. In the memorable season of 1845-6 the onslaught on Peel was tremendous. Disraeli followed Lord George with argument and ridicule and scathing satire. He accused him of "committing political petty larceny," of "catching the Whigs in bathing and running away with their clothes."

The Corn Laws were repealed, nevertheless, but Peel was forced to give way to Russell and Palmerston. By his death, four years later, England lost one of her truly great men.

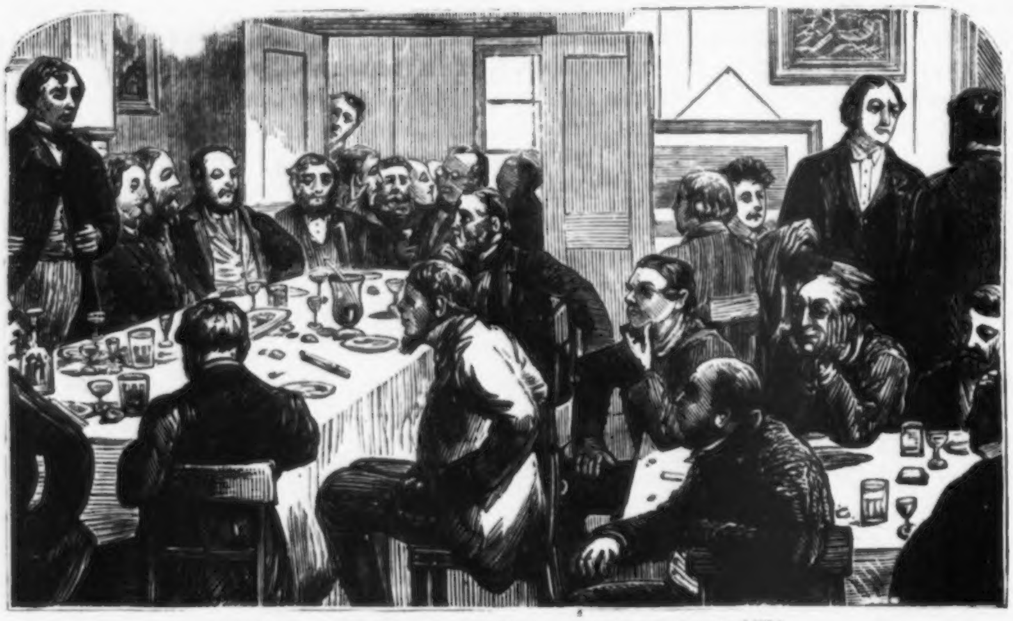
No better insight into English politics can be gained than by looking over the cartoons of *Punch*. One of these represents Peel being baited by former friends, now bitter opponents, who surround and taunt him, while "Dizzy," *Punch's* name for Disraeli, is represented as blowing smoke into the ear of the badgered statesman from a large tobacco-pipe. At the commencement of the next session, the Whigs having come into power, Sir Robert is represented as a large, portly gentleman, who asks "Dizzy," a small, slender fellow: "Well, my little man, what are you going to do this session, eh?" To which "Dizzy" replies: "Why—aw—aw—I've made arrangements—aw—to smash—aw—everybody."

Lord George Bentinck became nominally the leader of his party in the House, but Disraeli was the actual leader, and there was not the least feeling of rivalry between them. By the sudden death of Lord George, eighteen months later, Disraeli took the control at once. He became the mouthpiece of the Tory squires; in fact, the chief of the Tory Party, which position he never abandoned, never swerved from, but which he held, solitary and unquestioned, to the day of his death—a period of nearly thirty-five years. About this time he obtained the seat for Buckinghamshire, which he retained with scarcely any opposition till his elevation to the peerage.

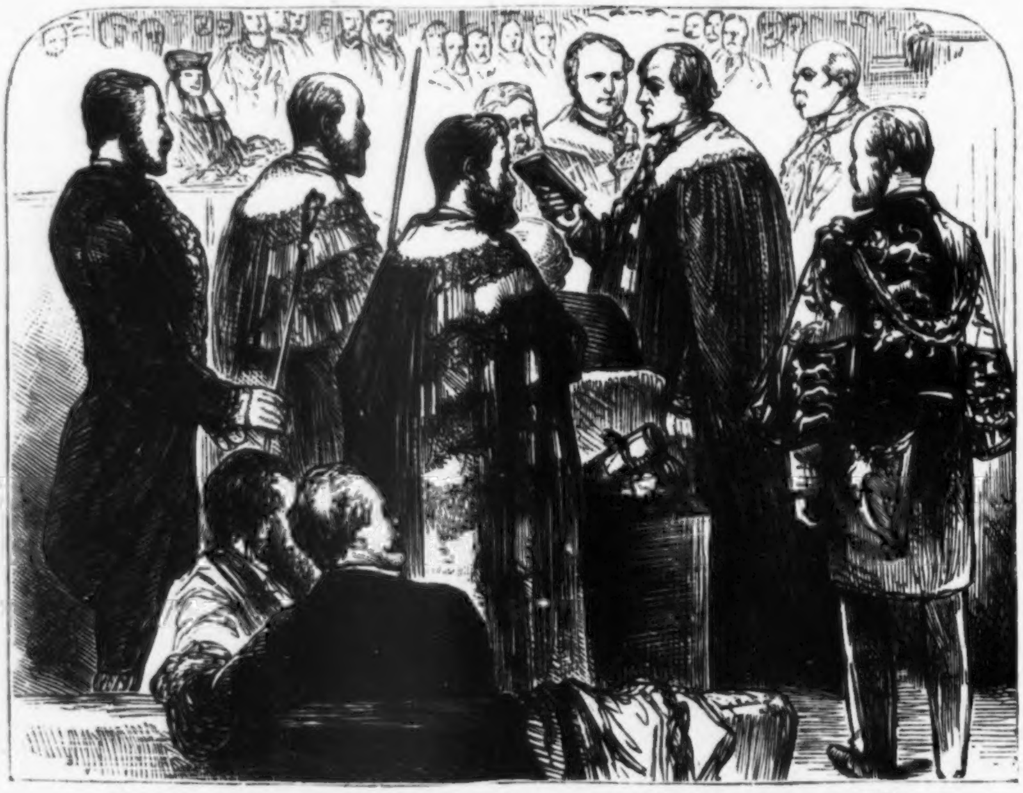
Disraeli's management, during his entire career, showed that he never permitted any personal feeling to stand in the way of what he conceived to be the interests of his party. We give a most striking illustration of his adherence to this rule. His friend Lord George Bentinck favored the passage of the Jewish Disabilities Bill, a measure introduced by the Government. He voted, and exerted himself under great physical suffering to address the House on behalf of the Jews, and declined even to take any further active part in any other measures during the session, because he could not countenance what he termed the intolerance of his party. Now, Disraeli had always boldly prided himself on his Jewish descent and the glories of his race. There is not the least doubt that he not only felt a natural sympathy for, but took a genuine pride in, his people. Besides, he certainly had no bigoted prejudice against religious emancipation. Yet he took a different view of the subject from his friend Lord George, and sacrificed conscience and inclination to what he conceived to be the interests of party. It became later the glorious privilege of Lord John Russell to champion the Bill through Parliament; the last important measure which he ever successfully carried through.

In 1851, there was a general disruption of the Whig Party. Palmerston, who always had a liking for Louis Napoleon, and who, unlike Disraeli, often took counsel of his personal feelings, conveyed through Lord Normandy an assurance of the moral approval of the *coup d'état* by England. It was more than the English people could bear, and the Whigs went out. In March, 1852, Lord Derby was called on to form a Cabinet. Disraeli was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer and Member of the Privy Council, and was of course leader of the ministerial party in the House. The party "tumbled out of office" in the following December, and in this way: Disraeli was called on for his "budget." But how to frame it? The party was protectionist, and he was hampered by his obligations to the farmers. It was now that the Whigs, Free Traders, Peelites, and Independents all fell on him—Gladstone taking the lead. The House adjourned at four in the morning, "with a budget and a ministry smashed."

For the next five years Disraeli remained in opposition, never losing an opportunity to harass and annoy his opponents. Strange to say, the Tories were indebted for a return to power to a similar incident to the one which brought them back before. One evening, in January, 1858, as Louis Napoleon was about entering the Opera House in the Rue Lepelletier, Felix Orsini attempted his life by throwing down a bomb in the passage. It was claimed that the conspiracy was hatched in London, and in the succeeding month, Lord Palmerston—at the instance, it was said, of Louis Napoleon—was indiscreet enough to bring in a Bill to amend the law on conspiracy to murder. The measure created great excitement in England, and Palmerston resigned under the force of public opinion. Again Lord Derby became Premier, and Disraeli Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was a short-lived affair. Palmerston was the favorite of the Whig party, and, as in the case of our own "Harry of the West," they were disposed to "pick the flint and try him again." The House rejected the Bill introduced by the Conservatives to extend the suffrage—"a weak and deceptive measure," it was called—and, after less than eighteen months in office, Disraeli found himself again in opposition, where he remained seven years, but always as one of the prominent figures in



DISRAELI ADDRESSING ELECTORS AT AYLESBURY, IN 1874.



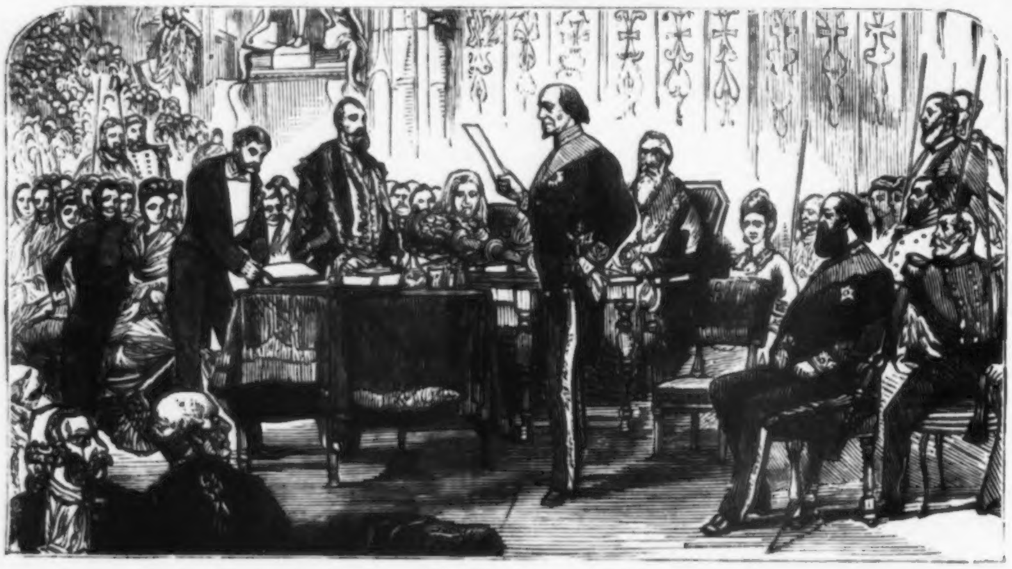
LORD BEACONSFIELD TAKING THE OATH OF INDUCTION TO THE PEERAGE, 1877.

the House. In 1866, Mr. Gladstone brought forward his elaborate Reform Bill, on which the Whigs, after a bitter contest, were defeated.

Again Lord Derby was Prime Minister, and again Disraeli Chancellor of the Exchequer. He had learned that the nation demanded a genuine Reform Bill. Half-way measures had been tried and had failed; he resolved on an audacious stroke. What he so scathingly rebuked in Peel, he himself attempted and carried out. It was Disraeli that now ran away with the clothes of the Whig Party, while the Whigs were bathing. The Conservatives were aghast. It was useless to question or oppose him; he held the reins of power by the sheer force of his talents and his audacity. Imagine the feelings of a life-long Democrat when called on to vote for Horace Greeley, and you can scarcely gain an adequate idea of how the "country members" felt when brought up to vote for a Bill which extended the right of suffrage to all householders in a borough, and to every person in a county who had a freehold of forty shillings. This went clear beyond the proposition of the Liberals, but the Liberals dared not oppose it. It was a triumph of the Conservative party, and of Liberal principles.

In February, 1868, Lord Derby resigned, from failing health, and Benjamin Disraeli became Prime Minister. He had reached the top of the ladder, but with no assurance of stability in his position. Parliament was dissolved, and the Liberals came in again. On this occasion he was offered a peerage by the Queen. He accepted it for his wife, who was made Viscountess of Beaconsfield. As to himself, he had not yet done with the Commons.

In 1870 Disraeli published "Lothair," a politico-religious novel, satirizing the Marquis of Bute, who had gone over to the Catholics, and aimed at the Jesuits, the Communists, and the Fenians. In December, 1872, his wife died,

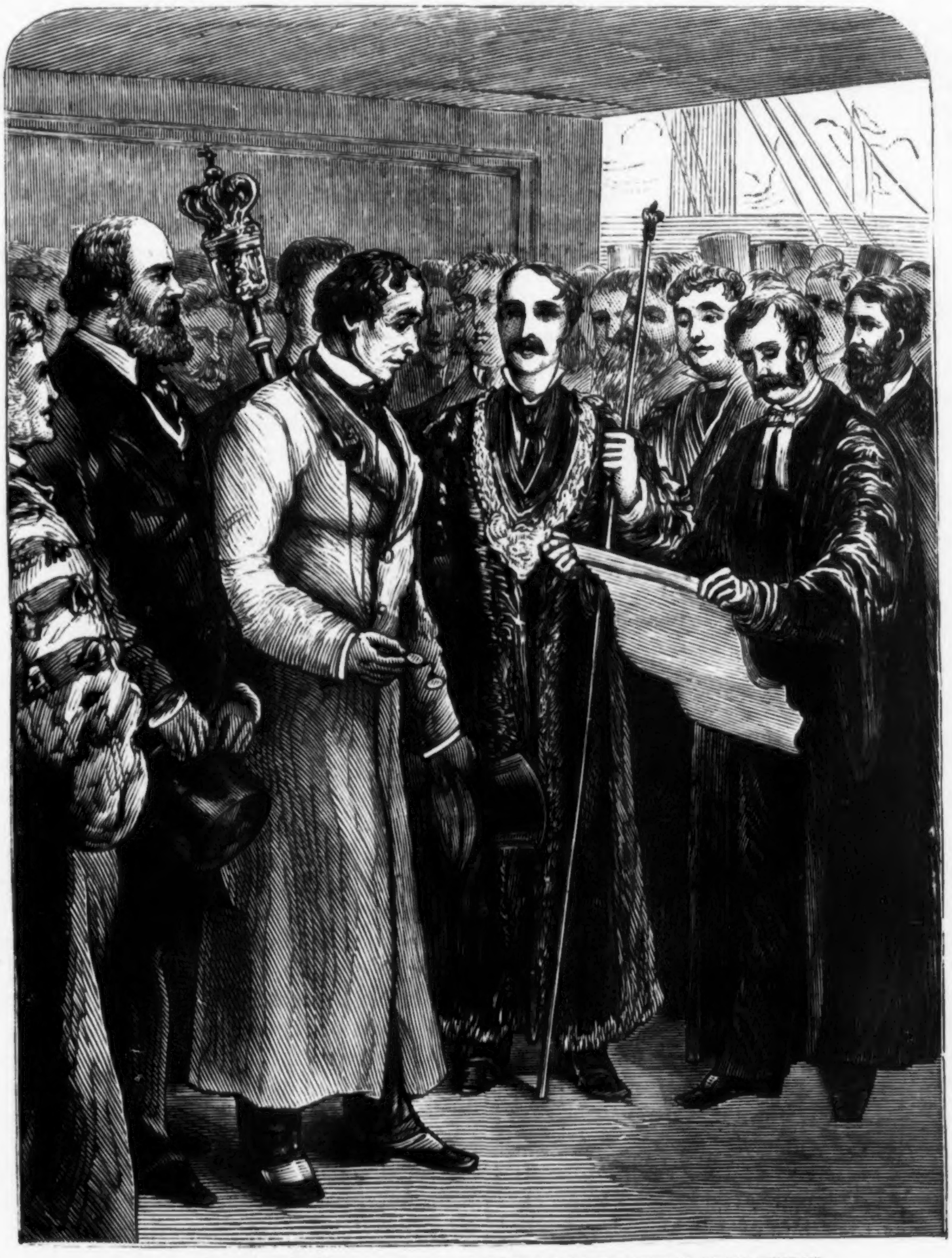


THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON PRESENTED TO BEACONSFIELD AND SALISBURY.

and the light of his life was extinguished, for he had no children. At this time, too, his health began to show signs of failing, but his energy and will power never.

Meanwhile the next trick in the great political game fell to Mr. Gladstone. He trumped Disraeli with Disestablishment, rallying his party with the cry of Justice to Ireland. He had a powerful majority at his back, which left his antagonist little to do but what he was accustomed to—namely, to lie in wait until the blundering and menacing position of his opponents should give him opportunity for displaying his special abilities. The Government was beginning to hurry too fast and too far in carrying out Gladstone's convictions—for he is a man of convictions—and Disraeli pounced upon the weak points of his schemes with epigrams and sarcasms and biting sneers. Gladstone lost his self-possession. He seemed to be playing into his opponent's hands. "Government began to live in a perpetual blaze of apology."

At length, early in the year 1874, Gladstone dissolved Parliament, and appealed to the country. The answer of the country was unmistakable. It seemed to vindicate the shrewdness with which Disraeli had anticipated the results of a household suffrage. The elections brought him to the Premiership with a strong Tory backing, and at seventy he entered upon the realization of his hopes.



EARL BEACONSFIELD'S RECEPTION AT DOVER ON HIS RETURN FROM BERLIN.

His second term as Premier was the most brilliant or dazzling of the Victorian administrations. England was before the eyes of Europe nearly all the time, and Disraeli was constantly before the eyes of England. It had been the policy of the Liberals for years to gradually withdraw the nation from co-operation in the affairs of the Continent, so that, while the Gladstone ministry was busy with home reforms, England had been steadily losing influence abroad—in fact, deliberately effacing herself. The action of the three Emperors was fresh in the public mind. When their chancellors had decided upon the terms of the Berlin Memorandum, they merely telegraphed to the Western Powers for their approval.

Disraeli commenced upon a line of conduct denounced by the Liberals as a flashy display of imperialism, which, in ridicule, they dubbed the "Jingo policy." The truth is, responsible politicians had carried their advocacy of non-intervention to a point at which prudence became cowardice and folly. The "Peace-at-any-price" party were blatant. On the other hand, Disraeli declared that the line he proposed to take was merely a return to traditions which had made the greatness or assured the safety of the British Empire in times of general convulsion. This, in brief, was the condition of parties.

It was in October, 1875, that the Prince of Wales set out upon his Indian tour. In November appeared the announcement that the Government had bought, for £4,000,000, the Khédive's share in the Suez Canal, which gave to England the commercial control of the enterprise; a shrewd stroke of policy, which illustrated as much Disraeli's business tact as his political sagacity. *Punch* has treated us to one of his best cartoons on this occasion: an adaptation from "Mosé in Egitto," which title it bears. Disraeli is represented as the King of India, confidentially regarding the Sphinx, who returns his look by a knowing wink, as much as to say, "We understand each other." The Suez Canal is in the distance.

On the opening of Parliament, in February, Disraeli brought in his Royal Titles Bill, which gave the Queen the style of Empress of India. It passed, with the fierce opposition of the Liberals.

On the night of the 11th of August, 1875, Disraeli made some remarks in the House, in reply to a question upon

Eastern affairs. It was immediately before the close of the session. He concluded by saying: "What our duty is at this critical moment is to maintain the Empire of England, nor will we ever agree to any step, though it may obtain for a moment comparative quiet and a false prosperity, that hazards the existence of that Empire."

These were his last utterances in the House of Commons. Next day came the announcement of the acceptance of the peerage, which he had declined for himself when his wife was ennobled.

Affairs meantime were troublous. The Eastern Question threatened the peace of all Europe. Lord Beaconsfield, as we must now call him, never swerved from the stand he had taken; many of his party faltered. When he decided to send the fleet to Constantinople, Lords Derby and Carnarvon seceded from his Cabinet. The former was the son of his old chief. Beaconsfield was firm, notwithstanding these signs of disaffection. The people were with him, and he knew it. Vast public meetings were held, which approved the policy of the Government. The majority in the House reached two hundred—in fact, the Liberals had become utterly demoralized. Government, meantime, had obtained an extra estimate of £6,000,000 for military preparations. At the Guildhall banquet, Disraeli actually threatened war with Russia, to which Russia responded defiantly.

Still, the people were with the bold and uncompromising Minister; for from the time the British fleet passed the Dardanelles, the Premier was forced forward into the proud position of champion of neutral Europe. The bringing a military contingent of the Indian army to Malta was a questionable piece of policy, for it involved the counterstroke of hostilities with Afghanistan.

The Congress of Berlin assembled. Disraeli was the prominent figure there, eclipsing Bismarck in the popular eye. We all know the result: how Russia consented to forego divers advantages legitimately gained in her war on the Turks, and many other things not important to mention here. Beaconsfield returned to London, bringing, as he claimed, "Peace with honor." He was welcomed almost as a subject was never welcomed before. The excitement of the people was at the highest.

The following week the Queen conferred on him the Order of the Garter—the highest badge of honor in her gift.

But when it came to be generally known that the Treaty to an extent was an affair "cut and dried"—that England had entered into engagements with Russia and Turkey before the Berlin Congress had been summoned, a severe blow was struck at the popularity of the Government. Beaconsfield defended himself with astuteness. He reminded the House of Lords that he had a delicate game to play, with indifferent cards; they should remember, he said, that Russia had expended blood and treasure, and had a right to claim the fruits of her victories, while England had confined herself to dispatch-writing. He referred to the understanding between the three Emperors, and maintained that England had abundant reason to be satisfied. Besides, under the private convention with the Porte, the nation had acquired Cyprus.

After his return from Berlin, Lord Beaconsfield spoke but seldom. His health was much impaired, and he left the defense of the Afghan and Zulu wars to the heads of the Indian and Colonial Departments.

Meantime, Gladstone, who had for a long period practically retired from politics, suddenly re-entered the arena. The "Bulgarian atrocities" gave him a special opportunity for assailing the Government. Next came his memorable Midlothian campaign of 1879, in which he hotly pressed his old antagonist, with a rancor scarcely to be excused. Nevertheless, the prospect of the Conservatives seemed satisfactory in the beginning of 1880, for the Parliamentary strength of the party was unbroken. The opposition, however, had gained heart. They dared the Government to a dissolution, and Beaconsfield, stung by the ferocity of the attacks, and no doubt believing the country was with him, accepted the challenge. This was in March, 1880. The result of the elections we all know. The Conservatives were defeated, and thrown into a hopeless minority; and the organization which a few months before was so powerful, collapsed as if by magic.

The people were tired of "Jingoism."

That the result was a shock and bitter grief to Lord Beaconsfield in more ways than one, there is no reason to doubt. He had made a mistake—he who so rarely made mistakes. He should have dissolved Parliament and gone to the people, if at all, in the triumph of his return from Berlin, while the popular enthusiasm was at its height. Well, it was all over now, and he stepped down from power with the same nonchalance as in previous years, and commenced another novel! "Endymion" is still fresh in the hands of the reading public. Like "Lothair," it deals with political subjects and persons.

Lord Beaconsfield's political influence was not in the least diminished by the defeat of his party, but rather enhanced. He continued to be its acknowledged leader till his death. On Saturday, March 19th, 1881, he dined with the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House. It was his last dinner out. A week later he held a consultation with his colleagues and political friends at his house in Curzon Street, but he was too ill to actively participate in it. From that time he failed rapidly from attacks of gout, complicated with bronchitis. He transacted some private business on the 7th of April for the last time; and on the 19th of April he succumbed to the inevitable.

In a characterization of Lord Beaconsfield, we must take into account what was the purpose of his life, and by what methods he attempted to further it. There can be no doubt that his first and last and sole object was to reach the highest distinction attainable under the Constitution and laws of the nation. This, unquestionably, is mere personal ambition, a virtue—for it is a virtue—infinitely inferior to that ambition which seeks activity and place for the good of the people, without regard to personal aims, and even to the sacrifice of them. Few such men exist, or have existed. But there have been and are such, and to these history accords true greatness. Beaconsfield's own definition of a great man was "one who affects the mind of his generation." How far he was great by his own standard, it remains for time to decide.

But what were the methods by which Benjamin Disraeli sought to reach the height of his ambition, and how far, if censurable, were these to be excused? Picture, once more, the Hebrew boy, cut off from associations with his own race, proscribed in the country of his birth, deprived of all hope of public recognition, driven to the acceptance of a Christian rite, by which, legally, he might attempt something in the direction of his aspirations; having no sympathy or aid from any quarter, but meeting rather with ridicule; separated from the society of boys and youths of his own age: is it strange that, under such circumstances, a young fellow quick-witted, brilliant, impressible, with unbounded faith in what he might achieve, yet hampered on all sides, as we have seen—is it any wonder, we say, he should grow up cynical and sarcastic, solitary and self-contained, and should lay hold of whatever means presented themselves to force a destiny? Looking at the history of political parties in England, he naturally came to regard the whole business as a game of push-pins—the "outs" worrying the "ins," to be worried in their turn when fortune changed. He witnessed what, at that period especially, was the farce of English elections, and the close Borough absurdities. He regarded all with a mocking, bitter sneer, and resolved to become part and parcel of the hurly-burly; Jew as he was—Christian according to law, to interject himself into England's politics and become an essential factor therein. His selection of the Tory party after, as he expressed it, he had sown his political wild oats, was most sagacious. It was the machinery of the party he wanted to use. Its "principles" and "measures" he employed as scaffolding, to be thrown aside when no longer wanted. His creed was to adapt measures to suit the progress of events, instead of marching to defeat under the banner of fixed ideas. The Tories took up with him because there seemed no alternative. They kept on with him because he made himself necessary to their very existence as a party. He carried them up hill and down dale, hither and yon, until their very leaders were dazed. They followed him bewildered; troubled, too, and in great doubt and concern, but implicitly.

We have the frequent example of the scared hen looking at the ducklings which she has hatched, when they incontinently take to the water. In this case it was the brood of Tory chickens which in alarm ran along the shore, keeping pace with the political duck which was swimming over the sea of Liberal measures into the haven of Power. How it was effected they could not precisely explain, or, in fact, comprehend. But the Conservatives could scarcely quarrel with being the party of progress when it floated them into control. To do Beaconsfield justice, he claimed it was but carrying out views for which he always contended; namely, that the Tory party ought to ally itself with democratic ideas—a grim satire on the country squires and the landed aristocrats, which he must have enjoyed hugely. When reproached for a change of opinions, he replied, with inimitable audacity: "I have not changed. I have been obliged to educate my party up to these ideas." It is true he had led the party up, and they had taken the leap in the dark, as Lord Derby declared. He had divorced his party from its circumstances and surroundings, and made it a progressive institution. As to convictions, he did not appear to tolerate such cumbrous *impedimenta*. Full of expedients, versatile to the last degree, ready for the most sudden emergency, he lived nearly all his life a sort of hand-to-mouth political existence. We say *he*, for Lord Beaconsfield was his party, and *that* party dies with him.

As an orator, Lord Beaconsfield was not of the first class. He lacked the necessary quality of earnestness. His long speeches, especially when he was in power, were dull and prosy. It was in opposition that he shone. He was a very Saladin in attack, with scarcely a rival in a cut-and-thrust debate. He was scarcely a fair debater. He had a knack of sophistically restating his adversary's argument, and then ridiculing and cutting to pieces the newly created fabric. In swift and ready repartee, in satirical comment and sarcastic application, there were, of late years, none in the House who were his equals. A single instance of his ready wit will suffice. It was related to the writer by an eye-witness. The habit of Gladstone in the House was exactly the reverse of that of Beaconsfield The former was continually chatting pleasantly with his associates, while Beaconsfield sat moodily by himself, having no intercourse with his followers, but silent and impassive. Gladstone had a habit, after being interrupted in his remarks, of turning to a friend and asking, "Where was I?" and being prompted, going on with his discourse. On this occasion he was attacking Beaconsfield with unusual acrimony, when some one interrupted by asking a question. The question answered, he turned, as usual, to the one next him with his, "Where was I?" "'Diabolical' was the last word," shouted Beaconsfield, in his high, rasping voice; and the ridiculous prompting actually spoiled the rest of his antagonist's speech.

One thing we must not omit to state—that Lord Beaconsfield, in the bitterest periods of party strife, never attempted to obstruct the legitimate functions of Government, or impede necessary legislation. The fact that nearly all his life was passed in opposition, when his party was not the responsible party, will go far to soften adverse criticism as to his manner and methods of attack. When he really came into power, few will deny that he advocated measures which he believed to be for the best interests of the nation. His personal devotion to the Queen was marked from the first, and he enjoyed to the last the esteem and confidence of his sovereign.

It is eminently proper, in justice to our subject, to record what Lord Beaconsfield's political opponents said of him while still in public life. Lord Hartington declared in a public speech that, while differing in politics with him, "no one could attribute to Lord Beaconsfield mean or unworthy feelings"; and that in his (Lord Hartington's) opinion, "he has had in view what he believes to be the greatness of his country and the power of the sovereign whom he serves." A strong tribute from such a quarter. And the Duke of Argyll, another political adversary, rebuking an attack on Lord Beaconsfield's motives, declared that "his motives were to leave behind him an honorable name."

No one of the many who entered the lists against him exhibited so much animosity, and at times virulence, as his great rival, Gladstone. But it was Gladstone who moved in the House of Commons an address praying the Crown to provide a monument in Westminster Abbey to Lord Beaconsfield. The motion was adopted almost unanimously. Great curiosity was exhibited on the occasion as to what Gladstone would say, for all knew he would not utter a word in violation of his conscientious belief. His remarks specially surprised the Radicals. Mr. Gladstone declared that the object of the proposed tribute had sustained a great historical part, and done great deeds written on the pages of Parliamentary and national history, with the full sanction of the constituted authorities and the nation. He compared his career with that of Pitt; and continued to speak at length, efficiently and earnestly, "not," as he said, "as a friend and admirer," but "impartially," about what Lord Beaconsfield had accomplished.

These examples are more than sufficient to silence the miserable attacks of the small political fry who are accustomed to pronounce him a charlatan in politics, carrying out his plans by tricks and jugglery. To discomfit in debate and triumph over the ablest men that could be brought against him, to vindicate and carry out against a most formidable opposition measures so wide and comprehensive, so bold and uncompromising, that some of the chiefs of his own party shrank from the responsibility and resigned office, is not the work of a mere political schemer, but of a most remarkable man.

Our space is exhausted; unwillingly we bring to a close this imperfect notice of one whose political career was the most extraordinary of the present century, if not of any century.

> "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

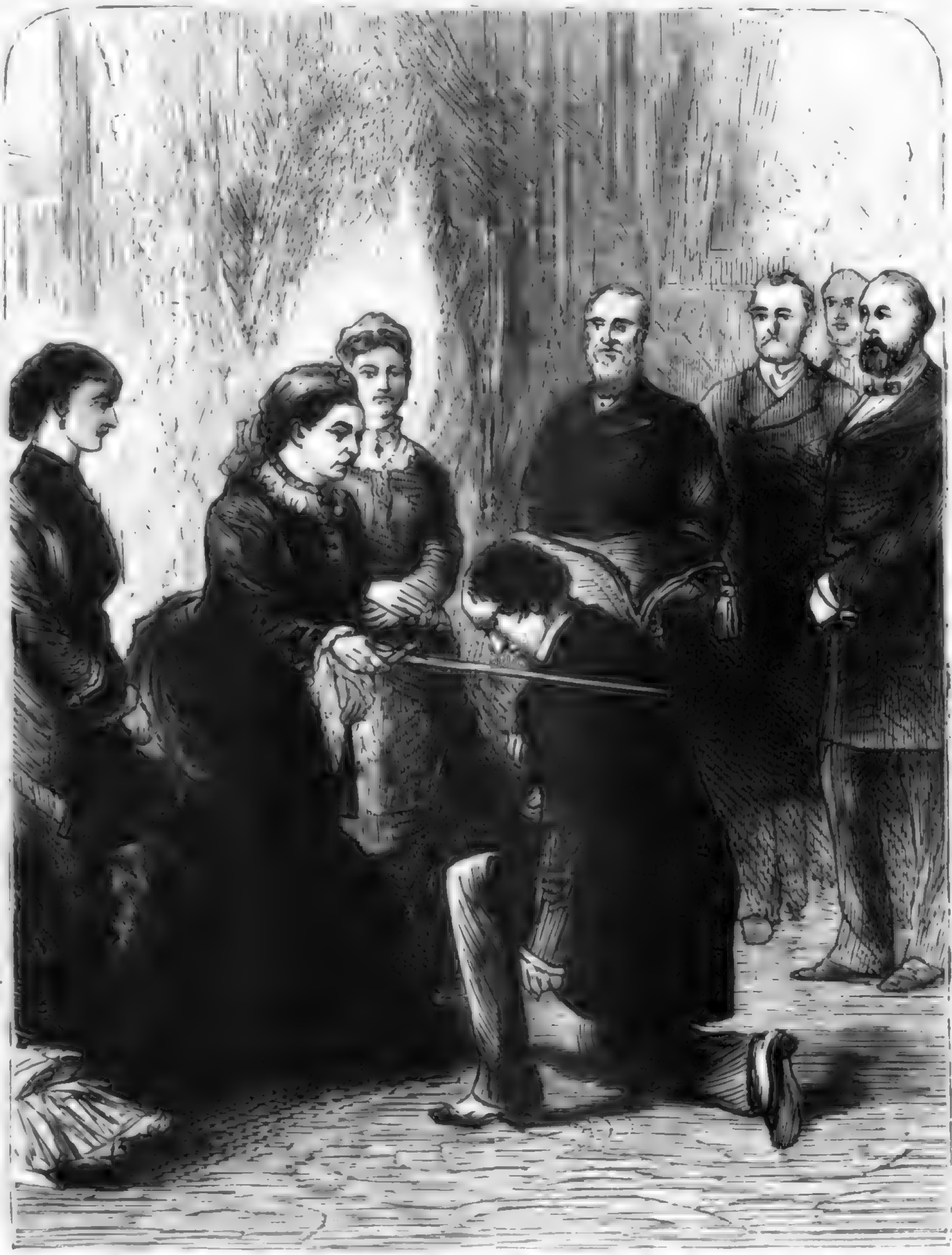
Earl Beaconsfield was buried in the church near to his residence, Hughenden Manor.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CADET LIFE FORTY YEARS AGO.

By H. H. S.

West Point has always been popularly considered to be an exclusive school. There never was a greater mistake. The sons of poor farmers, mechanics and merchants have always had as free admittance as the most aristocratic; and of the former class, a greater number have graduated and "stuck" to the army as a profession, than of the latter—for the reason that the latter were more indolent and restive under the severe discipline existing. Even after graduating, they resign their commissions for some other calling. If exclusiveness should be acknowledged, the fault rests with the lawmakers themselves, who have the appointments in their own hands.

In 1833, my grandfather applied to Senator Johnstone of Louisiana—his son-in-law—for a cadet's appointment for me. During the Winter and early Spring he was absent from home, attending the Legislature, as Senator, at New Orleans.



QUEEN VICTORIA INVESTING THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD WITH THE ORDER OF THE GARTER. SEE PAGE 2.

Meanwhile, the appointment had come, and had been taken from the post-office by one of the boys, and stuck away in the drawer of a side table. When my grandfather returned home, he was continually and impatiently wondering why the appointment did not come. At length, in April, being occupied with his garden, and searching about the house for seeds, he chanced to open the drawer of the side table, and there he found the missing document, which had long lain *perdu*.

"Tantarabogus!" he exclaimed, using the only epithet he was ever known to utter—"Tantarabogus! Where's Hal? Run to the store at once, and fetch him!" (I had volunteered as clerk in a store.)

I was soon on hand, and received my appointment and the congratulations of my friends with due modesty. Preparations were instantly set on foot for my outfit—among other articles of wear, a black, straight-bodied coat from the store, a "trifle" too large—but no matter! grandpa said I'd grow to it—and a silk umbrella. How the boys laughed at me as we were marched from the wharf at West Point across the plain!

I was to go from Nackitosh down Red River to New Orleans, and thence by sea to New York. On our way to the steamboat, grandpa stopped in a store to speak to General Houston, whom we found seated on the counter. I thought him, at the time, one of the most magnificent specimens of man I had ever seen. He was dressed in Mexican costume, and stood about six-feet-four, with light sandy hair, blue eyes, Roman nose, firm, well-cut mouth, and chin broad and handsomely turned; his face clean-shaved; and when he stood up to greet my grandfather, his Mexican *serapi* thrown gracefully over his shoulders, he was every inch a noble Roman — one of those we read of as figuring in the Forum. As soon as he heard that I was on my way to West Point, the general said he would give me a letter to Colonel Thayer, the superintendent. I had, besides this, letters from Surgeon Smith, the father of Lieutenant C. F. Smith, adjutant of the Academy; from Lieutenant Bruce Legate to Cadet Gus. Seaton; and from Bob Archer to some one else. I delivered them, but, alas! I might as well have taken coals to Newcastle—that was not the place for the patronage of the Gray by the Blue! no more than it was in after years.

I embarked at New Orleans in the enormous ship of six hundred tons!—the *Niagara*. Arrived in the harbor, the ship was quarantined. Tiresome enough, you may de-

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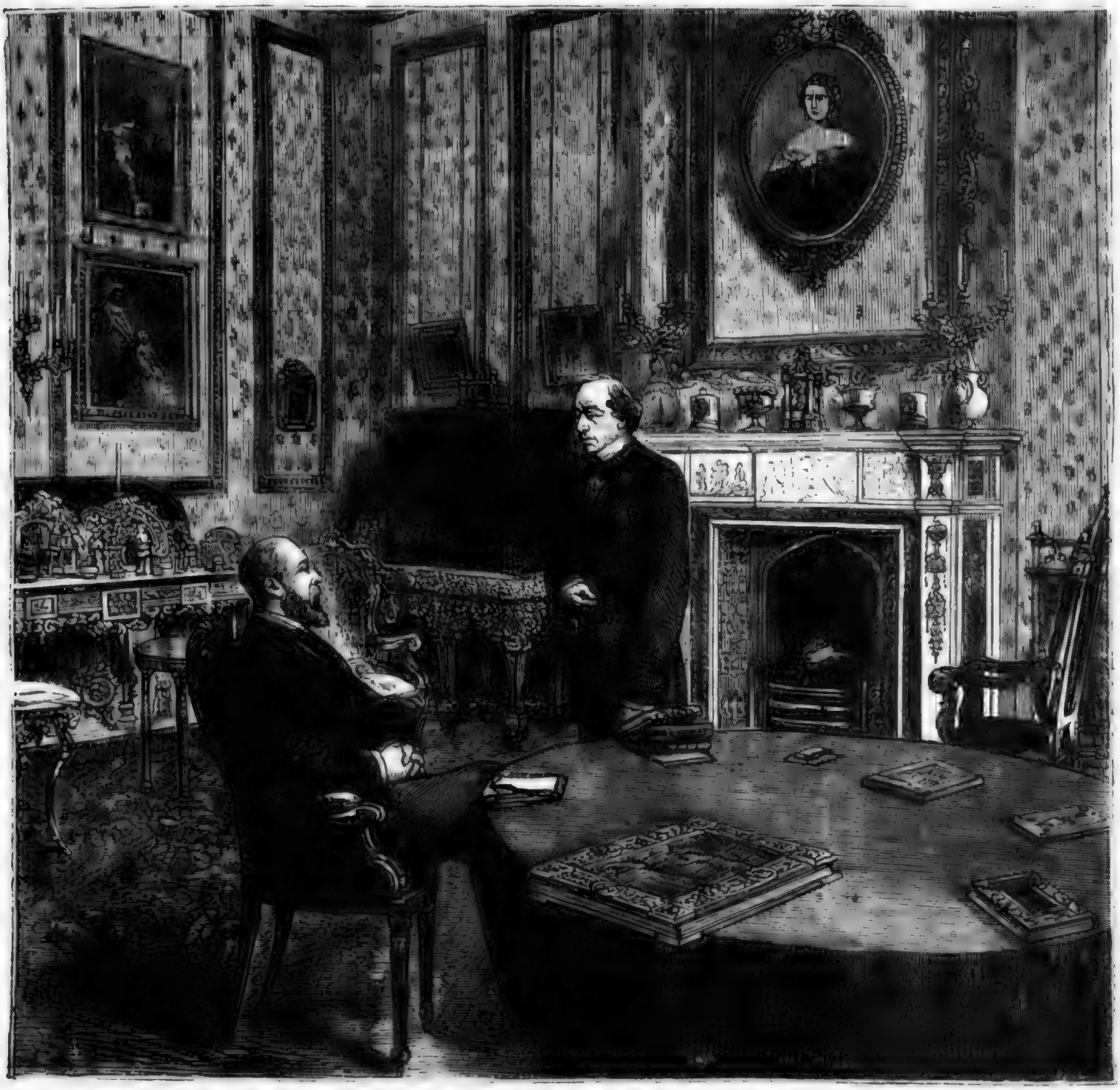
pend, after a thirty days' voyage! There was a Frenchman on board, who desired to take a ship about to sail for Havre. He asked me to go ashore with him, and interpret with the doctor. I did so. The doctor, good, honest man! listened to the French palaver. Then turning to me, he asked my name, where I was from, where I was going to, etc., etc.

"Well, well, well! All the way from Louisiana—going to West Point, and speaks French like a native! Upon my word, it does beat all! And you want to go to West Point at once, don't you? Here, take this pass. Land at Whitehall, take a small boat there, and go up North River to the West Point steamer. Upon my soul, I never saw the like before!"

"But," said I, "what about my friend here?"

"Oh, he shall go, too."

So we went our way rejoicing.



BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.—THE PRINCE OF WALES IN CONSULTATION WITH LORD BEACONSFIELD.—SEE PAGE 2.

Arrived at West Point, with some dozen others, we were met at the wharf by the adjutant's orderly, and conducted across the plain to the office, where we were met by Adjutant Smith. We were all inspired by his majestic presence, and the *ne plus ultra* of his military deportment. I think he was then, and continued to be, not excepting General Scott, the handsomest man in the army. Tall, straight as an arrow, hair and whiskers *selon les règles*, with well-marked, distinguished features. Ah, *he* was every inch a soldier! Having given in our names, which were inscribed in a huge folio-book, we were marched to the south side, south barracks, where the captain of "new cadets" assigned us to rooms. I was put into a room with four others—Easton, Perry, Cook, and Craicraft. I was the youngest of the batch; the others were grown or nearly grown men—indeed, Perry, as it was afterward discovered, had a wife at Newburgh.

There were two barrack buildings in those days—the north and the south barracks, standing at right angles to each other. The south side of south barracks would be vacated each year, for the temporary accommodation of the Plebes. I do not know how this epithet of "Plebes" originated. I think it must have come from "natural evolution," such as Darwin is attempting to prove nowadays.

Our temporary kits, consisting of two blankets and a pillow each, table, wash-stand and basin, a bucket, and a

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broom, were provided by old John De Witt, the sutler. We spread our blankets on the floor, and slept the sleep of the innocent. Lang Easton and I doubled teams, as we were of kin, my uncle having married his sister. I had provided myself with comb and brush, and tooth-brush. In the morning I looked around for my tooth-brush. It was nowhere to be found. At length I found it—guess you where? Craicraft had it on the "stoop," polishing his own dentifrices! He thought it was common! poor innocent!

The next night, we were aroused about midnight by the entrance of two cadets, Forbes Britton and Benny Roberts, in full uniform, sword and sash. They inquired for Cadet Easton, my "bunkey." Lang was mute—indeed, all were mute, and housed under their blankets. "Cadet Easton!" was demanded, in a still more peremptory voice. Lang at length uncovered his head, and said:

"I am Cadet Easton."

"We have an order, sir, to strap you upon the shelf, to straighten you out, and supple your limbs."

"Well," said Lang, "if I must, I must, I suppose," and began to prepare for the operation—when, much to the surprise and consternation of the would-be officers, Perry arose, and seized the bucket of water, crying: "Get out of this, you scamps, or I'll drown you!"

They "skedaddled," and we were never more troubled.

Squads of six and eight were now formed for drill, under third class men detailed for the purpose. Left foot forward! Left foot rear! Left foot forward! Left foot rear! Left foot forward! Ground! Right foot forward! etc., etc. And in the facings and marchings, and in the goose-step, ah, me! how well I remember how assiduous I was in all these teachings. Sometimes a squad teacher would halt his squad in front of the superintendent's quarters, and go in to have his checkbook, with a list of articles he required from the sutler, signed. Then another would come up, join his squad to the first, and march both away, leaving his comrade in the lurch. There was no end to the fantastic tricks played upon each other in those days. Then we were marched down in squads to the tailor, old John Smith, to be measured for our uniforms. Those most advanced would go first, so this was the first incentive to ambitious youth.

About the 20th of June the examination of new cadets for admission would take place. This was a trying time. Some dozen or so were "found," an expressive phrase, and peculiar to West Point. After this, as we were uniformed, the class came to know each other, and would walk in groups around the plain, proud if they should be recognized by the "old cadets." Then the encampment! Ye gods and little fishes! was there ever such a time? Here all our energies were put forth to get into the "battalion." "Sauve que peut!" was the cry. Every man for himself. And to be detailed for guard was the acme of our glory. Police duties had hitherto been our sole lot—to go the rounds of the camp with wheelbarrow, spade, shovel and broom, picking up bits of paper, cigar stumps, etc., etc.; these were the displays we'd have to make before our beloved mothers, old aunts and cousins. "Mais, chacun à son tour." We'll have a nice time next year domineering over the Plebes.

The first details for guard were watched by the balance of the class with supreme interest; naught save an actual battle could have produced such a buck-feverish condition of the nerves. And to be posted as a sentinel—heavens, what a delectable felicity! The poor fellow little knew what was in store for him. The plaguing of Plebes was an institution as old as the institution itself—a reserved right, which the authorities dared not meddle with. It served to quicken the intelligence, the intellect, the instinct in attack and defense; the very essence of a soldier's future career. And many a counterfoil resulted from the too hardy or adventurous spirit.

Several bold fellows had rather more than they bargained for, in the shape of bayonet wounds from the contumacious Plebes. Posted as sentinels, and endowed with potential powers, the Plebe would exert his whole soul and mind in the execution of his orders, and it became a difficult problem to circumvent them. But it was done! Genius and experience prevailed. An unfortunate sentinel, posted behind the officers' tents, with orders to hail all persons coming within ten paces of his post, after "taps" would frequently hail the officer, whose duty it was to parade the street of his company, to see that all was quiet. This latter, paying no attention to the hail, would be charged upon, regardless of the intervening tent-cords, and away he'd go, head over heels, bayonet into the ground, looking-glasses smashed, and sundry heads peering from the uplifted walls, crying: "What infernal fool is that?" Or, walking his post demurely, he would suddenly find himself capsized into a wheelbarrow, borne off to Fort Clinton, and dumped into the ditch. Then again, a fellow wishing to run the mail to Benny Havens's, or go a-foraging to some professor's apple-orchard, would quietly approach a sentinel's post, when his back was turned, stand with his face inward, and await the challenge.

"Let me pass, please; I've been out on a lark."

"No; you can't pass this post; go back!" and away he'd go on his lark. Returning, the reverse trick would be enacted.

Ah, me! those were glorious days! looking forward, forward, all the time. Each new year with its attendant ambitions and aspirations.

Then the semi-weekly hops, at which Papanti, our dancing-master from Boston (who would be engaged for the season at five dollars from each cadet), would be the master of ceremonies. All the beauties of the land who would be spending the Summer at Cozzens's, would be there to grace the ball, and break the hearts of the "aspirants."

The Fourth of July—the glorious Fourth!—was a special day. Old Billy Cozzens would let himself loose on the dinner. All the magnificos of the land would be invited, and a rare time we'd have of it, with our oratory, and parades and salutes and marshals! 'Twas a day of absolute freedom and debauch. After the dinner, which had been well garnished with wine, we'd take upon our shoulders the most popular of the instructors of tactics, and lug him into camp, *nolens volens.*

The breaking up of camp was a great day. This would follow a grand ball, given in honor of the occasion in the mess hall. Here all the beauty and quality of the land would be assembled; notable generals and distinguished foreigners. Then the break-up—the toting of our traps to barracks; the making up of room-mates, and the *finale.* The long roll would be beaten. The band assembled on the color line; tent-pins would be drawn, the cords loosened, and two steady *men* at each pole. The drum and fife corps would march up and down the line, playing:

> "Now, ye Plebes, you've had your day,
> Strike your tents and march away."

Then three taps upon the bass drum; at the last tap the tents would fall as if by magic. Away to barracks and to hard study. Sections of twelve or fourteen are formed in the Phebe class, according to the roster; and by transfers up and down during the first month, according to merit, an equilibrium would be established. All would go on very smoothly at first, with our French and mathematics.

The *vaux riens* and January fellows would soon be spotted and eliminated. The January examination was to be a test for us Plebes, as to our fitness for the cadet's appointment. Hitherto we had received warrants only. "Boning" for corporalcies next year was the chief ambition now.

There are certain phrases peculiar to West Point which must be explained here. "Boning," means to study. "Fess," to confess utter ignorance of a subject. "Fan," to excell. "Max," maximum mark for the lesson. "Zero," a total fess. "Math," mathematics. "Phil," philosophy. "Chim," chemistry. "To run it," is to be absent either from recitation or drill. "To wheaton it," is to sham sick. "To bugle it," is to linger at the blackboard until the bugle sounds for the next section.

The Winter is interlarded with various amusements. In November we had one day of grace for a fancy ball, which would be given in the cockloft of the north barracks. Elaborate preparations were always made for this festival, and various characters assumed. I remember Seneca Simmons, a first classman, appearing as Ninny Harris, one of our instructors of tactics. He was dressed entirely, *cap à pied*, in Ninny's own uniform, and played the character with all of Ninny's peculiarities. We had theatricals, using two of the section rooms for this purpose. The officers and their families would attend these, and showed their appreciation by their applause. I remember once "Kit" Hardia playing the part of a bewildered cadet at the blackboard. A blackboard had been placed on the stage, and on it was written, in chalk, the problem from Bourdon: $a^m - b^m = a - b$. Kit, when the curtain rose, was discovered in cadet costume, standing contemplating the intricate problem. No one suspected what was coming; the professors stared and craned their necks, the cadets tittered. It was all an enigma. At length Kit, turning to the audience, commenced:

"Bourdon, thou reasonest well! else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire, this longing after a good standing?" etc.

I thought the audience would have gone distracted. Kit was called out to repeat it. Old Dad Kendrick, he who was, until lately, professor of chemistry, played in the piece following the character of *Bob Acres*, and did it as well as ever I saw it.

One beautiful moonlight night a foot-race was announced between Benny Roberts and some unknown. Ninny Harris had been ascertained to be taking tea and spending the evening with the surgeon. Benny's programme was to loiter about, pretend to be making his way to Benny Havens's, and get a servant to whisper the fact into Lieutenant Harris's ear. He would naturally sally forth to catch the villain, and the race would take place.

As Benny had calculated, so the lieutenant came out from the house, beat around a little, Benny meanwhile dodging, as if to avoid discovery; at length, getting a glimpse, Harris started in pursuit, and this extraordinary race was improvised then and there between officer and cadet. The audience, the whole corps of cadets, assembled on the pavement in front of the barracks. The distance, about three hundred yards, tried the wind of both competitors. But, though the lieutenant pushed him hard, Benny did full credit to the cheering corps, amongst whom he rushed and made good his escape. The lieutenant, enraged and out of breath, demanded, in inarticulate words, who it was; no answer; all fled snickering to their rooms, while the crestfallen lieutenant, mortified and ashamed of the precipitancy which had made him the laughing-stock of the cadets, repaired to his castle, a small octagon brick building, which stood on the flank of the north barracks, and about fifty yards from it.

It was this same castle that Cadet Norris bombarded with a battery of six miniature mortars he had constructed out of the stems of old brass flat candlesticks, using cadet bullet-buttons for shells. The battery was established in one of his windows, and such a volley was rained around the premises that "Ninny" was loath to show his face. The perpetrator of this "outrage" was never discovered, but it was commented upon, commended and laughed at in high quarters. Poor Norris was dismissed in his graduating year, and became a distinguished civil engineer. The cadets were surrounded with spies and scouts, but they managed to circumvent them all, and the more rigid the discipline the more persistent the cadets became in contriving the means of circumventing the officers. Some of these, becoming obnoxious, were designated by hard sobriquets, such as "Ninny Harris," "Dickey the Punster," "Brute Waggaman," etc., etc., while others, more forbearing in their discipline, were adored.

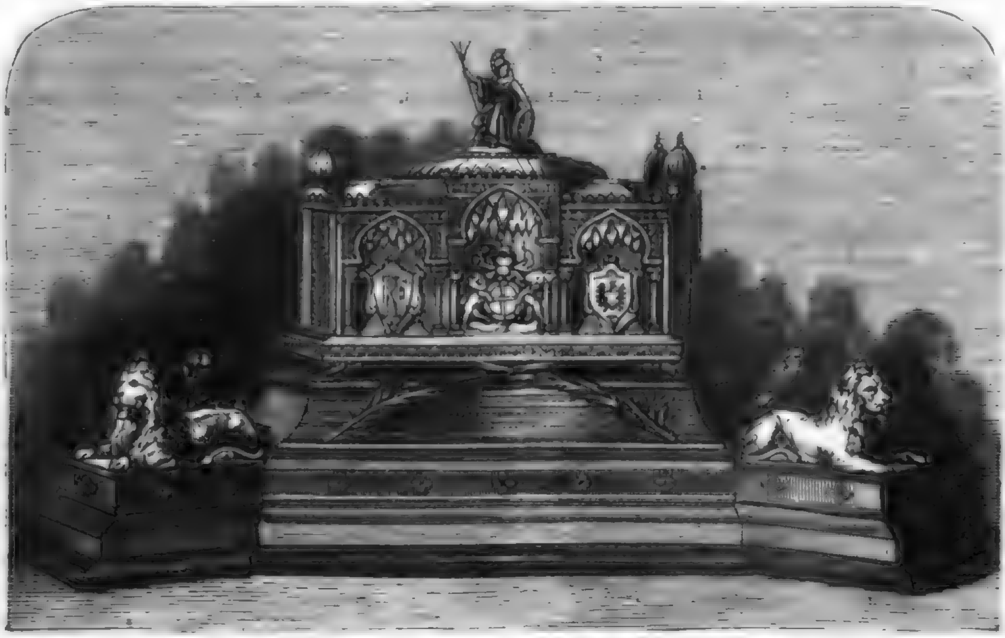
We had our favorites, too, amongst the "strikers" attached in various employments to the Academy. There was Dan Avery, the bugler, and Si, or "Sloptub," his brother, and Tommy Cox, the fireman, a dwarfish kind of fellow, but a giant in his way; and old Wallace, the fifer, grown gray in the service; and "Peter It," a stalwart darkey, whom the boys thought to be of neuter gender, hence the name. He was a glorious fellow! lived in a cellar at the west end of the "old south," and would occasionally provide suppers for his favorites, *sub rosa*. Then there was "Joe, the barber," he who is father or grandfather to the darkies who were chums of Cadet Whittaker, the *colored* boy of African descent. Joe has been promoted of late years to superintendent of the cadets' bathrooms. All these were great favorites, and would do trifling jobs for their crony cadets, such as smuggling to them a bunch of Havanas or a bottle of the "ardent."

Christmas was a notable day, all the officers disappearing, and giving the barracks up to the devices of the cadets, and such a jolly time they would have, assembled in popular rooms, singing, dancing and carousing; awaking in the morning to their recitations with red eyes and haggard faces.

On one occasion a few choice spirits—Cock Rodney, Kit Hardia and Ziph Grandin—undertook the arduous job of bringing from the "plain" the six-pounder used for firing the morning and evening gun, and carrying it up four flights of stairs to the "cock-loft," to fire it out of the hall window. The gun was duly loaded and primed, and, but for the sudden intervention of an inspector, would have been fired. The actors in this desperate scheme got off scot-free. The authorities were greatly puzzled next morning in getting the piece down-stairs, the police party employed in the operation not understanding the *rationale*, and they were continually mocked at and jeered by passing cadets.

Now comes the June examination, with all its doubts and fears and perturbations, and buck-fever withal. At this examination cadets who are "found," and have not exceeding two hundred "demerit," are "turned back," and commence the course again in the new class, thus running five instead of four years, before graduating.

The examination is conducted with the most rigid exactitude before the Board of Visitors and the Academic Board, by sections beginning with the first class, and thence downward to the fourth. The first class through parades, reviews, firing with big guns at a target, and mortars on the plain at a barrel; then fireworks, with pyrotechny of their own manufacture; then the relief of the class in general orders; and, as a *finale*, the sacrificial fire on Washington Rock, when books, notes, tables,



BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.— THE LONDON CASKET PRESENTED TO LORD BEACONSFIELD.— SEE PAGE 2.

drawing-boards, etc., are burned, the class, the while, dancing around and singing:

"Some will be bound to far Oregon's shore,
And some to the famed Vera Cruz;
We shall see Matamoras and the fair señoras,
But not as the Grays, but the Blues.

"Hurrah! hurrah! for the merry bright month of June,
That opens a life so new;
When we doff the cadet, and don the brevet,
And change the gray for the blue.

"True, clouds may arise and o'ershadow our skies:
The sunbeams will still break through,
And with crimson and gold touch each silvery fold,
As it changes from gray to blue.
'Hurrah! hurrah!" etc.

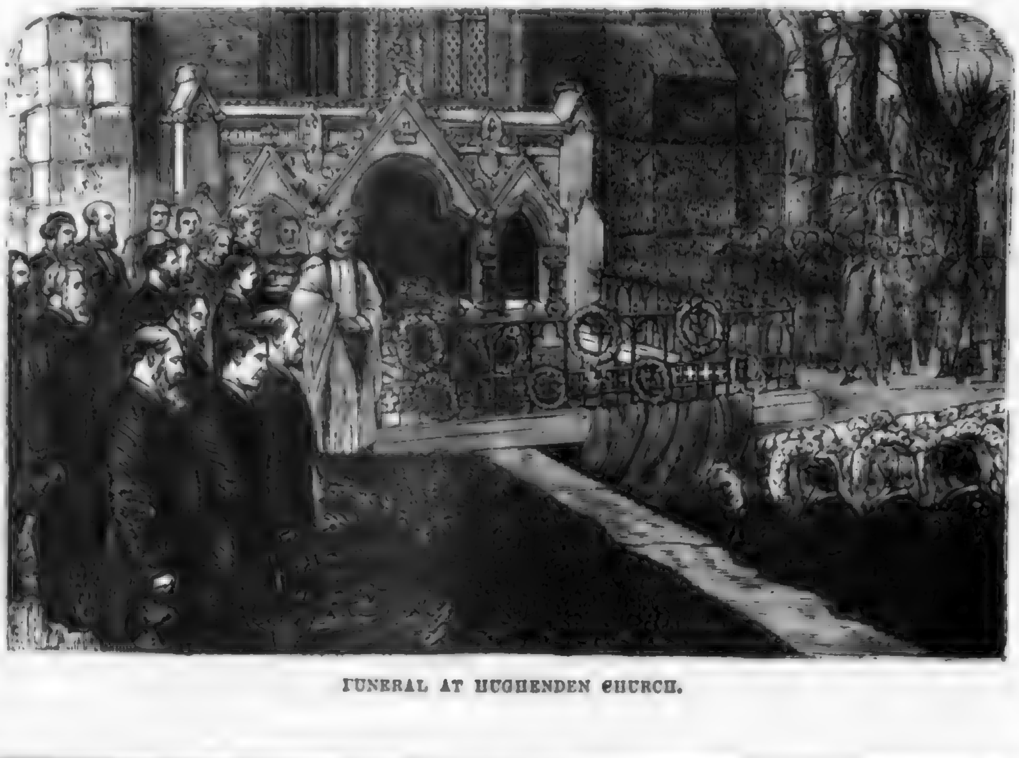
The refrain was written some years after my time, but I adopt it as exceedingly appropriate.

The advent of tailors, boot-makers, and trunk-makers, has hitherto occupied all the spare hours of the graduating class, and of the third, just merging into the second, and going on furlough for two months. All is life and animation at the Academy. The distribution of the effects of the graduates to their Plebes now takes place—books, notes, tables, chairs, beds and bedding, clothes, etc., are freely distributed; white pants, especially, have descended from generation to generation for a dozen years.

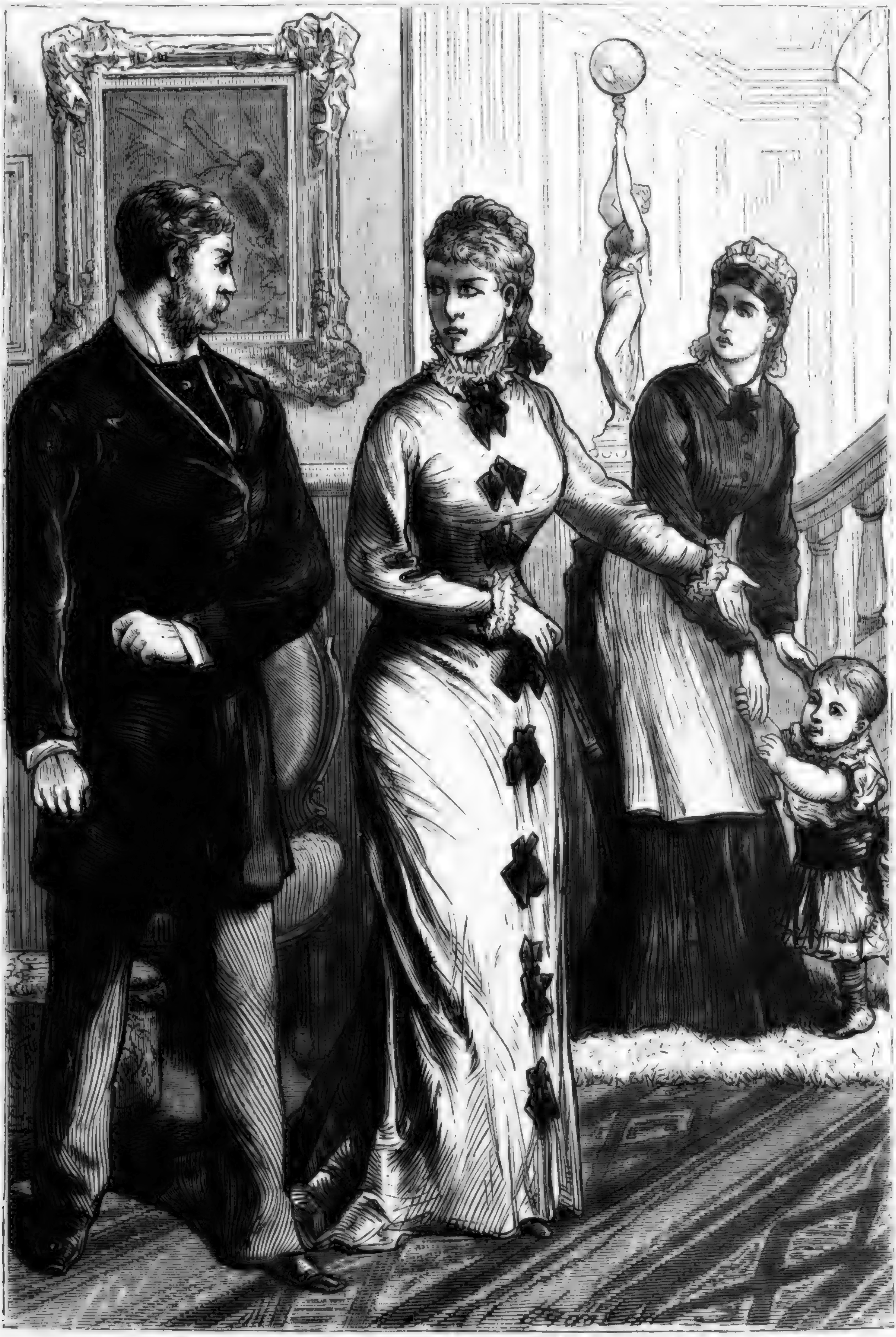
Now that I have graduated, I must give a retrospective glance at the past and the present. The discipline has altogether changed. Then, there was more drudgery and self-imposed hardiness in the life. The cadet waited upon himself more, slept on the floor, and rolled and strapped his bed neatly, and set it up snugly on end in the corner under his book-shelf, and was not permitted to unroll it until "tattoo." He wore no mustache nor whiskers; nor any other than Monroe shoes, sharp at the toe. Smoking and chewing, or the use of tobacco in any form, was prohibited. Fires were provided, and the cadets would practice the culinary art in all its forms. Meat, bread, butter, potatoes, etc., would be "hooked" from the mess hall, and glorious suppers would be improvised in each other's rooms, with a modicum of hot "tiff" withal. All this after "taps." The cooking utensils were stored in secret snuggeries — under the floor, where other articles contraband of war were kept, such as "cit" clothing, wigs, etc. These last were used to make "dummies" in the beds, to deceive the inspectors, who would occasionally make their rounds, with dark lanterns, after taps—the supposed occupant "running the mail," perhaps. On such occasions, telegraphic signals would be given from the room below to the room above. Ah, me! those were the happiest days of my life!

Now, all this has changed. The plaguing of Plebes is denounced, and the perpetrators of the nefarious transactions hunted out. Baths have been introduced, and bedsteads and gas, and the rooms are heated with steam; and the lively bugs, which we used to delight in, have been eradicated! There is no motive for invention, no enterprise, none of that toughness and self-reliance, which in the old time fitted a lad at once for the hard life he is to experience on the frontier, or for the refinements he may enjoy in more polite society.

In comparison of the two modes of discipline, witness the graduates of the old and the new *régimes*. In the first are Presidents, Secretaries, Foreign Ministers, Senators, Members of Congress, judges, bishops, and other highly distinguished ministers of the gospel; amongst the latter, none of these—no, not one!



FUNERAL AT HUGHENDEN CHURCH.



A CRUEL MISTAKE.—"HIS EYES LITERALLY BLAZE WITH FURY. 'MENTION THAT NAME AGAIN!' HE HISSES, 'AND BY THE LORD THAT MADE ME, I'LL HURL YOU TO THE SIDEWALK AS I WOULD A DOG!'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

ROSE LEAVES.

THE crimson petals of the rose,
In glowing hues how richly dressed!
How doth each regal bloom disclose
A mantling blush, a warm unrest!

But when the worn and withered flower
Is of her royal robes bereft,
How passing sweet her lasting dower!
How pure, how rich the fragrance left

So may this glad and glowing day,
Full lightly poised on restless wing,
With eager welcome speed away,
And rosy greetings blushing bring.

Then, when the golden sun is set,
And phantom hours glide softly by,
May breath of roses haunt us yet,
From scattered leaves of Memory.

A CRUEL MISTAKE.

CHAPTER I.

"This bud of love, by Summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

"SHALL we go to a theatre to-night ?"

A yawn.

"Wake up, old man. Let's go and see something, and come back here for a game of pool, something deviled, and a nightcap."

"All right."

Two men sit opposite to each other at a small table in the palatial dining-room of the Megatherium Club.

The table is laden with rich cut-glass, that flashes in the gaslight, with rare fruits from the sunny South, and a black bottle—shade of Lord Cardigan!—upon which the pregnant words, "Chateau Lafitte Vintage, 1854," are inscribed upon a club label.

The man who spoke first is Charlie Marcey, one of the *aurati juvenes*, the gilded youth of the Empire City. Charlie is a trump amongst men, a pet amongst women; with the former he hunts, races, tandemizes, poloizes, sails, bets and—well, does everything within the orbit of rapid, creamy life; while with the latter he flirts *à outrance*, waltzes, rides, plays croquet and lawn-tennis, and even ventures to visit stores sacred to the mysteries of the toilets of the female form divine.

He is very small, built, as they say of saucy schooners, upon beautiful lines. His eyes are persuasive, his mustache curls like the ringlets of one of Sir Peter Lely's best beauties; he dresses under the express supervision of Smallpage, artist to the Prince of Wales, and has forty thousand dollars per annum.

His companion upon this occasion is Dudley Tollingham, a tall, languid, *blasé*-looking young man of about six-and-twenty, and showing blue blood in every feature, from his deep-gray eyes, his finely cut nostrils, his exquisitely chiseled mouth, his classic head, that would sit well upon the torso of a Greek statue, to his small, white hands and pink, almond-shaped nails—a man to be wooed by women—nay, worshiped—for his caressing beauty and his indolent insouciance.

Dudley Tollingham is also wealthy, having been left a splendid fortune, a palatial residence on Fifth Avenue, a steam-yacht, and other brilliant accessories, by his father, a large and successful operator in railway stock.

Dudley is one of those men who has seen a great deal, and imagines he has seen too much. Life has lost its fragrance for him. *Toujours perdrix!* is his daily wail.

To live being a necessity, he accepts the necessity; to live well being his lot, he lives well; and, allowing nothing to disturb the serenity of his immediate atmosphere, he glides onward, troubling himself about nothing, accepting everything that turns up, provided it be *couleur de rose*, or, indeed, anything in color, not liked or disliked, envied, kow-towed to, and on the borderland of unhappiness.

It is November, 187–, and bitterly cold. The obsequious servant wraps Tollingham up in his sealskin coat.

"I never mount an overcoat!" cries Charlie, gayly. "My tub is my overcoat. I never feel cold."

"It *is* a nuisance," growls Dudley. "I wish I could do without it. I wish I could do without everything!"

"You can't do without *me!*" laughs his companion, as they plunge into a hack and are rapidly driven to the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

They are provided with two stalls in the centre of the parquet.

The act-drop is down as they enter, and Charlie Marcey proceeds to scan the house through his opera-glass.

"I say, Dudley, just take a look at that girl in that private box next but one to the stage," he says to his companion, and offering his glass.

"I'll be hanged if I do! It's too much trouble."

"But I tell you, man, she's a fizzer!"

"Pshaw!"

Charlie again brings the lorgnette to bear upon the box in question, keeping it steadily fixed in that direction until the curtain rings up.

"I wonder who she can be?" he observes. "She's not on the Avenue."

"Who?"

"The girl in that box."

"Ah!"

"Take a look at her, Dudley—one look. *Con*found it, don't be so bloodless!"

"Tell me all about her, if it amuses you," was Tollingham's reply. "Anything is better than this rot," being a complimentary allusion to the performance.

"She has a figure of Hebe, a head like the——

"Medusa."

"Hang it all, no! Like one of those lovely girls that Du Maurier gives us in the London *Punch*."

"Ah!"

"Hair the color of that metal that we are destined never to see again in this country—gold."

"Not bad, Charlie. Dig in the spurs."

"A lovely forehead, brows finely penciled. I can't tell you about her eyes, except that they appear to be dark, with heavy, languishing lids; her nose is Grecian, her mouth is rich and ripe, with lips the color of scarlet geraniums. Her teeth—by George, how they flash! *Do* look at them, Dudley!"

"Bar sell."

"I'm in earnest. 'Pon honor."

Dudley Tollingham languidly raises the opera-glass, and languidly gazes at the object of his companion's description.

"Well, isn't she a stunning fine girl?"

Tollingham makes no response, but continues to regard her.

"I think I have your scalp, old man."

No sign.

At this moment she instinctively turns her face toward them—this in accordance with the theory that a woman *feels* when a man is gazing admiringly at her—and, casting a sweeping, lustrous glance right into the barrels of the opera-glass, she flushes a rosy red, and instantly becomes intently absorbed in the performance.

"By heaven!" exclaims Dudley Tollingham, with an energy which utterly startles his companion. "She is simply perfection!"

"Aha, I've got you fixed at last!"

"Who is she?"

"*Sabe Dios!*" with a shrug.

"Go and find out."

"*Con*found your impudence! I'm not a club-waiter, or one of Pinkerton's shadows!"

"Charlie, we must discover who she is. I don't want to lose sight of her for one second. They'll tell you at the box-office. Do this, like the thorough fellow that you are."

Marcey, seeing the other so fearfully in earnest, quits the stall and proceeds to the box-office.

"Who has the second private-box?" he asks.

"Facing the stage?"

"Yes."

The clerk consulted the usher.

"The box is taken by a Mr. de Lascelles."

"I don't know that name."

"They are English."

"Have you any idea where they are stopping?"

"I can tell yer," chimes in the usher. "They are at the Clarendon, as the hackman was sent back for their voucher."

"Many thanks!"

Charlie glides back to his seat with this, as he was pleased to term it, "juicy intelligence," to find Tollingham still gazing, but *minus* the glass, at the object of his admiration—gazing as a devotee might gaze at a Madonna.

"De Lascelles! De Lascelles!" mutters Dudley. "Surely I have heard that name quite recently. As I live, that must be the man that Wyevolle Wentworth put down at the club as an honorary member."

Ere the conclusion of the performance, the two friends post themselves in the *atrium*.

"Here she comes," whispers Charlie; "don't let your heart burst up your ribs."

Just as Marcey has described her—tall, elegantly formed, haughty, beautiful—she glides past them.

Her eyes meet those of Dudley Tollingham.

His fate is sealed.

Chapter II.

> I would outstare the sternest eyes that look;
> Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth;
> Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear—
> Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
> To win this lady."

A CHANGE came o'er the spirit of the dream of Dudley Tollingham.

He who used to yawn into the club at four o'clock, now appeared at eleven A.M.

"It's the last thing before going to bed," suggested little Pybus.

He plunges himself into an easy-chair right opposite the door, and appears engrossed in the pages of the *Sun*.

He lies in wait for Wyevolle Wentworth, who loveth his matutinal grind of the whole gamut of daily literature.

"Ah, Wentworth!" he gayly exclaims, advancing to greet the astonished club-lounger. "Glad to see you. Have you any engagement for to-night?"

"Well, I am engaged for this evening, Tollingham."

"Will you dine with me to-morrow at my house? You know it—5,076 Fifth Avenue."

"It will afford me much pleasure. What's your hour?"

"Eight; will that suit you?"

"Oh, it's all the same to me. By-the-way, I have some English friends staying at the Clarendon"—how Tollingham's heart beats. "Very agreeable people, the De Lascelles. I've made the old gentleman free of the club during his stay; and, if you are not doing better to-night, come and dine with *me*."

How chances adjust themselves!

At half-past seven o'clock, Dudley Tollingham enters the Wentworth mansion. The drawing-room—a sheeny atmosphere of lace, gilding, glorious bits of coloring, dazzle, radiance and perfume—contains only one distinctly defined object for *him*.

A tall girl, whose outlines, although so young, have in them a rich, full grace, a snowy throat, beautifully rounded mouth, the lips full and crimson, parting to show spotless rows of veritable pearls. Large dark-blue eyes shone out steadily, fearlessly, from under a white brow, and masses of golden fair hair, evidently too much for the skill of a skilled lady's-maid. The soft, creamy white skin, the peachy bloom of the cheeks, make up a splendid specimen of Saxon beauty.

"What a woman to win!" thinks Dudley, as he reverentially bows to her.

"I saw you at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last night," he says.

"We *were* there. It is a charming theatre. What did you think of the performance?"

"I wasn't thinking of it. I—I—that is, I was thinking of something else."

"Dear me, how cruel on the poor actors," she laughs; and as she leant back in her chair there was an indefinable, haughty, careless grace in every attitude and motion.

"Have you been long in America?"

"We got here last Thursday, *via* Canada. Papa and the Governor-general are kinsmen, and we came across the pond to pass two months with him, to return by New York. I was *so* anxious to get back by the Pacific Slope, the Yosemite Valley, ''Frisco,' as you call it, and India; but it is not to be. As it is, I shall miss a lot of hunting, although I would willingly have sacrificed it for the longer tour."

Dudley's heart is in his mouth as he asks her how long she purposes stopping.

"We sail by the *Germanic* on the 3d of next month.

Twenty-five days of life still remain to him.

"Have you been to England, Mr. Tollingham?"

"Yes—four times."

"Have you done a season in town—we call London town?"

"Yes; I spun round a lot last season."

"I wonder I didn't meet you. Tell me some of the people you know—*d'abord*, I only know one American family, and that is your Minister's. The girls are very clever, and, oh, so charmingly starry and stripy."

A solemn servant announces dinner.

To Tollingham is handed a dowager mounted by Worth and Tiffany. A hedge of gorgeously colored flowers deprives Dudley of a view of Miss Maude de Lascelles; the conversation of his neighbor gets into his head and maddens him like bad liquor. She is "up" in woman's rights, and grinds a whole pamphlet into his left ear.

Twenty-five days to fling his soul at Maude's dainty feet, and one day nearly sped!

He caught her glance as the ladies were rustling from the room, and his blood leaped.

"Close up, gentlemen, and let us attack the enemy," cries the host, shoving the claret right and left.

"How do you like the club, sir?" asks Dudley of Maude's father.

"It is a good club, sir. Your sherry is good, sir; your appointments excellent, sir. I have not dined there yet, sir, so I cannot say anything about your *chef.*"

Mr. de Lascelles is pompous, and buried behind the folds of an immense white tie, folded as in the days when George IV. was the first gentleman in Europe, and Beau Brummel called him his fat friend.

THE CROQUET-PLAYER.

He is not an old man by any means, but he affects a certain style which the fogies in Brooks's, his London club, consider unapproachable by the *canaille* "shopkeeping scoundrels," as indeed it is.

Take a walk down St. James's Street, peer into the bay-windows of Boodle's, White's, or Brooks's, and you will see the *crème de la crème* of dress—old-fashioned, if you will, but untouchable by mere men of money. It is a style of apparel that the London tailor only makes up for the members of these inner sanctuaries of society. You and I, my dear sir, get the ordinary thing—very good, very costly, in its way; but as for the costume of the Boodle men, bah! We can't get at it. It requires Plantagenet or Tudor blood to reach it.

"Mr. Wentworth is coming to dine with me to-morrow. If you are disengaged, will you do me the favor of accompanying him? This is my card. The hour, eight o'clock."

"If Mr. Wentworth has made no engagement for me, it will afford me pleasure, sir. I exchange cards. Wentworth, that claret is heated to perfection. It's a Margot, sir, or I'm much mistaken," smacking his lips.

"It is a Margot, Lascelles—a '54 wine. I imported it myself."

"The best claret in London is at Brooks's. Our cellarman belonged to the Czar Nicholas, and if his wine wasn't in order, begad, sir, he was knouted. We pay the rascal five hundred pounds a year, merely to see that the wine doesn't get sick. The fellow is a treasure, sir—a perfect treasure. We wouldn't sell him for double the money."

In the drawing-room Dudley seeks Miss de Lascelles, and finds her at the piano. She has laid her bouquet on the instrument.

"What exquisite flowers!" he says.

"Are they not? They were sent to me by an Englishman. Perhaps you've met him. Tony Banbury, of the Guards."

A pang of maddening jealousy seizes Dudley Tollingham. He hates the guardsman from that moment.

"We can do very good things in bouquets here. Will you permit me to have the honor of sending you a bouquet for to-morrow night? You are going to the Dyke Harvests' ball."

"Thanks; but I know that papa has ordered one."

"Which means that you won't have mine. Will you let me send you a bunch of violets, then?" he asks, somewhat bitterly.

"I never refuse violets."

The next morning Miss de Lascelles finds a trophy of violets upon her dining-table—a pyramid of them, large, deeply-colored, exquisite, perfume-giving, modest bells.

"He is a very nice fellow," she thinks, "and I'll wear a small bunch to-night. His eyes are superb, and he is thoroughly good style."

They met at drives, balls, theatres, concerts, matinees, receptions. They met by day, and they met by night.

Dudley Tollingham lived, moved and had his being in her presence. Flowers, *bonbonnières*, gloves lost in reckless bets, photographs of American scenery; boxes for any of the theatres, one sleigh-ride only, as the snow "gave out" all too soon; and gushing attentions, such as mankind pay the women they worship, are showered upon her with man's lavish hand. He loves her to distraction, and has resolved upon risking his all upon her Yea or Nay.

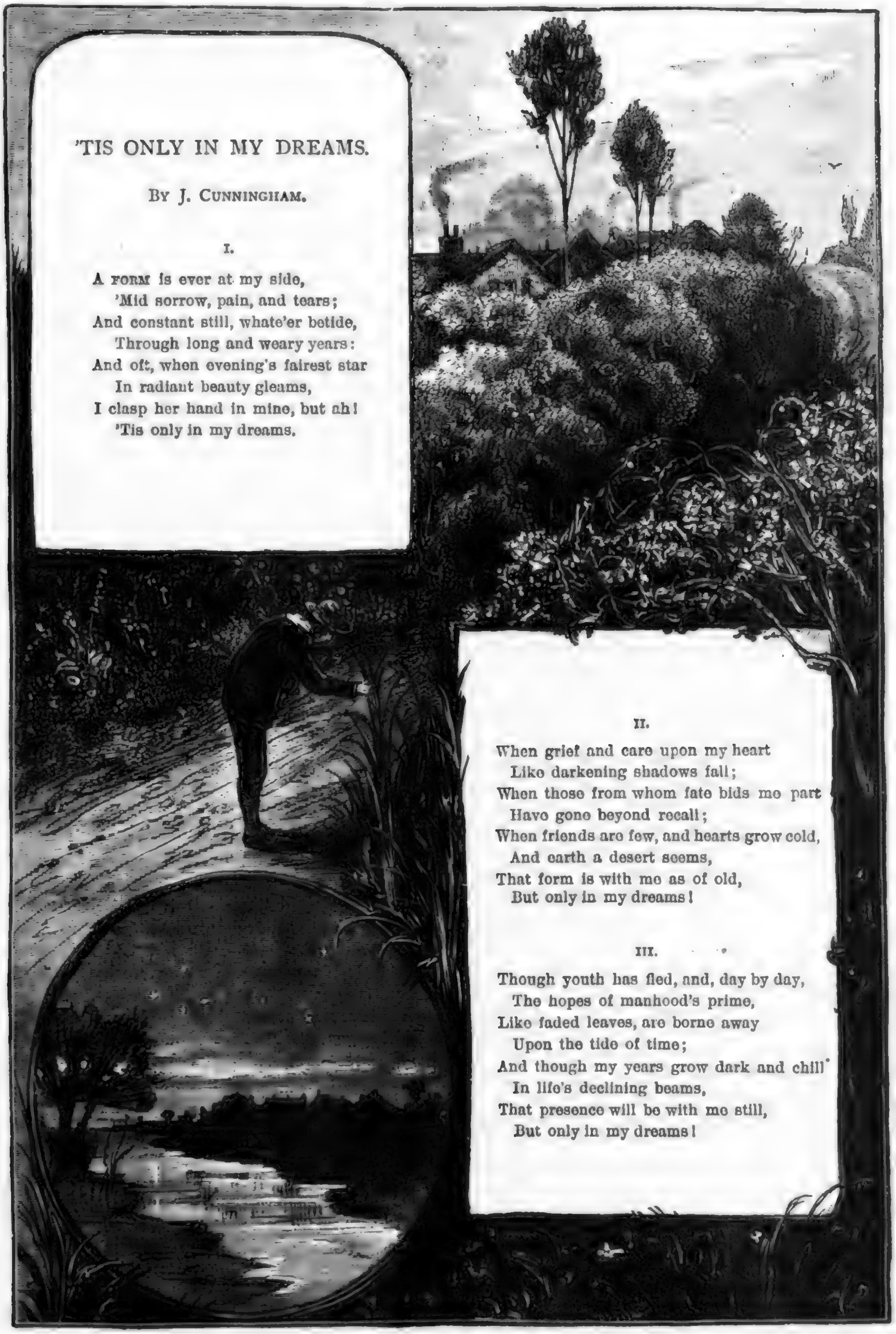
A fearful stake—played but once in the life of man or maid!

He calls at the Clarendon. It is the 26th of November, and the *Germanic* sails upon the 3d of December.

How he has cross-examined his heart as to whether he dare hope for the love of this beautiful, haughty, highbred girl! His inner voice says: "Take heart of grace," but when he comes to review the encouragement that gives spirit to his fainting hope, he finds but little light to lure him on. And yet she shall not leave him, perhaps for ever, without learning that he wildly worships her.

The De Lascelles have a suite of rooms. Miss de Lascelles is in. He enters the sitting-room, his heart almost beating backward.

Maude is seated on a silken *fauteuil*, her indefinable, haughty, careless grace fascinating him as by a spell. Beside her—yes, by her side—upon the silken *fauteuil*, lounges a handsome young fellow, whose yellow hair is



'TIS ONLY IN MY DREAMS.

By J. Cunningham.

I.

A form is ever at my side,
'Mid sorrow, pain, and tears;
And constant still, whate'er betide,
Through long and weary years:
And oft, when evening's fairest star
In radiant beauty gleams,
I clasp her hand in mine, but ah!
'Tis only in my dreams.

II.

When grief and care upon my heart
Like darkening shadows fall;
When those from whom fate bids me part
Have gone beyond recall;
When friends are few, and hearts grow cold,
And earth a desert seems,
That form is with me as of old,
But only in my dreams!

III.

Though youth has fled, and, day by day,
The hopes of manhood's prime,
Like faded leaves, are borne away
Upon the tide of time;
And though my years grow dark and chill
In life's declining beams,
That presence will be with me still,
But only in my dreams!

parted in the centre and pasted to his receding forehead. He is attired in a light tweed suit, wears a blue shirt, very low at the neck, with a crimson tie, knotted sailor-fashion.

"Mr. Banbury, of the Scots Fusilier Guards," says Maude, flushing to the roots of her hair.

She need not have uttered the words. Dudley Tollingham would have known the guardsman in ten thousand.

Tony was inclined to be supercilious.

"I see you're trying hunting here," he says.

"Trying! *Our* hunting is *the* hunting worth the name."

"That's so infernally American, Maude," turning to Miss de Lascelles.

"To stand up for one's own country, Tony?"

"Oh, by Jove, that's round enough, but you know I've been stuffed with——"

"Tony, you've been mixing with stupid people." And addressing Dudley: "It was awfully nice—your sending me that book of Heine's. The illustrations are high art, indeed."

Tollingham mutters a meaningless nothing. His whole soul is ablaze with hatred of the man who insolently lounges beside her, and who dares address her as if she were a girl behind a fifth-class liquor bar.

"I see that a fellow is driving a coach here," drawls the warrior.

"He is one of our best men, and a personal friend of *mine!*" cries Dudley, hotly.

"Ah! Does he know anything about horses?"

"You had better not ask *him* that question in *that* tone, or you might find his whip across your shoulders."

Dudley was simply on fire. Miss de Lascelles takes in the whole situation at a glance.

The perception of any woman in such a case amounts to clairvoyance.

"Tony," she says, "I want you and Mr. Tollingham to be very good friends. Mr. Tollingham, Mr. Banbury is going to be married to a cousin of mine on the sixteenth of next month. I am to be a bridesmaid."

The black shadow lifts itself from Dudley's heart. The guardsman may go and be hanged for aught he cares *now*. A truce is declared everlasting in an invitation on the part of Tollingham to Banbury to dine at the Megatherium. As Dudley is about to take his leave, he asks Maude to see him later on for five minutes alone.

"Say four, five, six o'clock," he eagerly presses.

She is pale and scarlet by turns as she half whispers the single word "Four."

"If there were no hope, she would have given me no chance."

Dudley Tollingham is giddy with a mad excitement. He could whoop as he jumps into a passing avenue car. He alights at Seventy-first Street, and rushes through the Central Park.

"Will the hour never come?" he thinks.

He repairs to the club and tries to play a game of billiards, but he misses every second stroke. He orders luncheon, but he cannot eat a morsel.

He finishes a pint of champagne, and proceeds to consult his watch at intervals of two minutes.

At four o'clock he finds Maude de Lascelles alone.

"It's a lovely day," he gasps—his ideas have dried up.

"Lovely," she murmurs.

A silence, broken by the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece. He envies that tick—it is so plucky.

"Your friend is to dine with me to-night?"

"So he told me."

"I—I thought at first that there was something between him and you—and—and I was nearly mad; and, Miss de Lascelles—Maude"—then comes the declaration in hot, palpitating, gushing words. She turns from him, then gently toward him, and he kisses her in one long, ecstatic kiss, that draws her very heart through her lips.

CHAPTER III.

> "The kindest and the happiest pair
> Will find occasion to forbear,
> And something every day they live
> To pity, and perhaps forgive."

DUDLEY TOLLINGHAM crossed the pond with the De Lascelles, and within two months was united to Maude. The wedding was muchly talked of, the Prince and Princess of Wales sending bridal gifts, and the *Graphic* and *London News* illustrating the proceedings at the ceremony, which took place in St. George's, Hanover Square.

After a prolonged tour in Europe, the young couple returned to the Tollington palatial residence on Fifth Avenue, and took up the running with the *élite* of New York society, as was their right.

Three years sped by. A beauteous boy made Dudley Tollingham a happy father, and a foolish one, as he bored his friends and acquaintances with detailed descriptions of its eyes, nose, chin, legs and toes, till he became known at the club as "That boy of mine."

Came a small cloud across the sunlight of his happiness.

Mrs. Tollingham's English correspondence was of a very ponderous description. Each mail brought her a pile of coroneted and monogramed epistles, all in feminine characters, save when her pompous old prig of a father honored her with a scrawl, which was but seldom.

One morning the contents of the mail are deposited upon a silver salver on the breakfast-table.

Dudley is down rather earlier than his wife, and languidly turns over the pile of letters.

One attracts him.

It bears the arms of the Coldstream Guards.

A terrible pang of nameless jealousy shoots through him. He turns up the superscription. It is addressed:

"MRS. DUDLEY TOLLINGHAM,
"5,076 Fifth Avenue, New York,"

and in the left-hand corner are the initials "T. B."

A painful feeling of mistrust seizes him.

Why had not Tony Banbury married his cousin?

Why——

He will open the letter. It is bad form, but something whispers him that he *ought* to be made acquainted with its contents.

He feels like a criminal as he crashes through the envelope.

His heart gives one beat backward, a deadly pallor spreads over his face, he clutches the table for support, his ashen lips move involuntarily.

He reads:

"KNIGHTSBRIDGE BARRACKS, *Thursday.*
"MY OWN, OWN, DARLING——"

One instant of horrified amazement keeps him dumb, staring at the written paper as if at some ghastly thing; then all the hot blood rushes over his handsome face, and then, in a hurricane of wrath that tossed him as the winds toss leaves, he burst from the room to seek his wife—his *wife.*

Maude is descending the stairs, after her the nurse with the infant Dudley, when she is sternly confronted by her husband.

"Maude," he says, the words coming with a strange, muffled sound from dry, white lips, "I have read a portion of a letter from Mr. Tony Banbury. It lies upon the breakfast-table. What have you got to say to me?"

"A letter from Tony!" she cries. "Oh, I am so glad! Why didn't you read it through?"

"Read it through! I've read enough to tell me that you—you, whom I loved with all my life and soul—are the vilest creature alive!"

"Dudley Tollingham, what do you mean?"—anxiously, pleadingly; adding, "Are you mad?"

"Mad! Would to God I were!"

The boy struggles with his scared nurse to rush to his papa.

Maude is terrified. The awful look of concentrated passion and hatred in her husband's eyes appalls her.

"What does Tony——"

The mention of the hated name lashes the passion of her listener into unendurable fire. His features flush with rage, his eyes literally blaze with fury, his lips work convulsively under his tawny mustache.

"Mention that name again," he hisses, "and by the Lord that made me, I'll hurl you to the sidewalk as I would a dog!"

Maude draws herself up to her full height, and, taking her child up in her arms, stalks haughtily past him.

* * * * * * *

A few minutes later, a telegram arrives addressed to Mrs. Tollingham.

She tears it open. It is from Tony Banbury.

> "I sent letter for Lady Barbara in envelope to you—at least, I hope so. Wire, for heaven's sake! B—— has posted your letter to you. We are to be married on Monday."

Dudley Tollingham was forgiven, his self-accusation and distraction being simply awful to witness.

He never touches his wife's correspondence, keeping away from the English mails as though the letters contained nitro-glycerine or rock-rent.

"It was the only time I was ever guilty of the bad form of opening a letter addressed to my wife, and when I do it again may I——"

When Charles V. of France was a convalescent after the attack of lunacy which came upon him during his August march against the Duke of Brittany, a masquerade was given at the Hotel St. Paul in honor of the wedding of a widow lady in attendance on his Queen. To amuse the King, a certain Hugh de Guisay, one of his courtiers, got up a sextet of satyrs, consisting of the King, De Guisay himself, and four other courtiers, all of whom were attired in cloth smeared with rosin and covered with tow, the object being to make them look like goats. The King, thus disguised, was tormenting the young Duchess of Berri, when the Duke of Orleans, the Count of Bar, and sundry other semi-royal youths, coming to the masquerade, thought it clever to set fire to the tow worn by one of the King's companions. The dresses worn by the satyrs, smeared with rosin and covered with tow, were of linen, and sewn on the bodies of the wearers. In a moment the unhappy man was in a blaze, and ran wildly howling about the hall. The others took fire, and the whole sextet, except the King, were soon in flames, the King himself escaping only through the coolness and courage of the young Duchess of Berri, who held him fast, would not let him stir, and tearing off her silk robe, threw it over him and kept him from the flames and sparks. The shock threw the King back into a state of dementia, and of his fellow satyrs four died in agony during the next day, one of the four being the man who had devised the disguises, Hugh de Guisay, one of the most brutal and odious personages of the time.

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

A witch, in the earlier centuries of our history, in spite of the power with which she was credited, was among the most persecuted creatures on the earth. She lived apart from her fellows, in lone and secluded haunts. She was shunned, with the fear that dared not give open expression to its feelings, by all with whom she came in contact, and it was often with difficulty she obtained the bare necessaries of life. At any moment she was liable to be tracked to her lair, to be seized and mercilessly exposed, and to be put to a cruel death. Her children, looked upon as the issue of hell, bore the stain of their descent down to the third and fourth generation, and were often forced to seek their livelihood in distant provinces. Nor was it only upon the professional witch that these severities might be inflicted. It was open to any malignant or credulous person to accuse her neighbor of dealings with the devil, and to subject her to all the penalties which such proceedings then entailed. A spiteful woman had only to seek out the nearest magistrate, and inform him that a witch was in their midst, and that she had been seen kissing the devil in the shape of a cat, or riding through the air on a besom, or using miraculous charms to do hurt to a neighbor, or disfiguring her body with significant marks and gashes, for a warrant to be instantly made out, and the unhappy accused to be branded with a hot iron, in order to see whether such application would burn her flesh, or to be dragged through a pond, with her thumbs and toes tied across, to test if water had the power to drown her, or to be scratched with pins, to see if blood would flow, or to be tied to a stool for twenty-four hours whilst deprived of all sleep and nourishment, or to be tortured till she wept—for it was held that a witch could only shed three tears, and those from her left eye—or to endure other like pains and penalties.

Frequent instances occur, in the history of this peculiar form of superstition, of innocent girls, upon the evidence of pure malice, being torn from their homes and put to a painful death, for machinations of which they knew nothing, and for arts they had never pretended to possess. In those good old times the charge of witchcraft was the easiest method of getting rid of an unpopular neighbor; the testimony brought forward, if once believed in (and it was seldom rejected), the fire or water ordeal necessarily followed; and the ordeal, whether the victim was a witch or no, was generally sufficient either to kill her, or to send her raving mad.

Ludicrous as the powers appear to us at the present day with which witchcraft in former times was credited, such powers seem never to have been denied or disputed by the great minds of the past. A witch was all that was abominable, and to be held in the strongest loathing; yet few had the wisdom or the courage to contradict the possibility of her exercising the arts she pretended to. The judge, as he passed sentence upon the condemned woman, trembled lest her fell gaze should bring upon him and his household sorrow or death. The yelling crowd, as it half stripped her to undergo the water-ordeal, shuddered as it saw upon her exposed bosom the marks which, it was supposed, proved that she allowed her "familiar" to draw upon her life's blood. The villagers who went miles out of their way to avoid her haunts, never for one moment believed that the object of their fear was powerless to work them evil, and was either a half-mad woman, the victim of a hideous delusion, or else the actress of a knavish part to suit her own vile ends. To all the old crone, with her tall hat, crutch stick, and black cat nestling on her shoulder, was one who had dealings with the devil,

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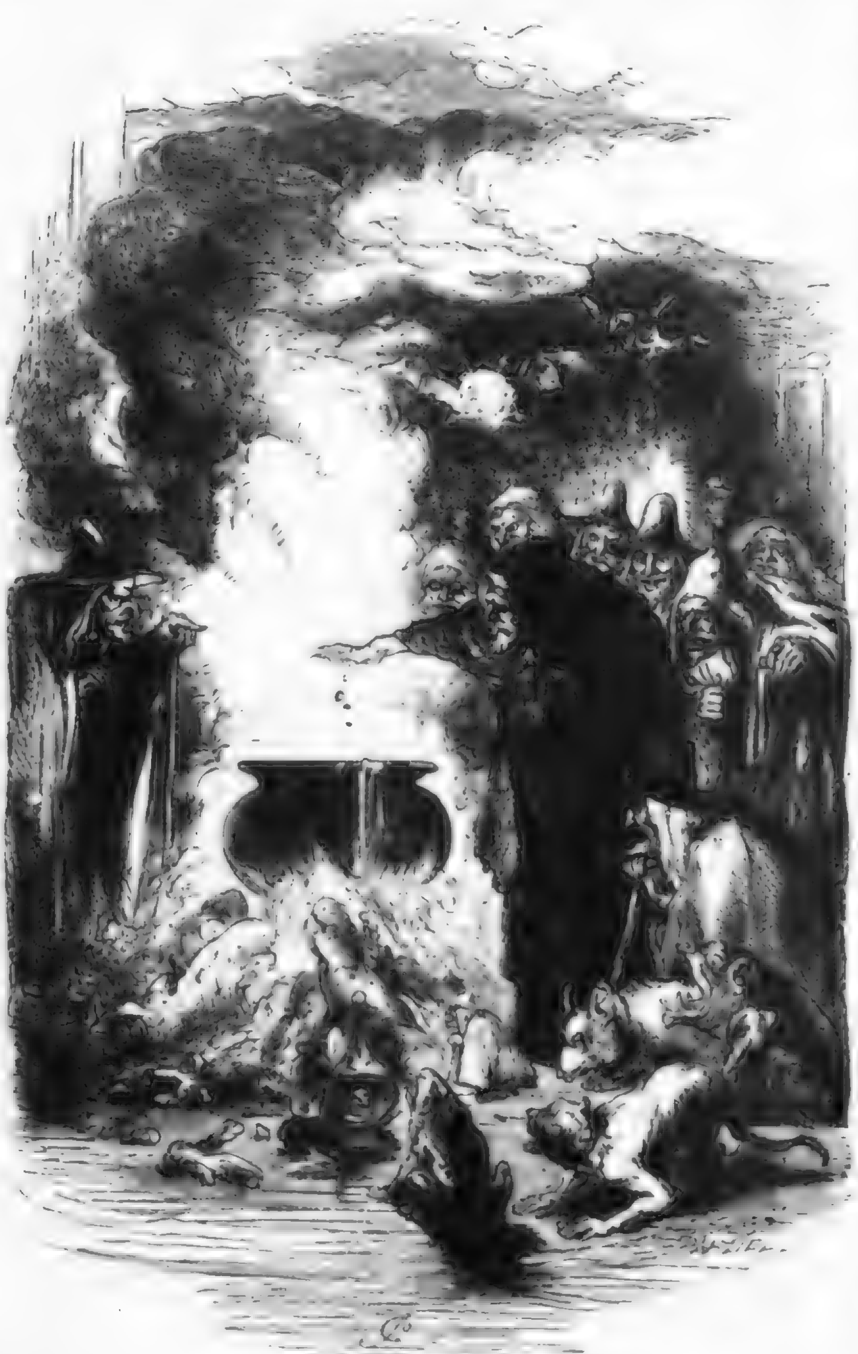


THE POPULAR IDEA OF THE GENERAL MEETING OF WITCHES.

and who, through the might of Satanic aid, could scatter the seeds of misery broadcast wherever she listed. She had sold herself body and soul to hell, and until death claimed her, her power to effect evil, it was alleged, was unlimited. The great man is he who rises superior to the prejudices of his age; but before the end of the seventeenth century there were none who had the boldness or the knowledge to brand witchcraft as a base and palpable superstition. We find Lord Bacon gravely prescribing "henbane, hemlock, mandrake, moonshade, tobacco, opium, and other soporiferous medicines," as the best ingredients for a witch's ointment. From the pages of his "History of the World" we see that the gifted and practical Sir Walter Raleigh was a firm believer in this childish form of superstition. The learned Selden, in his "Table Talk," whilst pleasantly discoursing on the subject of witches, shows that he also held the same faith. Sir Thomas Browne, the kindliest of physicians; Sir Matthew Hale, one of the most acute and spotless of judges; Hobbes, the skeptic; "the eminent Dr. More, of Cambridge," and the patient and thoughtful Boyle, all were of opinion that witchcraft was an evil capable of solid proof, and that its disciples merited sharp and swift punishment. It was not until the dawn of the eighteenth century that men came to the conclusion that the devices of "witches and witchmongers" were only so many tricks and fables, and utterly unworthy of credence. The last judicial execution in England for witchcraft took place in the year 1716, when a woman and her little daughter were hanged at Huntingdon "for selling their souls to Satan." Since that date, however, various cases have occurred of unfortunate women, accused as witches, being drowned whilst undergoing the ordeal by water at the hands of their intimidated, yet infuriated, neighbors.

It was only natural that an offense like witchcraft, so elastic in its details, and so capable of being transformed into an engine of oppression for the gratification of personal or political hate, should have given rise to various curious proceedings in the administration of justice. To the lover of out-of-the-way literature there is little reading more weird and interesting than is to be found in the study of witch trials. Women, perfectly innocent of the crimes imputed to them, under the terrors of torture, or in the hope to escape punishment, freely confessed themselves guilty of misdeeds they had never imagined, with an elaboration of detail almost sufficient to convince the most skeptical listener. The envoy of the devil was vividly described; the terms he imposed as the price of a lost soul were fully entered into: the course he suggested his victim to pursue; the places of rendezvous he appointed; the homage he required to be paid him; the different forms of disguise he adopted, and the like, were all clearly and precisely described—statements which often tended to show that either the unhappy woman had been well counseled as to her answers, or that she was in an advanced stage of insanity.

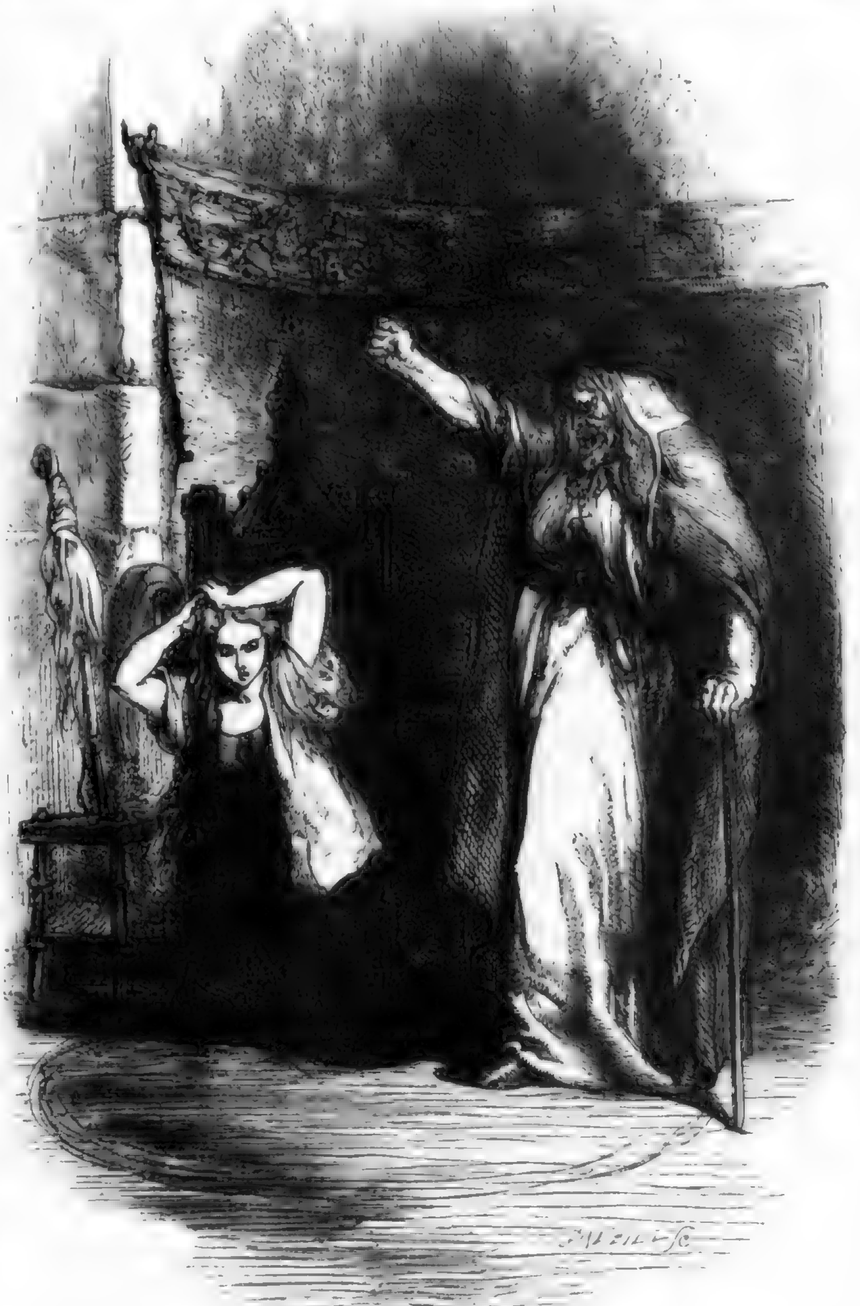
Of all the English trials, the most well-known are the proceedings in the early part of the seventeenth century against a band of wretched creatures, called the Lancashire Witches. The story is as follows: In the barren wilds of the forest of Pendle, once a portion of the great wood of Blackburnshire, there had lived for many years before the first James had been summoned from Edinburgh to ascend the throne of England, two old women, who with their families constituted the most important part of the population of the neighborhood. The names of these aged dames were Elizabeth Southerns and Ann Whittle, but to the votaries of witchcraft they were only known as "Old Demdike" and "Old Chattox." Both women were nearly eighty years of age, and had lived in the direst poverty, occasionally relieved by mendicancy, until public opinion had taken it into its head to endow them with the powers of natural magic. And now visitors flocked to the miserable hovels in Pendle Forest for love-potions, poisons, washes, and waxen images that if melted would render the barren fruitful. The two old crones began to flourish, and since the business which had been forced upon them appeared a very paying concern, both Old Demdike and Old Chattox were much too wise in their generation to deny the arts with which they were credited. Each acted her part with much cunning and mystery; but, as two of a trade seldom agree, feuds and bickerings soon broke out between the competing witches. Old Demdike declared that she was the only genuine agent of the devil; that all her wares were efficacious, and that those who went elsewhere obtained but a spurious article. Old Chattox retorted in the same mercantile spirit; and thus it came to pass that the inhabitants in the forest began to be divided into two rival parties—one party upholding the excellence of Old Demdike, whilst the other party believed only in her competitor. For some years these two elderly ladies appear to have driven a lucrative trade in superstition, and to have found that their lines had fallen in pleasant places. On the accession of James I., however, Nemesis, then traveling in the North in search of victims, paid them one of her unpleasant visits.

The "British Solomon" took a singular interest in witchcraft. He firmly believed in the existence of witches, as is proved by his work entitled "Dæmonologie," and he was resolved to stamp out the whole brood in the country. Shortly after his accession, he caused to be enrolled in the Statute-Book an Act to suppress the crimes of sorcery, necromancy, and witchcraft, which is among the most sanguinary that its pages have ever had to record. By this Act it was decreed "That all persons invoking any evil spirit, or concealing, covenanting with, entertaining, employing, feeing, or rewarding any evil spirit; or taking up dead bodies from their graves, to be used in any witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; or killing, or otherwise hurting any person by such infernal arts, shall be guilty of felony without benefit of clergy, and suffer death."

The consequences of the creation of this authority were to overrun the country with informers, to sacrifice innocent persons freely to the credulity of the age, and to permit many ordinary casualties—the burning of a rick, the falling sick of cattle, the sudden death of the ailing, and the rest—to be attributed, in want of better interpretation, to the incantations of witchcraft.

With this statute in active force, it was scarcely likely that the proceedings of such notorious dames as Old Demdike and Old Chattox would escape notice. A warrant was made out by the Lancashire magistrates for the apprehension of the two women, and they were committed to take their trial at the next assizes. Justice, however, was not content with securing the persons of the two chief offenders, but was determined to destroy the whole brood, and accordingly there were lodged in the prison cells at the same time, Elizabeth, daughter of Old Demdike; James Device, her son; Anne Redfern, daughter of Old Chattox; Alice Nutter, and others; whilst a little girl, Jennet Device, the granddaughter of Old Demdike, was kept free, to act as witness against her family. Old Demdike had not been long within the walls of the jail before she drew up a full statement of her past history, for the benefit of the magistrates then investigating her case. She confessed that about twenty years ago she had met the devil in Pendle Forest, "in the shape of a boy, the one half of his coat black and the other brown," who offered to give her everything she would request in exchange for her soul. Thus tempted, she fell, and admitted that she had had frequent resort to her new friend, who said "his name was Tibb," and who appeared at various times to her "in the guise of a brown dog." She was now fourscore years old, and had been, she frankly owned, a witch ever since she was thirty. Her home had been for the last half-century in the forest of Pendle—"a vast place, fit for her profession"; and there she had "brought up her own children, instructed her grandchildren, and took great care and pains to bring them to be witches." She pleaded guilty to having bewitched several persons, upon whom vengeance was demanded, so that they died; to having bidden "her familiar," the brown dog, to bite cattle, so that they soon afterward perished; and to having brought death in the cup by bewitching the different drinks of men.

This confession was followed by one of a similar character from Old Chattox. The ancient dame, however, took the opportunity of attributing her present unhappy



MARGARET JOHNSON AND MARY SPENCER OF BURLEY.

position entirely to the evil advice of her former rival. She declared that "about fourteen years past she entered, through the wicked persuasions and counsel of Elizabeth Southerns, alias Demdike, and was seduced to condescend and agree to become subject unto that devilish, abominable profession of witchcraft." At the house of Demdike she met the devil, "who moved that she would become his subject, and give her soul unto him." At first she refused; "but after, by the great persuasion made by the said Demdike, she yielded to be at his commandment and appointment." Upon her consent, the devil said that when she wanted to summon him she must call out "Fancy!" In her statement, the old hag confesses having bewitched a young gentleman who attempted to do violence to her daughter, and with causing his death; to having made wax images which slowly wasted away before the fire, so that those whom they resembled might likewise perish; and to having sold potions, destroyed cattle, and poisoned drinks by the art of "her familiar" Fancy.

With the exception of two or three of the accused, all now followed the example of Old Demdike and old Chattox, and drew up confessions either freely acknowledging their guilt, or attributing their errors to the two aged crones under whom they studied. In the crimes of which they convict themselves there is a great similarity: selling potions and poisons, bewitching persons to a slow and painful death, destroying cattle by wounds inflicted by the evil one, sucking the breath of young children, and gratifying the desire of the barren in some cases, and the promptings of vengeance in others, appear among the chief articles of self-accusation. With the exception of Old Demdike, who died in prison before her trial, the whole of the Lancashire witches, who had established themselves in Pendle Forest, were found guilty and executed August 17th, 1612.

It is difficult to account for the circumstantial character of these confessions, unless they were suggested by the delusions of insanity, or by the pains of torture. The King, it was well known, was the bitter foe of all witches; and magistrates, anxious to curry royal favor, were assured that there was no better course to gain their ends than to ferret out an ample supply of victims, encourage them to accuse themselves in order to gain their release, then convict them out of their own mouths and send them to the gallows.

"Confessions were so common on those occasions," writes the learned Mr. Crossley, "that there is, I believe, not a single instance of any great number of persons being convicted of witchcraft at one time, some of whom did not make a confession of guilt. Nor is there anything extraordinary in that circumstance, when it is remembered that many of them sincerely believed in the existence of the powers attributed to them; and others, aged and of weak understanding, were, in a measure, coerced by the strong persuasion of their guilt which all around them manifested, into an acquiescence in the truth of the accusation. In many cases the confessions were made in the hope, and no doubt with the promise, seldom performed, that a respite from punishment would be eventually granted. In other instances, there is as little doubt that they were the final results of irritation, agony, and despair. The confessions are generally composed of 'such stuff as dreams are made of'; and what they report to have occurred might either proceed, when there was intention to fabricate, from intertwining the fantastic threads which sometimes stream upon the waking senses from the land of shadows, or be caused by those ocular hallucinations of which medical science has supplied full and satisfactory solution. There is no argument which so long maintained its ground in support of witchcraft as that which was founded on these confessions. It was the last plank clung to by many a witch-believing lawyer and divine. And yet there is none which will less bear critical scrutiny and examination, or the fallacy of which can more easily be shown, if any particular reported confession is taken as a test, and subjected to a searching analysis and inquiry."

Twenty years after these events had taken place another batch of so-called Lancashire witches was unearthed, of whose proceedings the State Papers of Charles I. furnish a full account.

"The greatest news from the country," writes one Sir William Pelham to Viscount Conway, "is of a huge pack of witches which are lately discovered in Lancashire, whereof it is said nineteen are condemned, and that there are at least sixty already discovered, and yet daily there are more revealed. There are divers of them of good ability, and they have done much harm. It is suspected that they had a hand in raising the great storm wherein his Majesty was in so great danger at sea in Scotland."

Sir William was evidently a firm believer in the arts of diabolical magic, but he somewhat exaggerates the details of this discovery. It appears that for some time past village rumor had reported that in Pendle Forest, precisely on the same site where Old Demdike and Old Chattox had carried on their evil practices, a band of women had congregated, which professed to be, in a similar manner, the agents of the powers of darkness. Of these women the presiding spirit was one Margaret Johnson, an elderly crone of sixty, whom country gossip accused of wholesale bewitchery of young children, of the sick and dying, and of cattle grazing in the "vaccaries" or the great upland pastures of the neighborhood. With her, it was said, were associated as accomplices in her vile art, Frances Dicconson, the wife of a husbandman in Pendle Forest; Mary Spencer of Burley, a young girl of twenty; and Alice Hargrave, together with some twenty other women of lesser note. The proceedings of this little infernal community having been reported to the neighboring magistrates, a warrant for the apprehension of its leaders was issued, who were at once committed for trial at the next assizes.

The chief informer on this occasion was a young lad, Edmund Robinson, commonly known by the name of "Ned of Roughs," the son of a mason in Pendle Forest Both father and son, it seems, had been in the habit of going from church to church, in the capacity of amateur discoverers of witches, and accusing various members of the different congregations of diabolical arts; and with such success that it is stated "by that means they got a good living, that in a short space the father bought a cow or two, when he had none before." At the trial young Robinson was sworn, and proceeded to state his case. He was a practiced evidence-monger, and there was little hesitation in the story he told from the witness-box. Kissing the book and looking straight at the bench, he said that upon All Saints' Day last he was picking wild plums in the forest with a friend, and whilst thus engaged two grayhounds, a black and a brown one, came running up to him and fawned upon him. He noticed that they had collars round their necks which "shone like gold," and that to each of the collars a piece of string was attached. Seeing no one with the grayhounds, he thought "to hunt with them, and presently a hare did rise very near before him, at the sight whereof he cried Loo! loo! but the dogs would not run." Irritated at this unsportsmanlike conduct, he tied the hounds together to a hedge, and was about to give them a good thrashing, when suddenly the black grayhound vanished, and in her place stood Frances

Dicconson. Almost immediately afterward the brown grayhound disappeared, and in her stead appeared a little boy.

Frightened at this transformation, he, the witness, was about to run away, when the woman Dicconson put her hand in her pocket and offered him a shilling, provided he would say nothing about the matter. He declined the money, and called out that she was a witch. "Whereupon she put her hand into her pocket again and pulled out a string like unto a bridle that jingled, which she put upon the little boy's head that stood in the brown grayhound's stead; whereupon the said boy stood up a white horse." Young Robinson was now seized by Mother Dicconson, and carried rapidly off to a house called Hoarestones. Here he met numerous other witches, who had ridden to the place on horses of various colors, and was offered refreshments, which he refused. "And presently after, seeing divers of the company going to a barn near adjoining, he followed after, and there he saw six of them kneeling and pulling at six several ropes, which were fastened or tied to the top of the house; at once with which pulling came then in this informer's sight flesh smoking, butter in lumps, and milk as it were straining from the said ropes, all which fell into basins placed under the ropes. And after that these six had done, there came other six, which did likewise, and during all the time of their so pulling they made such foul faces that he became frightened, and was glad to steal out and run home."

On being asked by the court if he were acquainted with any of the women who had been engaged in these practices in the barn, the witness answered that he knew them well by sight, and proceeded to give their names, to the number of some twenty. His evidence concluded, Robinson was ordered to stand down.

The confession of Margaret Johnson—for, of course, according to custom, she had confessed—was then read. The old dame said that some eight years ago, being in her house "in a great passion of anger and discontent, and withal pressed with some want," there suddenly appeared before her a spirit like unto a man, "appareled in a suit of black, tied about with black points," who offered, if she would give him her soul, to supply all her needs and stand ever as her firm friend. After "a solicitation or two she contracted and covenanted with the said devil for her soul," to whom, under the name of "Mamil, my God," she henceforth always applied for what she required. This friend, she admitted, had paid frequent visits to her, now in the shape of a brown-colored dog, then of a hare or white cat, and invariably settled upon her bosom to suck her blood. He often put in her hand gold or silver, "but it vanished soon again, and she was ever bare and poor, though he oft gave her the like." However, since she had been in trouble the spirit had cruelly deserted her, for she had never seen him whilst in prison. The poor demented creature then frankly acknowledged her guilt, and mentioned the names of several women who had been her accomplices.

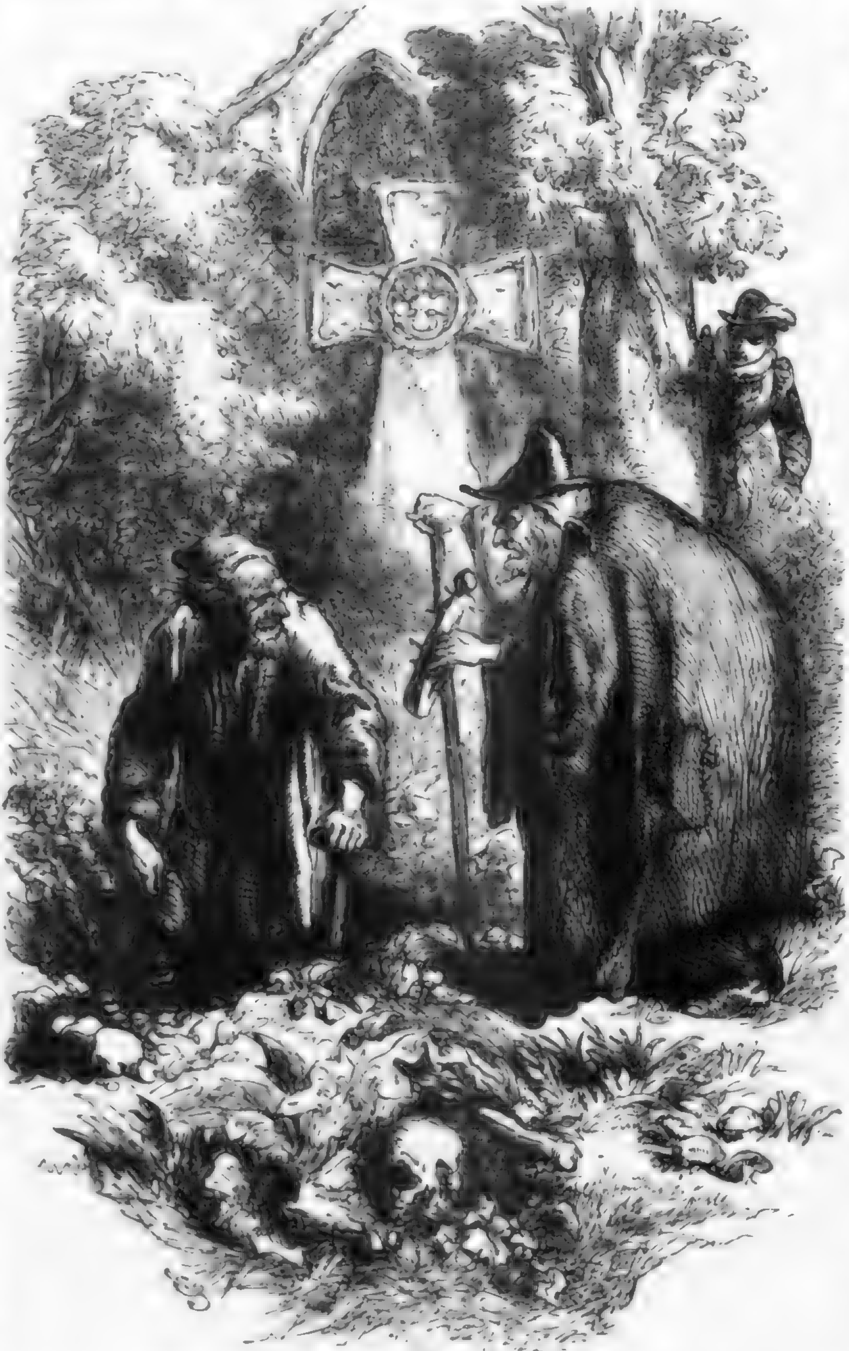
In the fulness of her heart she also took this opportunity to reveal one or two of the secrets of her order. Good Friday, she explained, was the one great day in the year for the general meeting of witches, when they assembled "to consult for the killing and hurting of men and beasts." The marks upon the body denoted the number of familiars a witch could invoke: "If a witch have but one mark, she hath but one spirit; if two, then two spirits; if three, yet but two spirits." More than two spirits to one agent Satan would never permit. The men witches were possessed by women spirits, and women witches by men spirits; but witchcraft, she said, was rather the province of women than of men, because as Eve was deceived by the serpent at the beginning, so women, being frailer, were more easily entrapped in the snares of the devil. Witches had power "to cause foul weather and storms"; and if they "desire to be in any place upon a sudden, their devil or spirit will upon a rod, dog, or anything else, presently convey them thither—yea, into any room of a man's house; still it is not the substance of their bodies, but their spirit assumeth such form and shape as go into such rooms." Then, with a piteous moan, she confessed she had no more to say, and could not hope for mercy.

Though the example of Margaret Johnson, in admitting her guilt, was followed by several of the accused, there were one or two who, healthy in mind and conscious of innocence, declined to implicate themselves. These loudly affirmed that they were not witches, but honest women, fearing God and serving the King.

Speaking up against her informer, Frances Dicconson denied the whole story of the lad Robinson, and said that he was a young scoundrel who had been prompted by his father to wrong her because she had refused to sell him a cow, and to pay the price he asked not to appear against her.

But the most curious instance of how, in those days of superstition, the simplest matter could be distorted into a cause for offense, is to be found in the case of Mary Spencer. This young girl was accustomed to go into the village to draw water, and as she went down the steep hill which led to the well, she let the wooden pail she carried roll after her, and as now it followed her, and then she chased it, she, like a healthy, merry lass, sang and called after it as if it had been a living creature. For this childish outburst of animal spirits, Mary Spencer was accused of witchcraft; it was alleged that the pail followed her about where she listed, and hence was not of wood, but of the devil. Unfortunately, what gave a color to this assertion was the fact that the girl herself was the daughter of witches, for it appears that both her father and mother had been condemned during the last assizes for professing magic arts. The poor lass was accordingly committed to prison, and sent for trial. At her examination, she stoutly denied that she knew any witchcraft, or had ever done hurt thereby to anybody. She had always gone to church, she said, indignantly, and could repeat the Creed and the Lord's Prayer. She defied the devil and all his works, and only hoped to be saved by Christ Jesus. She admitted without shame that when she went to the well for water, she used "to trundle the collock or pail down the hill, and she would run along after it to overtake it, and did overhie it sometimes, and then might call it to come to her"; but she utterly denied that it followed her of its own accord, or that she could ever make it come to her by any witchcraft. Then, after an appeal for mercy to her judges, she said she was a Christian and not afraid of death, for she hoped it would make an entrance for her into heaven.

On the revelations contained in these examinations and confessions, seventeen out of this second pack of Lancashire witches were brought in guilty by the jury and condemned to death. Fortunately, the judge who presided on this occasion was a humane and sensible man, and superior to the prejudices of his day. The evidence against the prisoners failed to satisfy him; he refused to appoint a date for the execution, and referred the case to the King in council for further consideration. Accordingly, Bridgman, Bishop of Chester, was instructed by Coke and Windebank, the two Secretaries of State, to examine two or three of the most prominent among the condemned. Margaret Johnson was the first to be summoned, and was the most penitent of offenders. After listening to an exhortation from his lordship, the old woman, weeping piteously, sobbed out: "I will not add sin to sin. I have already done enough—nay, too much, and will not increase it. I pray God I may repent." The guilt of the others was not so easily arrived at. They denied the charges brought against them, and explained how they had been the sport of the vindictiveness of their neighbors. The bishop was nonplussed, and knew not how to separate the truth from the falsehood. "Conceit and malice," he writes to the Secretaries of State, "are so powerful with many in those parts, that they will easily afford an oath to work revenge upon their neighbor." In fact, his lordship declined to commit himself to an opinion one way or the other.



OLD DEMDIKE DISCOVERED BURYING A WAX IMAGE IN PENDLE FOREST.

As a second solution of the difficulty, the matter was now intrusted to medical hands. It was acknowledged that every true witch had certain peculiar marks about her person, which were nothing else than seals impressed by the devil, and by which therefore she could be easily identified. Should these marks be found on the condemned, there was at once an end of the inquiry. Margaret Johnson, Frances Dicconson, Mary Spencer, and one Janet Hargraves, as the most notorious of the offenders, were hastily sent up from Lancaster jail to the Ship Tavern at Greenwich, where they were for the moment housed. At the same time, Alexander Baker and William Clowes, the King's surgeons, were ordered by the council "to make choice of midwives to inspect and search the bodies of those women lately brought up by the Sheriff of Lancashire indicted for witchcraft, wherein the midwives are to receive instructions from Dr. Harvey, the King's physician, and themselves."

The examination took place, and the question excited so much interest that the King himself, it is said, was present. It resulted in the doctors coming to the conclusion that on the bodies of Janet Hargraves, Frances Dicconson and Mary Spencer they found nothing unnatural; whilst on the body of Margaret Johnson there were two marks, which were probably the effect of a former application of leeches. Such was the mouse which the mountain of witchcraft had delivered.

The evidence for the prosecution having now in a great measure broken down, it struck Secretary Windebank that he would privately examine the lad Edmund Robinson, upon whose sole and unsupported testimony the whole case depended. The boy was removed from the influence of his father, and then the truth came out. Before the stern presence of the Secretary of State the boldness of the witness, who had given so glibly his evidence as to the grayhounds, Mrs. Dicconson, and the meeting at Hoarestones, completely collapsed, and crying for mercy, the lad confessed the great enormities of which he had been guilty.

He admitted that the story he had told to the magistrates concerning the practices of witches was "false and feigned, and had no truth at all, but only as he had heard tales and reports made by women, so he framed his tale out of his own invention, which, when he had once told, he had to persist in."

The trial of the Lancashire witches twenty years ago had suggested the materials for his story. "He had heard," said this charming youth, "the neighbors talk of a witch feast that was kept at Mocking Tower in Pendle Forest, about twenty years since, to which feast divers witches came, and many were apprehended and executed at Lancaster, and thereupon it came into his head to make the like tale of a meeting at Hoarestones"; the more especially as Frances Dicconson and the others were reputed by their neighbors to be witches. "He had heard," continued this interesting specimen of juvenile depravity, "Edmund Stevenson say that he was much troubled with Dicconson's wife in the time of his sickness, and that he suspected her of witchcraft; and he heard Robert Smith say that his wife, lying upon her death-bed, accused Janet Hargraves to be the cause of her death; and he heard William Nutter's wife say that Janet and William Devys had bewitched her; and it was generally spoken that Beawse's wife, who went a-begging, was a witch; and he had heard Sharpee Smith say that the wife of John Loynd laid her hand upon a cow of his, after which she never rose." With these materials, and assisted by a vivid imagination unballasted by scruples of any kind whatever, young Robinson confessed he had concocted his story. "Nobody," he said, with some pride, "was ever acquainted with any part of his fiction or invention, nor did anybody ever advise him, but it merely proceeded out of his own brain." Like Coriolanus, he could cry, "Alone I did it!"

The motive for the fabrication of these heinous falsehoods, which had for their object the bringing of innocent persons to the gallows, is a terrible instance of how great crimes can sometimes arise from the commission of slight offenses. It appears that it was the boy's duty to look after his father's cattle, to drive them home from the meadows, and to see that they were properly housed in the shed during night. One evening, having been tempted to play with some children, young Robinson found the the time had slipped so merrily away that, to his horror, he was now too late to go in search of the kine. Fearing a beating from his parents, the ready lie, always the resource of the timid, rose to his lips, and "he made this tale for an excuse." Henceforth amusement became easy to him; he could neglect his duty as much as he pleased, and play as often as he chose in the woods and the village streets, for on his return home he had only to give as an excuse that he had not been to the meadows to fetch the cattle because he had been spirited away by a witch, or that he had been frightened by seeing a boy with a cloven foot, or that a woman coming up to him had suddenly transformed herself into a lantern, and he had run away in sheer terror. Before Windebank, Robinson now solemnly denied that there had been any truth in these statements; he had "but told these tales to excuse himself when he had been at play." It is some satisfaction to learn that in this instance the biter was severely bit, for both the boy and his father were imprisoned under heavy sentences, whilst the so-called witches were released, and had their innocence fully established.

REYNARD ON THE WATCH.

The revelations disclosed at this trial dealt a severe blow to this peculiar form of superstition. It was now seen how easily vindictiveness or lack of principle could trump up a case of witchcraft against persons perfectly guiltless of all diabolical arts, and succeed in bringing their necks to the gallows. It was also seen how terror or a distorted imagination could force, as in the case of Margaret Johnson, the inncent to confess to acts which they had never committed, and which, when analyzed, were but one tissue of mental delusions. Hence, when, in the future, accusations of witchcraft were brought against certain individuals, such charges were inquired into by the justices of the peace with a care and a respect for common sense which had hitherto been painfully conspicuous by their absence.

Still it was long before the nation emancipated herself from the thraldom of this degrading credulity, and it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that the law positively declined to consider the "magic arts" as within the bounds of possibility. Throughout the stormy times of the Civil War, and during the dissolute period of the Restoration, it always went hard with a woman accused of witchcraft, when accidental circumstances appeared to support the charge—when, for example, by a curious coincidence, an evil prophecy that she had made had been fulfilled; or when, by the buoyancy of her corpulence, she failed to sink when pitched into a pond; or when, as in the instance of Margaret Johnson, she had certain marks upon her body, which might be interpreted as the sucking spots of her familiar. We have no occasion to be a student of Buckle to learn that, of all the relics of paganism with which civilization in its onward march has had to contend, none have been more difficult to eradicate from the heart of man than that special form of superstition which found one phase of its development in the study and belief of witchcraft. Even at the present day, in many villages, the power and existence of a witch are still believed in.

A FIRE IN THE "TARTAR TOWN" AT TASHKENT.

By David Ker.

"This is all very well, you know," says my English comrade, on the third night after our arrival in the capital of Central Asia, as we sit over our tea and watermelon in the garden of the caravanserai, with the shadowy trees whispering around us; "this is all very well in its way, but it's not what *I* call 'seeing Tashkent.' If we're to see nothing but hewn-stone houses and paved streets, and French newspapers, and cafés in the English style, we might just as well be at home. I want some local coloring—something unmistakably Oriental. I came here to see Central Asia, not Europe in Asiatic binding."

"Asia in Russia-leather binding, you mean," answer I. "However, you're quite right; there's a good deal too much of the '*say* you've been there' style about our present life. I once went up Mont Blanc with a fellow who fell asleep from sheer exhaustion at the foot of the last slope, and was dragged up and down again by a rope around his waist, like an ox to the slaughter. Well, as soon as he got home he promptly delivered a lecture upon the ascent and the *view* from the top, and when I ventured to remonstrate, answered coolly, 'You see, I just asked my guide what I *would* have seen if I hadn't fallen asleep, and I wrote it down from his dictation.'"

"Well, I'll just tell you what we'll do; we'll order a drosky (a Russian carriage) to-morrow morning, and have a day of it in the 'native quarter,' till we've seen all we want."

The motion is carried *nem. con.*, and directly after breakfast on the following morning we start on our voyage of discovery, with my Tartar servant Mourad by way of pilot.

For me, at least, this return to barbarism is appropriate enough. My comrade still preserves some show of civilization, but I, in my dusty forage-cap, tattered white jacket, and red goatskin pants thrust into knee-high boots, look very much like an Eastern Robinson Crusoe, with Mourad for my man Friday.

With a tolerably fresh horse and a Cossack driver, even an Asiatic street may be traversed pretty rapidly, and we are not long in reaching the little stone bridge that spans the deep gully which forms the dividing line between civilization and barbarism in Tashkent. Once across it, we are in a new world. No more wide squares and leafy boulevards, no more smart shops or stately public buildings. My companion's wish for "something unmistakably Oriental" is now about to be gratified—with a vengeance.

At the very first strides we plunge into a deep, narrow, sandy lane, or rather ditch, over which hang great masses of baked clay, which we dimly perceive to be meant for houses, toppling over as if threatening to fall and crush us at any moment. The further we go the darker and filthier become the tunnel-like alleys, which seem to form one great cobweb throughout the entire town.

So narrow, in many places, are these delectable thoroughfares, that it is all we can do to avoid spiking ourselves at every turn upon the reed thatches that project from either side. Underneath the said thatches are horrid little kennels, almost pitch dark, in which villainous-looking old scarecrows are cooking unheard-of messes in little copper stewpans, or lying asleep, with the flies swarming over them in clouds. More than once we narrowly escape running into a passing camel, or running over some paunchy urchin, with nothing on but a thick coating of mud, who is sprawling in the very centre of the path.

Of the countless other abominations that meet our eyes on every side—mangy dogs, squalid pilgrims, hideously deformed beggars, covered with sores and vermin—one may say with the Highlander, "The more said, the less the better!" In fact, the whole tableau may be best summed up thus:

"Sing a song of nasty scents,
  A puddle never dry;
Four-and-twenty black men
  Crammed in a sty.
When the sty was opened,
  The stench went near and far;
Wasn't that a pretty place
  To christen 'a bazaar'?"

We look around us in righteous indignation, and are just beginning to fulfill the first duty of every "true-born" Englishman—that of pouring contempt upon everything foreign—when a blast of thick, dingy smoke and stifling heat effectually changes the current of our ideas.

"A fire, by Jove!" shouts my companion, with a genuinely British enjoyment of anything like a catastrophe. "We're in luck—there's a sample of native industry at the very outset. Let's go and have a look at it!"

We jump off our drosky, and are instantly swallowed by the wave of turbaned nastiness which is surging toward a little mud-hovel about fifty yards ahead of us. The dried grass piled on its flat roof, after a fashion universal in Central Asia, has accidentally caught fire, and is now all one red, roaring blaze, alternating with gusts of thick black smoke.

By the time we reach the spot (our vehicle following) the "fun," as my friend humanely calls it, is in full swing. The impromptu hay-mow upon the roof is flaring like a volcano, notwithstanding the perfect stillness of the air. Water has been already brought up, and the buckets are skipping from hand to hand with very un-Asiatic alertness; while three or four gaunt, brown, half-clad scarecrows, who have clambered upon the housetop in defiance of the almost unbearable heat, are dimly seen through the whirling smoke, tearing down the still unburned grass, or kicking great heaps of red ashes down into the street, regardless of the throng that fills it.

One of these bouquets alights full upon the nose of a passing camel, which lashes out furiously on every side; and now things proceed in the style of "The House that

Jack Built." The camel upsets a horse, the horse "spills" a cart, the cart bumps against our drosky, our drosky squashes half-a-dozen people—and in an instant there is a grand compound "block" all across the road, while fresh showers of hot ashes, varied at intervals by a misdirected bucket of dirty water, come down upon us like a new eruption of Vesuvius.

Suddenly a body of white-frocked Russian soldiers—big, sunburned, tough-looking fellows, with close-cropped hair —are seen shouldering their way through the mob as a steamer cuts through drifting ice. Right up to the roaring furnace do they tramp unflinchingly, with the same stolid, expressionless aspect wherewith they would storm a battery, or stand to be shot by sentence of court-martial. A few short, sharp words of command, and every man is instantly at work, with the steady, machine-like precision of perfect discipline.

This re-inforcement turns the scale at once. In a few minutes the dry grass on the surrounding housetops is cleared away, and the blaze thus deprived of its fuel, the flames are beaten down with a deluge of water; the wedged mass of men and animals blocking the street melts slowly away; and my comrade, with the look of a man unjustly balked of his lawful enjoyment, mutters sulkily that "the heathens can't even burn a house properly," and tells the driver to go on.

AN ARTIST'S MISTAKE.

By Fred. Proctor.

I went into Lancashire some months since for the purpose of sketching Bolton Bridge. I had lodged at the nearest inn about a fortnight or so, when the landlady informed me that her son was living nearer the river, and if I could obtain a bed at his house it would perhaps be an advantage, and she was quite sure I should be more comfortable. Its proximity to the spot where I intended to employ most of my time was indeed a boon, and one of which I am always glad to avail myself; accordingly I engaged Mrs. Mugglewick—for that was the good woman's name—to see her son, and make a mutual arrangement on my account.

One evening, ten or twelve days after my introduction to Mrs. Mugglewick, Jr., whilst the rays of the setting sun were playing in a hundred hues among the trees, I gathered together my traps, and having secured them for the night, sauntered back to the bridge, to watch the stream and smoke out my usual pipe.

As I thus enjoyed myself, a herd of cattle from the north came down the opposite hill, and crossed by me toward the younger Mr. Mugglewick's house. It was well worth one's admiration to see these noble creatures, and a sight only marred by the two fierce-looking drovers bringing up the rear. They swore first at the beasts, and then at the dog, in the most terrific manner; and though I have heard the most horrid language in large towns, never have I heard such deliberate oaths as were uttered by these two men.

About an hour after, and while I mused on what had passed, I saw the elder Mrs. Mugglewick hastening to me from the house where I now stopped, in a most excited mood.

"Lor! Mr. So-and-so," said she, on gaining breath, "them men have turned their cattle into my son's field, and says they won't stir another step for him or no one else, so he must find a bed for 'em."

I saw the old lady was nervously endeavoring to say more, and I asked what my interest could be in the matter.

"Well, sir," said she, taking a pinch from her snuff-box, "there's a bed on the landing, if you don't mind yourself, as'll do for 'em a night."

Seeing no way out of the predicament, I made no objection, though I confess I did not relish the idea of so close a companionship with these suspicious characters. The landing referred to by Mrs. Mugglewick was a large one, leading into which was my own door; so that in entering my room I must pass them. However great my anxiety, there was nothing about the house to lighten it: on the contrary, everything assumed the air of being haunted with the ghosts of bygone days. The bare old oak staircase, so massive as to dwindle surrounding objects into pigmy size; the dingy atmosphere hanging about the broad low passage up-stairs; the old doors awry with age, with here and there a natural loophole to let in the cold air; the thick rafters and dark wainscoting; the Jonathan-Bradford bedstead on the landing, its faded trappings lending obscurity to the large bed—perhaps the ancestral gift to a newly-married pair, or the identical couch where a great-grandfather, in the twilight of some fourscore years, bid his weeping children remember his last and dying words; the diamond windows, each scratched with a dozen names or more; everything, in fact, from the black, sulky cat to the foreboding landlady, had that indescribable something about it ever dismal and comfortless.

On this particular night I attributed my feelings to the impending harm which I thought was hanging about me; and this state of mind was considerably intensified by the weird grin of the drovers, as they wished me "good-night."

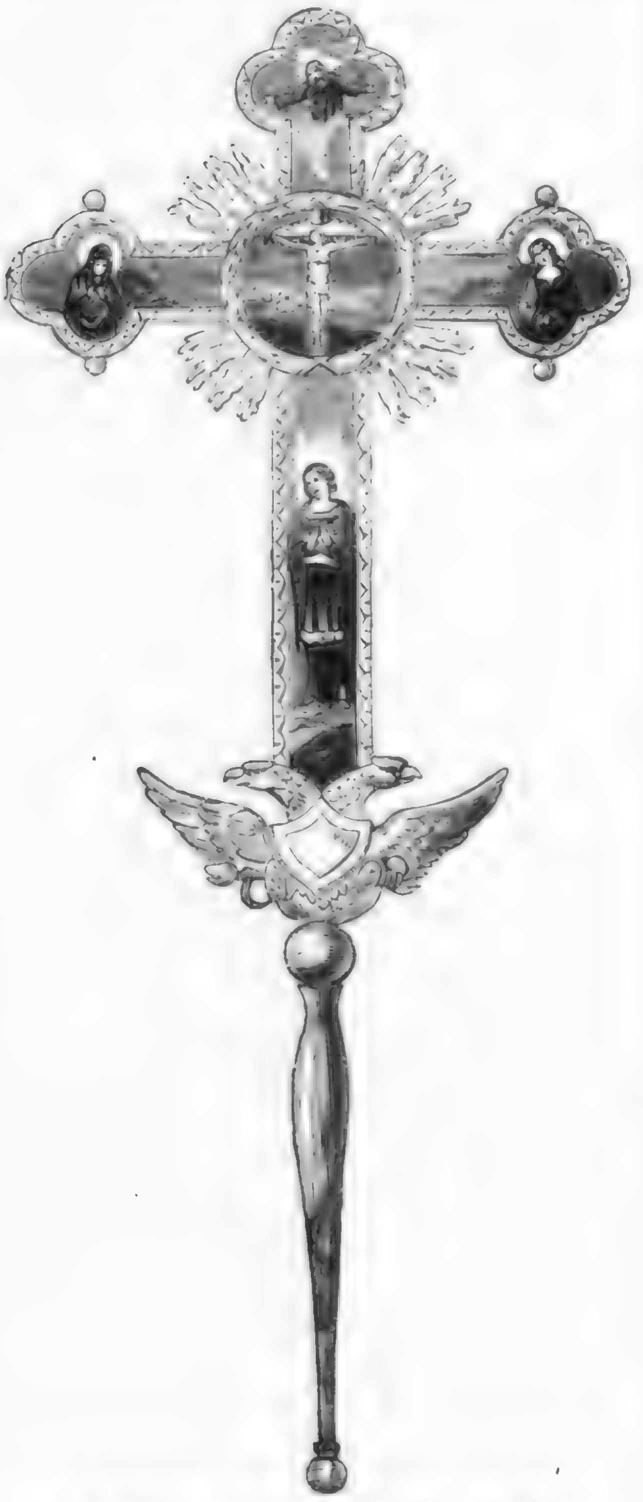
"You scoundrels," thought I, "you play in that fashion to get me into your good grace."

However, I threw off the dread, and in about ten minutes after asked Mrs. Mugglewick, Jr., for a light. She gave me a candle, and also the key of my door, remarking: "You know, sir, it's best to be on the safe side;" and wished me many pleasant dreams, for, having become almost one of the family, all formality had ceased.

Whenever I fancy I might be disturbed by a midnight intruder, I carry to my room the spiked staff to which my umbrella is attached; and now, doubly conscious of its companionship, I secreted it under cover of my clothes. I gently ascended the creaking staircase, and finding they were in darkness, involuntarily hesitated, holding my light above me, so as to see clearly upon them. I was considerably astonished, and truly sorry I had misjudged them; for they were kneeling, one at the chair, and the other at the side of the bed—praying!

The ruins of a once magnificent bathing-establishment have been recently discovered by Professor Giuseppe Novi, not far from Herculaneum. They are covered with a layer of ashes and lava of ten metres in thickness. What has been brought to light, up to the present, is said to eclipse all previous discoveries of a similar nature, both in Herculaneum and Pompeii. The fountains and tanks of these "Termo" are made of Oriental granite, and adorned with sculptures. The floors are of colored glass mosaic; unfortunately it is but badly preserved. The walls of the various buildings are elegantly ornamented with paintings and stucco-work. The excavations are to be continued.

The bird of wisdom flies low, and seeks her food under hedges; the eagle himself would be starved if he always soared aloft and against the sun. The sweetest fruit grows near the ground.



A RUSSIAN CROSS FROM THE CRIMEA.

After the capture of Sebastopol this cross was found in a private house. Had it stood in a church, amid the banners and procession candlesticks, it might have been supposed to be purely ecclesiastical in its character, as it bore evidence of long use. But it seems more probable that it was used as a military standard, to rouse the faith of the Russians in the struggle, and make them feel it was a holy war that they were waging against the enemies of Christianity, the Turks, upheld by men who could not be recognized by the orthodox as much better.

It is by no means a poor piece of work, being a creditable piece of carving, seven feet high, bearing in the centre of the cross the scene of the crucifixion, with the Eternal Father as the "Ancient of Days" above; and below the Mother of Christ, and at the extremity of the arms of the cross, Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James, the three Marys associated with the scene depicted. Beneath are the Russian arms, with the double-headed eagle.

THE RIVER.

By W. H. Roberts.

Tell me, O you well-loved gentle river,
Why so mournful is your song?
Find you not the trees as dear as ever,
That have shaded you so long?

Lo! in vain the fairest flowers are stooping
To you from the bank above,
And your own sweet fern is sadly drooping
For the olden kiss of love.

"Not for fern, or sweetest flow'rs that springing
Bloom upon the fragrant earth,
Can I change, alas! my mournful singing
For a lighter song of mirth.

"Listen! I have drowned a maiden, fairer
Than I ever hope to tell;
Only to herself can I compare her,
She was passing beautiful.

"What was I? She left the flowers that love her,
Though they drooped as she passed by;
Left she, too, the trembling leaves above her,
I could hear them vainly sigh.

"What was I? I saw her coming nearer,
Choosing me before the rest—
Fool was I! I thought that I was dearer,
And I drew her to my breast.

"Vain the thought! I was not one to woo her,
But her murderer instead.
Am I cold? A shivering ran through her,
Then a silence. She is dead."

Tell me, river—hush your dreary sighing—
Tell me, did the maiden fair
Wear a flower, a rosebud, lightly lying,
Half concealed in golden hair?

"When, alas! I drowned her with my kisses,
Half concealed her hair beneath,
Lay a rosebud in her golden tresses,
Not so fragrant as her breath."

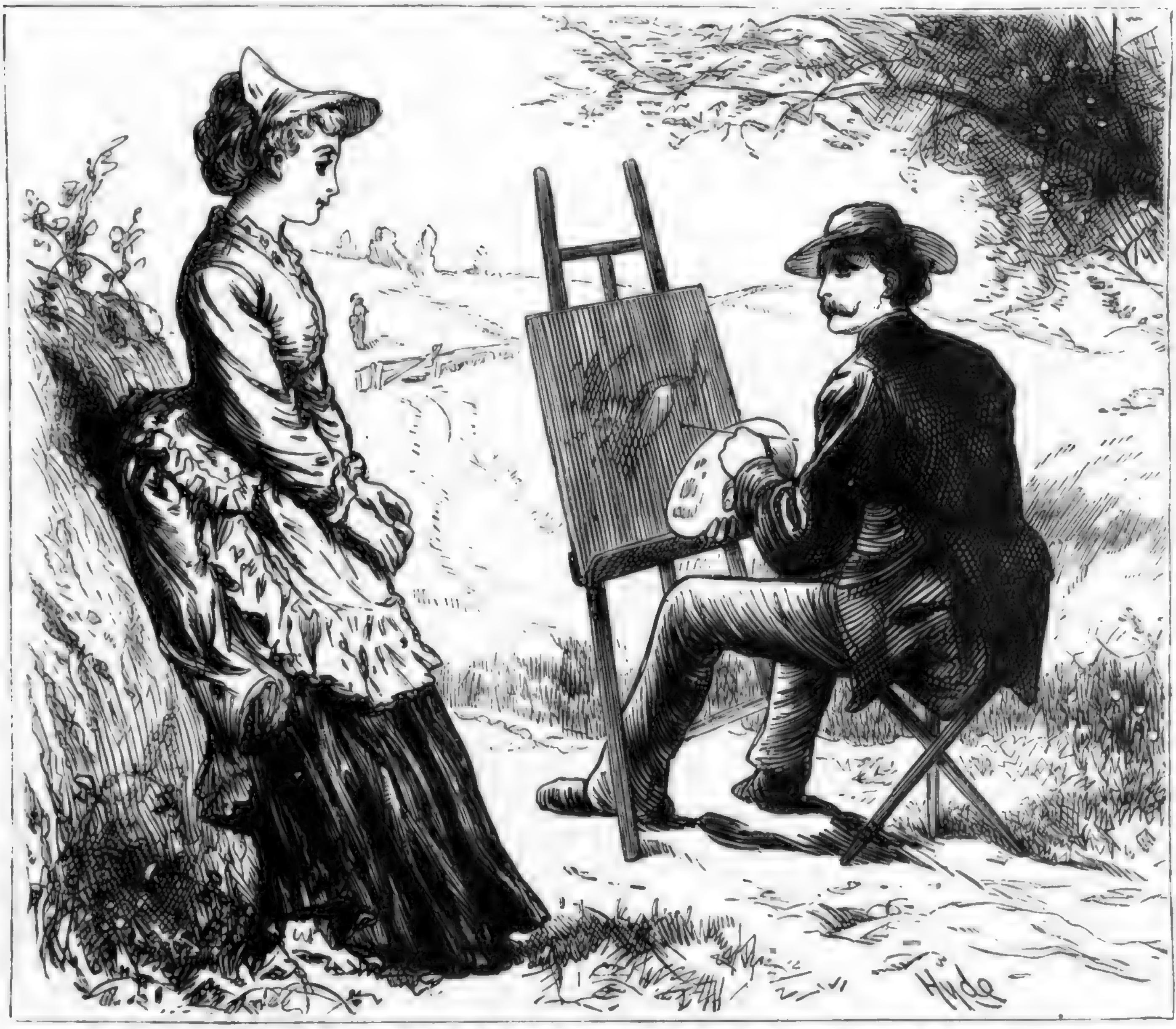
Take me, too, O sadly-flowing river,
Take me also to your breast;
Join me, join me to my love for ever,
Let me share her perfect rest!

THE LAY FIGURE.

By S. Annie Frost.

We were Bohemians in New York, brother Marcus and myself, occupying rooms in University Place, where he painted pictures that brought in bare bread and shelter, and I wrote for the daily papers fashion articles and such matters as a woman's brain is supposed capable of grasping, by the "lords of creation" who rule such journals.

We had three rooms, the studio and library being carefully locked and placarded, "Out for an hour," when we converted it into a dining-room for our modest repast.



THE LAY FIGURE.—"LEANING AGAINST A HUGE MASS OF ROCKS NEAR HIM, MISS MORGAN WATCHED HIS BUSY FINGERS."

Here we painted and scribbled, wore out our old clothes for lack of fashionable new ones, received our friends, and were happy, after our own manner, until Uncle Graham died, and left us his place and a small income—by no means unlimited wealth, but what would place us above want and insure us a home.

I believe most women who live by their pens secretly congratulate themselves upon possessing all the domestic genius and seamstress talent of their less aspiring sisters, if they only choose to exert them. I know that I did, and my heart rose exultant at the idea of hens, a cow, and consequently plenty of milk and eggs for culinary purposes. Above all, the leisure to keep house.

Marcus would not share in the delightful planning of country pleasures, but he would rave about the freedom from city noises, the opportunity of studying nature without a long, dusty railroad-ride, and the consequent improvement in his landscape-painting.

"Though, mind you, Leah," he would say, "I shall never be a landscape-painter, except for backgrounds."

So, one lovely May day, we flitted to our new home, with a quarterly payment from our "income" inflating our pocket-books to most unusual dimensions.

We found our "place" was a lovely cottage of nine rooms, on an eminence, with a cupola that commanded a view of a tiny village, and a far-away glance at a railroad that stopped two miles off, but skirted round the village.

Here we established a studio on the second floor front, and a library second floor back, bedrooms on either side, and a tiny hall-room accommodating the servant. Here we enjoyed the unprecedented luxury of a kitchen, a dining-room, a parlor and a sitting-room, through which we ranged, wondering what we could do with so much room.

Uncle Graham had furnished the house with very handsome furniture, rich carpets, and, delight of delights! a superb Steinway piano, and some choice books and pictures.

I was wrapped in content and happiness. If I experienced some rude reminders that an expert housekeeper needs some training, I only set my teeth and battled the difficulties until I conquered them. I gloried in my triumphs in pies and cakes. I reveled in my flower-garden, in my poultry-yard, in my cozy writing-room, in the piano, in every detail of our improved circumstances, even to the power of buying new bonnets and dresses in the wee store of the village.

But Marcus, after a month of roving through the woods, and by the waters, suddenly became pre-occupied, often sad, and evidently engrossed with some new subject of thought. We had been one in heart and thought from babies, being twins, and I wasn't going to stand being shut out from his confidence very long. When his merry whistle, his bursts of song, his jokes and teasing fits ceased altogether, I assailed him.

"What ails you, Mark? Our fortune seems to have a depressing effect upon you."

"Our fortune!" he said, bitterly—"a little cottage with an acre or two of ground, and a paltry six hundred a year for two of us! Just one remove from beggary."

"It is a good many removes from what we have had," I answered; "and you thought so yourself two months ago!"

"But then I had not seen——" and he paused.

"Tell me, Mark," I urged, seeing the cloud gathering on his handsome face.

"You have seen the great white house, almost a palace, where the road turns after we pass the village?"

"Seen it!" I cried. "Why, it is the one place for miles around. Those superb grounds are my great delight, for I can see them plainly from my window, and the fountains, statues and flowers do me as much good as they do the owner."

"What do you know about the owner?" asked Marcus, quickly.

"Only that she is a great heiress, and the ward of her uncle."

"I will tell you more. She is a small, fairy-like blonde, beautiful as a dream, childlike and full of ravishing sweetness. I met her by the great oak, where I have been sketching, and, I scarcely know how, we talked, and we met again and again, till—Leah, pity me!—I love her! I love the great heiress, whose uncle would show me the door in a minute if I dared present my suit."

"Does she love you?"

"I have never dared to ask. She flushes when we meet, and a dewy light comes into her blue eyes. She smiles often when no word has been spoken, as if a happy thought were in her heart, and she comes often to the oak-tree. She is such a child, Leah—not like the women we knew in New York, full of worldly wisdom, but simple and innocent."

Thus he talked, as lovers will talk, of the beautiful heiress, Amy Morgan, and I knew that for the first time in the twenty-five years of our lives, my image in my brother's heart was not first and dearest.

I crushed down my jealous pain as best I might, for to me he was the one love of my life; but I determined to see the little blonde, who must be such a contrast to my dark style and tall figure. So the next day I strolled down by the great oak-tree where Marcus was sketching, and where, leaning against a huge mass of rock near him, Miss Morgan watched his busy fingers.

How pretty she was! A very Titania, with her long golden curls and her soft blue eyes, not more than sixteen, and with the sweet expression of an intelligent child.

I was a third in the party by the time these thoughts ran through my mind, and in half an hour I loved the little heiress, too—not for her money or her position, but for her own winsome self.

In a fortnight we were fast friends, and Amy would come to the cottage whenever she could escape from home. I use the word "escape" advisedly, for the child told me all her troubles before her love for me was a month old. I felt so much older and wiser in my superior knowledge of life, that it never seemed strange to me when the wee fairy would nestle up to me, and talk as if I were her grandmother.

She was an only child, and an orphan, heiress to her father's great house and large income, but her uncle was her sole guardian, and would possess all her property if she died before she came of age, or unmarried. Her marriage would put her in possession of her estate, and her uncle resolutely opposed any visiting or friendships. She had been educated by governesses in strict seclusion, but the last one was dead—had died only a few weeks before our coming, so the little heiress had comparative liberty.

"Marie, my maid," she told me, "has strict orders to watch me, to see that I do not leave the grounds or form any acquaintances; but Marie loves finery and sugar-plums, and I save my pocket-money, which I never have a chance to spend, to bribe Marie to go into the arbor and make my dresses, while I run about. Is it very wicked, Leah? It is so tiresome to have her always beside me, as if I were a baby!"

I did not answer. I had fretted uneasily under the dishonorable air our friendship would wear in the eyes of others, though I knew well Marcus and I would have loved Amy if she were as poor as ourselves. I wished she were, that my brother might marry her, but I frowned down all love-making as matters stood.

Many a long argument my brother and I held over the unfortunate love that filled his heart. His whole nature shrank from the idea of seeming to steal the love of the heiress, yet he did love Amy sincerely and deeply.

Finally, when the Autumn winds began to strew golden leaves over the woods, my brother determined to run away from his fierce temptation to marry Amy at any risk.

"I must go, Leah," he said to me, "and try to live down this mad, useless love. I cannot take advantage of Amy's innocence and persuade her to elope with me, and it would be utterly vain to try to win her uncle's consent to our marriage. I will go to New York for the Winter, and think of nothing but my picture."

"Shall you take it with you?"

"Certainly; and I will work as I never worked before."

Left alone in the pretty cottage, I found the piano a tinkling sham, the books dull and wearisome, the furniture a burden, and my servant a thorn in the flesh. My chickens ceased to interest me, my cooking lost its flavor; and finally, one dreary October morning, I amazed Marcus by walking into his rooms, and informing him that life without him was unbearable, and I had come to share his self-imposed exile.

"What of Amy?" he asked.

"She has not been to the cottage since you left, and there is a new governess, a Frenchwoman, who probably scorns bribery and bonbons," I said.

We worried through the Winter. Marcus put his picture on exhibition in the Spring, and won a meed of praise that made me a proud woman. Better still, he sold it for a large sum, and he received two lucrative orders, that made him hope for a name, and perhaps a fortune, to place at Amy's feet.

For the forgetting part of his programme for the Winter was, unlike his picture, a decided failure. I had never realized before how deep was this love in the heart of my gay, careless brother.

He had been so light-hearted, so boyish, spite of his twenty-five years, that I was amazed to find him suddenly transformed into a dignified man, whose face showed earnestness of purpose, whose eyes shone now with steadier light, whose whole being seemed elevated and expanded by the first grand passion of his life.

I marveled sometimes at the power of the wee fairy over the strong man, having never tested my womanly skill in that direction. I had been content to share and share with Marcus, submitting to his masculine leadership, rather than attempting ever to influence him; but I never gloried in him in the careless, happy days, as I did when I saw him conquering fortune for love's sake, yet keeping down his love for honor's sake.

In the Spring we went again to Eastville, to our pretty home, and here appalling news encountered us. We had made friends in the village in the past Summer, and from one and another we learned that Amy Morgan had been dangerously ill, and was now in an insane asylum, incurably mad. The bare fact was all we could gather. Mr. Morgan, the uncle, still lived in the great white house, and the French governess, Madame Celeste, kept house for him. Bitterly we realized that we had no right to ask for any particulars there, but Marcus seemed to age from day to day, as the time wore on.

June was nearly over, when, one morning, as we were seated in the studio, Marcus painting on his new picture, "Virginius Sacrificing his Daughter," we heard a quick, light foot on the stairs, and Amy Morgan, breathless, and white as death, burst into the room.

"Save me! Hide me!" she panted. "Don't let them find me!"

Like a flash of lightning Marcus drew the bolt of the door, while Amy cowered down beside me. We saw instantly that some foul fraud had been practiced to confine the poor child amongst lunatics, for, terrified, panting, wild-eyed as she was, she was surely sane. I drew her into my arms, while Marcus stationed himself at the window.

"You have escaped from the asylum?" he said, hoarsely.

"Yes. I am not mad. I was never mad, Marcus; but I shall become so if you let them drag me back again."

He set his teeth hard, but did not speak.

"Darling," I said, caressing her, "you will be safe here. They will not look for you."

"Yes, yes. After you went my uncle found out all about Marcus, and"—hot blushes coming quickly on her pale cheeks—"my love for him. He was furious, Leah," and she shuddered, paling again. "I thought he would kill me! Then he sent for Madame Celeste, who was my governess when I was a little girl, and whom I detested. I was ill, fretting for you, frightened for my life, and I was feverish and delirious. When I grew better I was in the asylum. Oh, Leah! don't let me tell you what I have suffered there! If they find me they will drag me back."

"Never!" said Marcus, suddenly. "I would kill you first with my own hands. You love me, Amy?"

"With my whole heart," she said, springing into his outstretched arms.

"Then you will be my wife. I will have a right to defend you, and my love shall protect you against such fearful tyranny as this. But I have no right yet. If your uncle comes with the doctor or keepers from the asylum, he will have the right to take you from me. In this quiet place there is no legal redress to be obtained at once, and before I could gain such power you might die. So darling, my darling, I will hide you until we can escape to New York to be married. Leah! see, there is a carriage with four men driving up the road. Run, sister, and keep them down-stairs as long as you can. If they will search the house, bring them to this room last."

I hurried away to do my share in guarding the young girl's liberty, and was dusting the parlor, singing carelessly, when Jennie, our girl, ushered in four men—two gentlemen, two rough fellows.

"Pardon me," said a small, wiry man, whom I recognized at once as Mr. Morgan, and who was evidently amazed to find me occupied in household duties; "I am Mr. Morgan, and I hoped to find my niece with you."

"Your niece, sir?" I answered. "I understood the young lady was an—invalid."

"She is a dangerous lunatic," he answered, "and has escaped from the asylum where my fatherly affection placed her. She has been traced to this neighborhood."

"Probably she is at home," I suggested, maliciously.

He had the grace to color a little before stammering out a rather peremptory request to search the house.

"Really, sir," I said, with an air of surprise, "this is a most extraordinary proceeding. You walk into my house uninvited, and, presuming that I am hiding your niece, request permission to search a private dwelling. However, since you desire to convince yourself that she is not here, you may look around you, though I hope it is not necessary for your entire force to accompany you."

"No; certainly not. Doctor, let those fellows wait outside."

Followed by Mr. Morgan and the doctor, I led the way from room to room, standing carelessly by as they searched through closets, under beds, in corners, till I opened the door of the studio. Marcus was seated before his easel, quietly painting, while on the platform before him stood the tall lay-figure that supported the flowing drapery of Virginius.

My brother rose with an air of courteous surprise, as I hurriedly explained the errand of our unwelcome visitors. There was a contemptuous curl on his lip as he said:

"I believe there are no hiding-places in this room, gentlemen, unless you choose to overhaul that pile of draperies and furniture in the corner; but you are quite welcome to search the premises."

He came, as he spoke, close to the lay-figure, and I saw one hand work nervously, as if he were longing to choke the life out of Amy's persecutors.

The couple searched everywhere in the room, without result, and I was beginning to wonder if Amy were in his vest-pocket, when the doctor stumbled and fell against Virginius. In a second Marcus caught it, and set it up again, the stiff wooden figure rocking against him as it went over. I was amazed at the ghastly pallor of his face, as he drew the folds of the robes into place again; but before I could do more than wonder, Mr. Morgan announced himself satisfied, and left the room. As he went down the stairs I heard him say to the doctor:

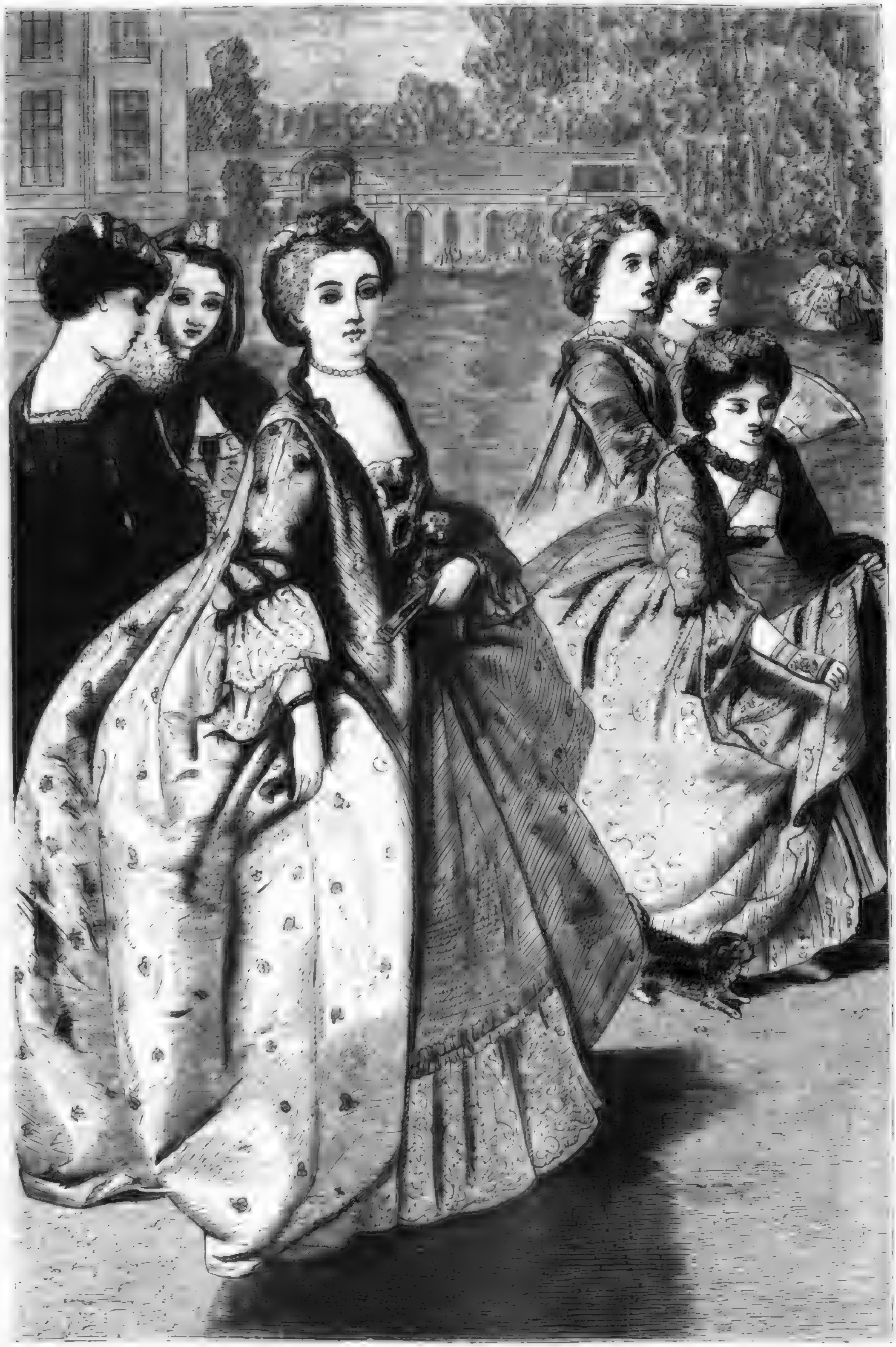
"We will come back when they are off their guard."

"So, my friend!" I thought; "will you?"

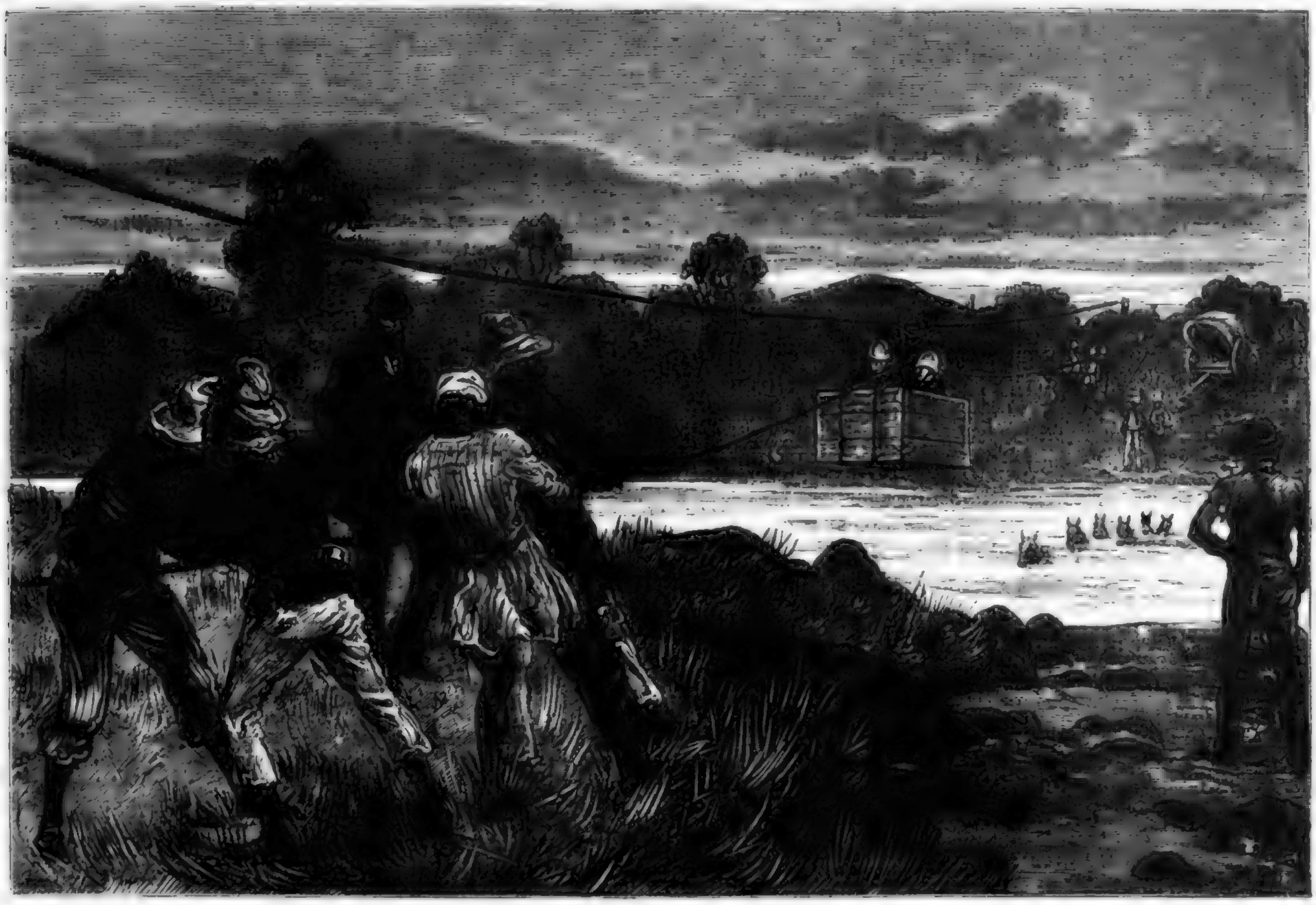
And when they drove away I bolted the door, and shot up-stairs to Marcus. Amy was just creeping out from under the folds of Virginius's robes, and Marcus complimenting her upon her presence of mind in falling stiffly like a wooden figure.

I gave my caution, and ran down-stairs again, where I dusted the parlor, and then took my sewing on the porch. Marcus joined me after a time, and clipped dead leaves from the vines, leaving Amy in my room lying down. Jennie, knowing nothing, moved about in the kitchen and garden, and three times the carriage passed with the four men inside, finding all the inmates of the cottage in view, apparently, and occupied in their every-day vocations.

But when the long, weary day was over, Marcus went out to hire a horse and buggy in the village.



COURT LIFE IN THE OLDEN TIME.



SOUTH AFRICAN TRADERS CROSSING A STREAM.

"They will watch the station here," he said, "so I will drive to the one at Fordville, nine miles from here. I don't dare start from the house. You bring Amy to the turn of the road by the mill, Leah. To-morrow, I defy them all to lay a finger on my wife."

We waited until dark before we crept out, skirting round the back of the house and across the fields, not striking the road until we were fairly at the trysting-place where Marcus awaited us. I had wrapped Amy in my shawl, and put on my hat and vail, packing a little satchel of needful articles; and so the heiress was decked for her bridal.

It was a month before they came back again, but Marcus judged wisely that Amy needed this interval of quiet and rest before she was fit to face her enemies.

The newspapers will tell you about the lawsuit by which Amy's rights were established.

Marcus lives in his wife's splendid house, where he paints Amy's face in every caprice of an artist's fancy, and I keep old maid's hall in my little cottage, with Jennie, the cat, and the lay figures in the studio.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN TRADER.

Original Sketch of Recent Travel, by August Locher.

There is so little known to the public beyond the limits of the Cape Colonies of this hardy, enterprising and plucky individual, that a description of his peculiar vocation and customary way of doing business may not be uninteresting.

Cape Town—that weirdly picturesque seaport snugly ensconced between the sandy beach at the innermost end of Table Bay, and the northern base of the famous Table Mountain, which towers almost perpendicularly over the port to a height of 3,550 feet, although still the capital and largest town of the Cape Colonies—has had its commercial growth suddenly and probably for ever blighted, by the piercing of the Isthmus of Suez; for fully 60 per cent. of the vessels which formerly called there on their voyage around the Cape of Good Hope now give that stormy promontory a wide berth, and pass more quickly and safely through that acme of modern engineering—the Suez Canal.

Thus thrown out of the highway of modern maritime commerce, and now practically dependent upon its own resources, Cape Town, owing to its close proximity to the Cape of Good Hope, the natural divide between the East and West African coasts, will, nevertheless, maintain its present size and colonial prominence, having, ever since the memorable event above alluded to, devoted increased attention to its latent internal and coasting trade, in which, up to that period, but a few exceptionally venturesome individuals had been engaged.

As late as the year 1870 Cape Town was the principal rendezvous of these traders, not only on account of its best stocked stores and pre-eminently advantageous location, both for the east and west African trade, but also by reason of its having been, nearly up to that time, the only South African port where merchantmen could refit; False Bay, or Simon's Bay, at the eastern base of the Cape of Good Hope, being exclusively a man-of-war harbor. But during the course of the last two decades the town of Port Elizabeth, in Algoa Bay, on the eastern coast of the Cape Colony, has grown so rapidly in size and commercial importance, that it rivals now, and in some respects even surpasses, Cape Town as a port of entry; affords all the commercial, shipping and refitting facilities of the capital, and is, at the present time, frequented by fully as many traders as well as foreign vessels.

Before proceeding any further, however, it becomes here absolutely necessary to elucidate the term "trader,"

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as understood throughout South Africa, and as strictly meant in this article.

Here in America, particularly in the New England States, the noun "trader" is applied to almost anybody who transports and also sells merchandise, be it by vessel, rail or vehicle; even a common carrier is sometimes called a trader, and the participle "trading" is frequently used to express "shopping," "purchasing in a store," "selling over the counter," effecting a sale or exchange in the open air, in the office, or on "'change." The term "trader," as exclusively understood throughout South Africa, and implied in this article, denotes a person who plays the intermediary between the importer or seller of merchandise at the seaport and the colonists or natives who live too far remote from the source where these goods are obtainable to procure them themselves.

The trader buys the merchandise at the seaport or at his nearest base of supply for his own account, transports it over land or water, as the case may be, to these remote places, by his own means and at his own risk, and swaps it there to native or colonist, seldom for cash, but almost invariably for African produce, such as ostrich feathers, ivory, karosses (very valuable fur robes manufactured by the Hottentots), skins, hides, horns, wool, etc., wherewith he returns to the seaport or base of supply whence he started, and there disposes of his return load for cash, either by private or public sale, auctions being held in those places nearly every day for this special purpose.

These traders may be divided into two distinct classes, viz.: the inland or overland traders, who confine themselves exclusively to the trade on *terra firma—i. e.*, to the inland trade; and the coast traders, who follow their vocation in vessels only, and consequently frequent the coast, and navigable portion of the rivers.

The inland trader invariably transports his stock-in-trade on one or more of those huge, ponderous, four-wheeled tent-wagons, described and illustrated in every book of South African travel. These vehicles are built extremely strong, carry from two to four tons dead weight, and, although destitute of springs, cost from $500 to $1,000 each. They are drawn almost exclusively by oxen, as they, though slow travelers, are throughout South Africa considered by far the best draught-animals for heavy loads over the abominable colonial roads, which, of course, degenerate into mere wagon-tracks beyond the boundaries of the colonies.

According to the weight to be transported and the nature of the road, eight, ten, twelve to sixteen oxen are "spanned," *i.e.*, yoked, before a wagon, always two abreast. Eight oxen constitute a "span," or team, and will pull 4,000 or 5,000 pounds' weight, exclusive of the wagon, over a fair colonial road at the rate of about two miles an hour.

Draught-oxen have all to be broken in, *i.e.*, trained, for the work. Good "*trekk*-oxen" (colonial expression for track or draught oxen) are worth from $80 to $100 each throughout the colonies, and are always in good demand. They are never stalled or housed, and never fed, but allowed to graze wherever they find anything to eat. Ten miles a day is considered an average journey for oxen drawing a heavy load over bad roads, and fifteen miles over fair colonial roads; yet, in spite of this slow speed, these inland traders proceed many hundred miles into the interior, some penetrating even to the banks of the Zambesi River, fully 1,200 miles from Cape Town, and are absent about eighteen months on that trip.

They travel with comparative ease and safety anywhere within the limits of the colonies, but beyond these they have to rely entirely upon their own resources, and repair "break-downs," defend their life and property against wild animals, treacherous climate and rapacious or otherwise hostile natives, find their way through inhospitable regions, etc., as best they can. For days—nay, weeks—they toil through territories almost destitute of water, and all but utterly bare of vegetation of any kind; grim deserts only inhabited by the ostrich, zebra, antelope, lion, hyena and vulture—and, vastly more to be dreaded than any of these animals, by the stealthy *Bosjeman*, or "Bushman," the lowest type of human being, whose hand is against everybody, and who, lurking in his subterranean burrow, watches for a chance to puncture with his tiny, poisoned arrow, blown through a slender tube, the passing traveler, his servants or his cattle. Woe be to them if he hits the mark, for the scarcely noticeable wound, not larger than the prick of a darning-needle, inevitably seals their fate, and they will not travel another mile unless the wound is cut out instantly; for does not the sturdy ostrich, nay, the herculean lion, succumb to this same terrible weapon within thirty minutes of being punctured by it? The most vivid proof of the virulence of this poison is furnished by the dastardly troglodytes themselves, who do not hesitate to devour carrion, even of a dog that died from disease, but will not tackle a fat, healthy ox half an hour after the animal's death by their poison. Yet they will eat the rump of the poisoned ox, if they can cut out the wound as soon as the beast drops to the ground in a quiver.

Sly and cowardly, like the hyena or the jackal, the Bushman is always on the alert, and hides, like these, in caves, fissures of the ground, behind rocks and those huge ant-hills so numerous in that region, the moment he espies a stranger even from afar, so that to the latter the country appears to be uninhabited by man. During the night, however, the traveler discovers that he is mistaken. Under the cover of darkness, the Bushman stealthily approaches the wayfarer's camp, fortunately seldom intent upon plunder or murder, but upon hamstringing some of the oxen, which, thus rendered useless, have of course to be abandoned, and are usually killed by the traveler himself, in order to put them out of their misery.

To avoid being thus victimized, experienced and consequently wary traders and hunters therefore always travel through that notorious territory only by night, and encamp during the day. There is no danger of the oxen so destroyed becoming carrion for hyenas and vultures, for scarcely is the traveler out of sight, when, like weasels or prairie-dogs, up pop in every direction the hideous, tallow-greased heads of the dwarfish, bow-legged, pot-bellied Bushmen; and as soon as "the coast is clear," the booty, or rather what is left of it (for the traveler usually secures the best morsels of the bovine carcass for his and his servants' use on the journey) is immediately pounced upon by these human jackals, and either devoured on the spot, even to the entrails, or dragged to their subterranean haunts.

Occasionally, however, they pay dearly for their rascality, for it is an authentic fact that more than once a traveler, deprived in so dastardly a manner of his draught-animals, upon whose welfare his very existence depended, incensed beyond control at such an outrage, has slyly poisoned the bovine carcass before abandoning it, either with arsenic or strychnine, carried by nearly every trader, hunter or traveler in the interior, the former being chiefly used as a preservative of raw skins and hides, the latter as an exterminator of rats and beasts of prey, which in some districts are very troublesome.

Retaliation of so cowardly a nature, even upon human beings ever so obnoxious, is, however, generally and justly condemned throughout the colonies, the more so as the Bushmen will, as a rule, only blow their poisoned darts at human beings who have actually and grievously wronged them, for they are loath to even destroy cattle in that manner; their ordinary object in view in prowling around travelers being neither plunder nor wanton murder, but simply the obtaining of a good supply of palatable food at the expense of the stranger—which act, by the way, they regard as legitimate as the chase. They naturally prefer to secure their food by the hamstringing process rather than by virulent, and to their stomachs most dangerous, poison.

It is a well-known fact that the Boers (natives of Dutch-African descent) for generations considered themselves in duty bound to kill an adult Bushman on sight; nay, those settled near the region inhabited by the latter used to make annual raids into that howling wilderness, where they hunted these wretched human beings like badgers, employing hounds to ferret them out. After mercilessly dispatching males and females alike, who appeared to them to be above eight years of age, they returned to their homes with their booty of infantile slaves, whom they "tamed" at their leisure, and "broke them in" to do all the manual labor in and around their homesteads, the males being employed as farm hands, shepherds and teamsters, the females as maids of all house-work.

It is to these Boers only that the stigma attaches of having poisoned scores of the miserable human beings in the manner described, there being no evidence that anybody else ever thus retaliated upon them.

To-day the Bushmen are nearly extirpated. The Bechuâna, Corâna, Namâqua, Griqua and other Hottentots still numerous in South Africa, although belonging to the same race of people as the Bushmen, are somewhat superior to the latter, both mentally and physically, and less wild; nay, some of them are tolerably good Christians, thanks to the missionaries living among them, and devote much attention to stock-raising, and to trade and barter with the far interior.

Next to the Bushman, the terrible tsetse-fly is probably the worst enemy of the inland trader, and one against whom no weapon, not even poison, has hitherto been of any avail. Luckily it haunts only certain districts, some quite limited in extent, and far distant from each other.

This formidable insect, somewhat resembling the common horse-fly, but slightly larger, brown of color, with four yellow stripes across its belly, and wings carried noticeably apart when at rest, is instantly recognizable by its peculiar buzz when in motion, harmless to man, but certain death to every horse, ox, dog, etc., upon which it alights. Man, mule, ass, elephant, and such other wild animals as are indigenous to the tsetse-districts, are known to suffer no harm from its bite; but all other quadrupeds succumb to it. The doomed victims die a miserable death, exhibiting all the symptoms noticeable in pleuro-pneumonia or epizooty. To the best of the writer's knowledge it was the immortal Livingstone who first drew the attention of naturalists to this remarkable insect; the famous traveler himself having lost over forty oxen by this tiny destroyer.

Most of the tsetse districts are well known to these inland traders, and, of course, carefully avoided; yet, with all their precaution, they sometimes come to grief by setting foot upon territory not previously known to be infested by "the fly," or through being driven into notorious districts by hostile natives.

In addition to the two most serious annoyances already described, the trader must humbly submit to many less serious ones, which cannot be eluded. He has to propitiate with a valuable present every paramount chief or king with whose people or tribe he may wish to trade. This has to be done as soon as he enters the domain of the sable ruler, who frequently exacts subsequently an additional toll or tribute for permission to leave or pass beyond his territory. The king simply insists upon being thus propitiated, his subalterns or sub-chiefs expect to be, and so does that arrogant humbug, the rain-maker, sorcerer and doctor of the tribe, who, by the way, wields immense influence over the people—nay, over the king himself; and being, as a rule, the wiliest, most touchy and venal "cuss" among the whole crowd, it is well for the trader, if he value his welfare, never to omit "to square" that most capricious personage, under any consideration.

The inland trader travels by night, whenever practicable; or when the night is too dark, from early dawn till about nine o'clock A.M., and from about four o'clock P.M. till nightfall. This habit prevails among all wagon traders, for various reasons. Both man and beast travel much easier and better during the cool night and early and latter part of the day, than when the sun is high on the zenith and the atmosphere intensely hot. During the night they trudge with comparative comfort over parched and barren districts, frequently pass unnoticed through hostile territory, and traverse unharmed tsetse-haunted spots, especially when it rains. Common flies, too, are not pestering the cattle during the night, and beasts of prey seldom venture attacks upon cattle on the move, particularly cattle dragging a wagon accompanied by well-armed men, and sturdy, plucky, extremely watchful dogs.

After having traveled a sufficient distance, usually one-half of the day's journey, a halt is made on some likely spot which affords water and pasture for the cattle; and, if possible, also shade and fuel for the men. If it is dark when they come to a halt, the oxen are unyoked, the horses, if there are any, unsaddled and tied to the spokes of the four wheels of the wagon until daylight appears, when they are all driven to the water to quench their thirst, and thence to the pasture to graze. There they are herded by one of the native servants, of whom every trader has at least two to each wagon, one being the driver, the other the "foreloper" (a Dutch word, meaning the forerunner or guide, whose duty it is to lead or pilot the "leaders," or foremost pair of oxen, by a strap attached around the base of the horns, over difficult portions of the road or track). Only in districts where the animals are believed to be absolutely safe from thieves and beasts of prey are they turned out to graze at night, but rarely without a herdsman watching over them, assisted by a dog or two, to prevent their going astray.

The camp-fire is kindled and kept burning by the driver—usually a Hottentot, who is considered by far the best ox-driver in South Africa—with fuel (wood) either collected on the spot, or more often brought along in the wagon, as the article is very scarce in some parts of the country. Frequently he officiates also as cook, preparing the customary frugal meal, consisting usually of venison (secured on the road), vinegar, pickles, ship-biscuits, and coffee or tea, from the trader's stock of groceries. After the meal each of the native servants takes his turn in herding the cattle, the rest of the company lie down to sleep, the trader in the wagon, the servants and dogs under it. Nobody remains awake; nevertheless, it is an absolute impossibility for any stranger to approach the camp unchallenged by the wonderfully alert dogs, which jump to their feet at the faintest unusual noise, and bark furiously at the approach of either man or beast, whose step, be it ever so light, is sure to start the wary curs.

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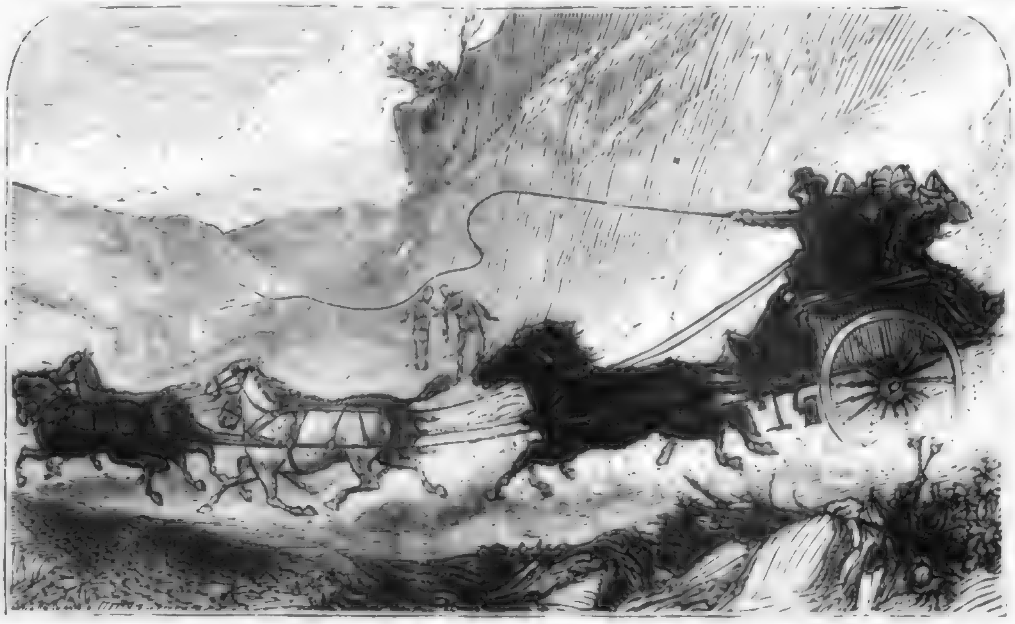
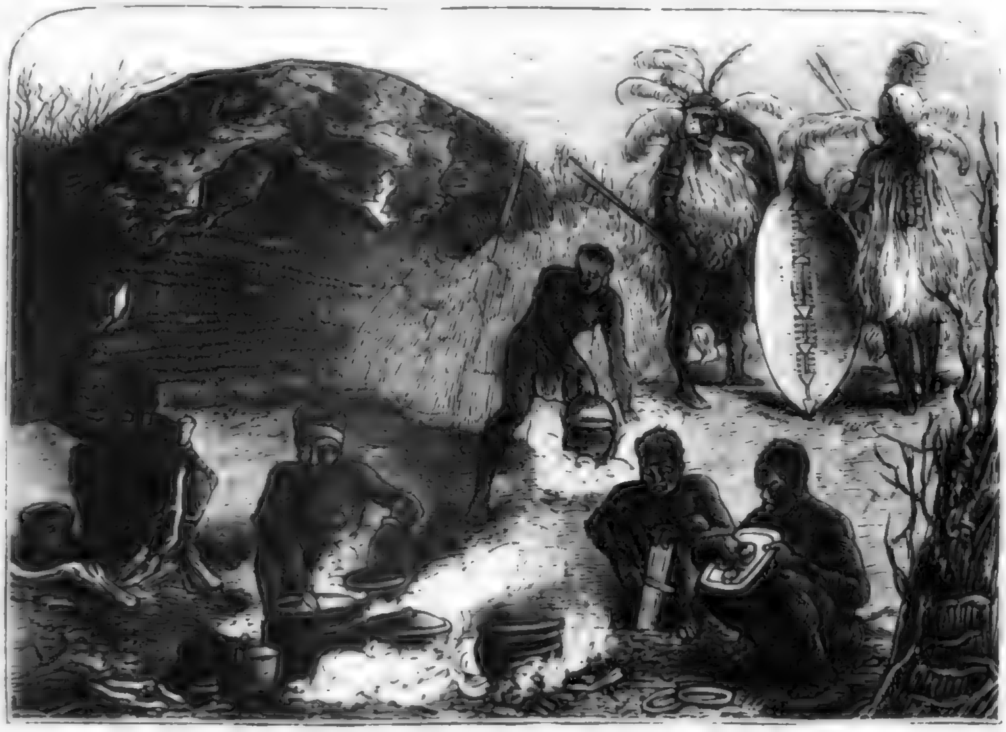


MOUNTAIN TRAVEL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

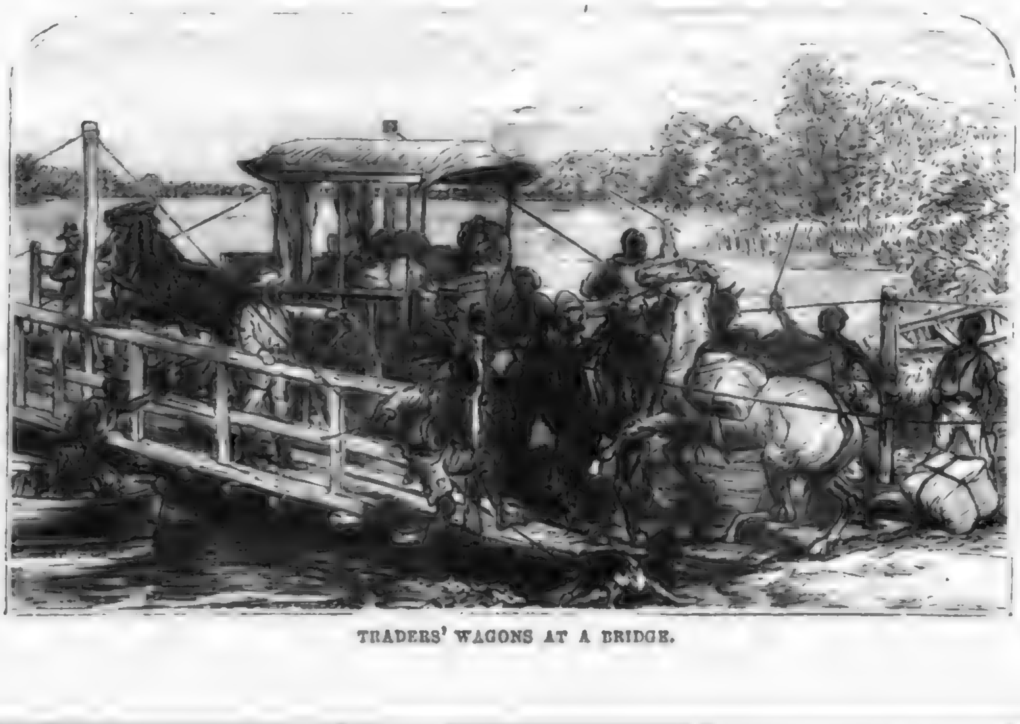
Arrived at a "kraal" (native town, village or hamlet), the trader seldom encamps within its limits, preferring some convenient spot in its vicinity, where he enjoys more privacy, and can better watch thieves; for many of the natives are sadly afflicted with kleptomania. His first duty on arriving within the domain of a paramount chief or king, is to lose no time in notifying that worthy of his presence, simply by forwarding to him such presents as he may think will be acceptable. If the messenger return empty-handed it signifies that the sender is welcome; but if he return *with* the presents the trader needs no interpreter to explain to him that he is expected to "come down" more liberally; and until he is informed by the chief's special messenger that he may advance, he had better be on his guard, and abstain from trading with the people or advancing any further without permission. Even if such leave is granted, he is expected to make due haste toward the capital, or king's residence, and not to trade off a penny's worth on the way thither, the cunning Ethiopian despot insisting on his prerogative of having the first choice of the trader's stock of goods, generously leaving to his subjects to trade and barter for what he does not covet himself.



NATIVES OF SOUTH AFRICA PREPARING A MEAL.

The trader's arrival at the king's kraal is the occasion of a kind of public "jamboree." A fine fat ox, ostensibly presented by the king to his welcome visitor, but in reality already well paid for by the latter in kind, is pompously paraded through the kraal, amidst the most infernal noise imaginable, produced by the violent thumping of tom-toms (primitive wooden drums), the crazy blowing of horns and the torturing of other barbaric musical instruments. After the parade the ox is slaughtered with much ceremony and incredible cruelty, often by the king's own hand.

The head of the animal, belonging by prerogative to royalty, is severed from the



TRADERS' WAGONS AT A BRIDGE.

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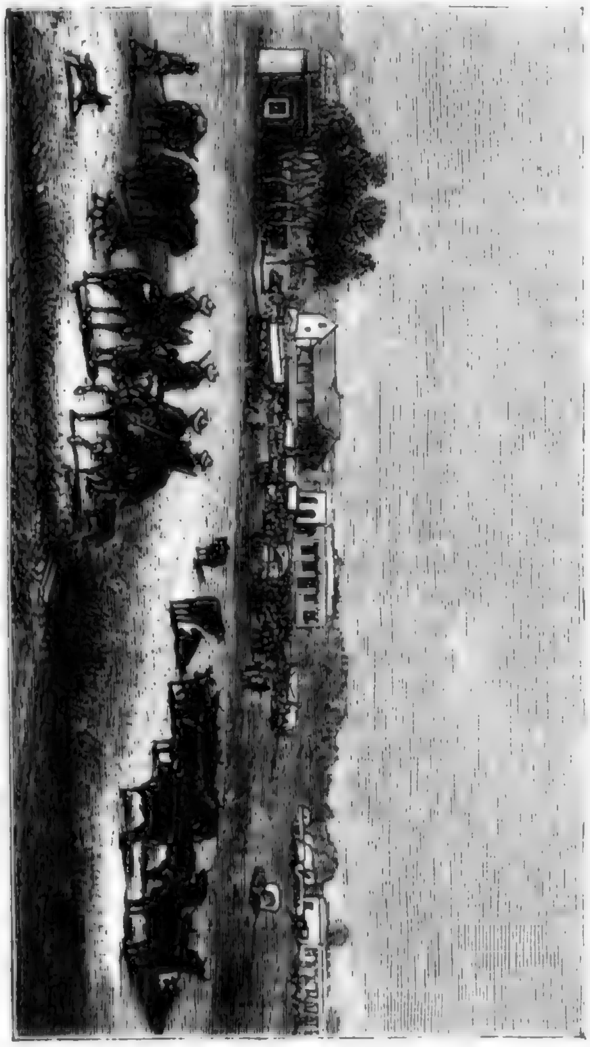
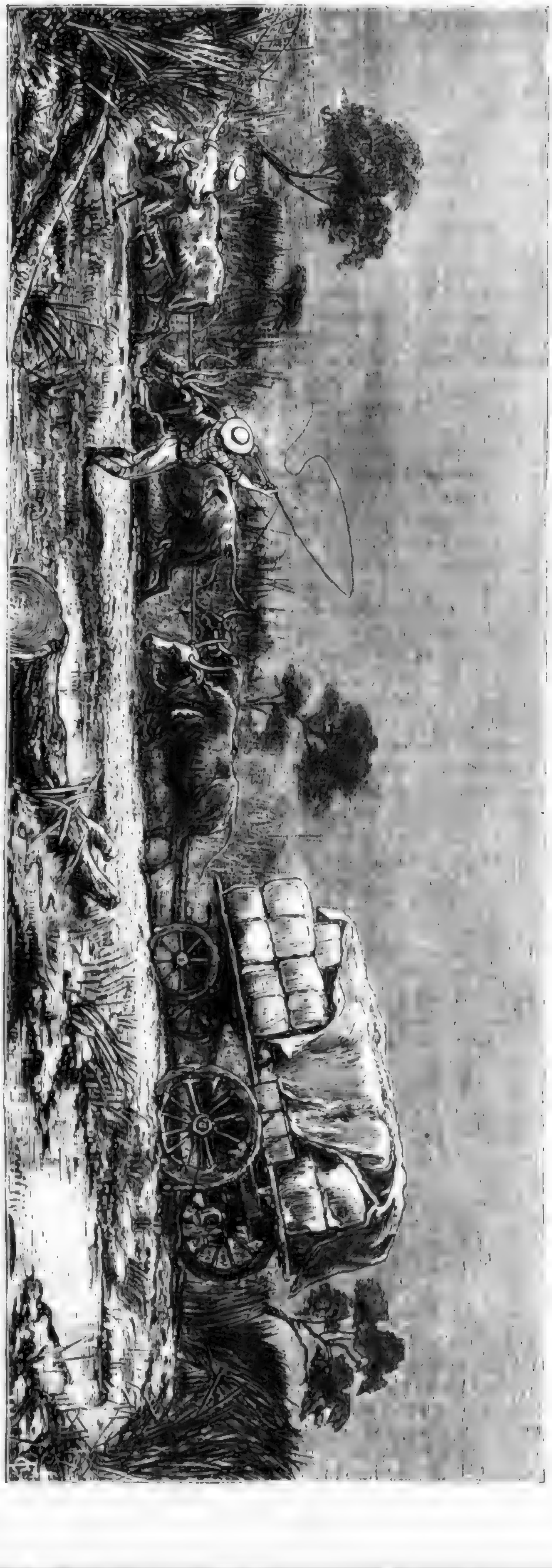
rump and transferred to the king's larder. A portion of the rump, weighing about thirty-five pounds, is then dispatched in charge of one of the sable dignitaries of the state to the trader's camp, and pompously delivered to the latter as a royal present. The remainder of the bovine carcass is then abandoned to the king's favorites, who in turn cede the entrails, bones, etc., to their own pets, while the hide, horns and hoofs wander into the king's exchequer.

Nothing further is done that day, but on the day following the king visits the trader's camp in state, accompanied by his dignitaries, and followed by a crowd of carriers, chiefly women, bearing ostrich feathers, elephants' tusks, skins, hides, horns, or whatever the chief may wish to trade off for the trader's goods. The latter is kept busy for hours showing his wares to the august visitor, and has at the same time to keep his weather-eye open for "kleptomaniacs." By dint of wonderful patience, expressive pantomime, and a reckless use of African-Dutch (a corruption of the Dutch language, interspersed with a great many Kaffir and Hottentot words) or of the language of the Zulu-Kaffirs, which the trader and the chief or one of their followers usually speak, the two generally manage to understand each other and to strike a bargain. Thenceforth commercial intercourse is open to the trader with the entire population subject to that particular chief; but upon his arrival within the domain of the next paramount chief, the trading privileges previously acquired avail him naught, and he has to pass through the same ordeal again. As if it afforded particular pleasure to the trader,



TRADERS' WAGONS IN THE SQUARE AT POTCHEFSTROOM.



A SOUTH AFRICAN TRADER ON HIS WAY TO THE INTERIOR.

the poor fellow has to submit to this bleeding process on the occasion of every visit to the territory of these despots, for the patent is valid for one visit only.

Occasionally it happens that, by the time the trader has disposed of his stock-in-trade, the weight, or more frequently the bulk, of the goods taken in exchange therefor far exceeds that of the merchandise brought from the coast; or one or more of his wagons may break down beyond repair, with the limited means at hand. In such a dilemma he has no alternative left but to trade off again this surplus or irremovable portion of the load for horses, cattle, sheep, or goats, which, although capable of self-locomotion, only add to the surfeit of his troubles in his endeavors to get them safely to the far-distant seaport.

From the detailed account above given of an inland or wagon trader's every-day life beyond the boundaries of the colonies, it will be admitted that it is neither an easy nor enviable one; still, the profits made in this trade, as well as the romance and variety of adventure incident to it, evidently have a peculiar fascination for people of all classes, for the writer, formerly a trader himself, has been personally acquainted with the heir of a British peerage, a German count of princely income, and the only son of a wealthy Scotch banker, engaged in this perilous business.

Less toilsome and hazardous by far is the life of the South African coast trader, who in his little vessel, usually a schooner of from 50 to 100 tons carrying capacity, frequents nearly every harbor, cove and estuary situated between the Cape of Good Hope and the Portuguese colony of Benguela on the Western, and the mouth of the Zambesi River on the Eastern, coast—wherever he expects to find a human being willing to swap African produce of any description for his (the trader's) odds and ends of European or American manufacture.

Some of these coast traders confine themselves exclusively to the trade along the very productive East coast, where the population is naturally far more numerous than on the intensely arid, desert-like West coast. Along the former littoral, the harbors and anchorages, too, are safer, the rivers deeper and easier of access, and inland produce obtainable in much larger quantities than on the West coast. Compared to the latter, the entire East coast is, indeed, a luxuriant garden, exuberant in fertility, and rank tropical verdure is characteristic of the region beyond the boundary, or northeast of, Cape Colony proper. The climate, too, is salubrious enough all along that coast as far as Cape Vidal, two hundred miles northeast of Port Natal; but thence to the mouth of the Zambesi the coast is generally low, flat and marshy, degenerating around Delagoa Bay and the mouths of the two mighty rivers Limpopo and Zambesi into endless swamps, which exhale miasms of so deadly a nature as to render prolonged residence in their vicinity impossible, even for the natives of that region.

Even in those pestilential abodes, the undisputed home of the gigantic hippopotamus, the slimy crocodile and the horrid python, the dauntless trader makes his appearance, for it is just there that he usually strikes the most profitable bargains, simply because he has so few who care to compete with him in that notoriously malarial region.

No greater contrast can possibly be found between two regions actually adjoining each other and situated between the same degrees of latitude, than is the case with these littorals of Eastern and Western South Africa; for just as the East coast increases in fertility and variety of vegetation, the further the distance from the Cape of Good Hope, in precisely the same ratio the West coast decreases in this respect—so that under exactly the same degree of latitude, where the rankest verdure, the largest swamps and greatest humidity of the soil exist on the East coast, there is to be found on the West coast the most arid, dismal, sandy desert imaginable, with a climate correspondingly salubrious.

Under these circumstances, it will be readily comprehended that there are fully as many coast traders who, preferring health to exceptional profits, favor the West coast as a field of trade. But there, in turn, they meet with serious difficulties which are nearly unknown on the East coast. The most aggravating of these is unquestionably the utter inaccessibility of the few South African rivers which empty into the South Atlantic Ocean to seagoing vessels even of the smallest size. The two most important of these, the Gariep or Orange River and the Cunene or Nourse River, are effectually barred by sandbanks, and the minor streams are either obstructed in the same way or are not perennial watercourses—*i.e.*, they dry up, either partially or totally, during the dry season. Other not only objectionable but dangerous characteristics of the West coast are the immense, awe-inspiring swell from the southwest, the tremendously heavy rollers and furious surf prevailing there, most ominous to sailing-vessels suddenly becalmed when close in shore; and, to render matters still worse, good anchorages and safe harbors are few and far between all along that coast.

A gloomier aspect than that barren, sandy and desolate shore presents from the sea can scarcely be imagined. No human being can be spied anywhere, and even in those harbors and coves where natives are known to exist, the trader has frequently to fire a signal-gun or two before they become aware of his presence, because none of them live close to the seashore, but a few miles inland, where the country looks less desolate, and drinkable water is to be found. Thence landward the country rapidly increases in fertility and population.

The latter own herds of fine cattle, sheep and goats, also some poultry, but live chiefly from the chase, as that region, especially the territory northwest of Lake Ngami, is probably the richest on the face of the earth in wild animals, abounding in antelopes of every species, quaggas, and zebras, which herd together, and roam over the endless plains in vast numbers, meeting here and there a troop of ostriches, while the mimosa-clumps usually screen the towering giraffe and the surly rhinoceros, or a family of elephants. The ponderous hippopotamus disports itself in the waters of the rivers, but is particularly numerous in the above-mentioned lake and its sluggish affluents, whose reedy banks teem with wild boars, wart-hogs, reptiles and waterfowl, and constitute the favorite haunt of the lion, leopard and hyena.

The coast trader has often to wait in the harbor or cove for days, nay, weeks, in order to give the natives time to bring their produce from the interior to the seashore. He seldom allows them to come on board of his vessel, preferring to deal with them on shore, whither he transfers a boat-load of samples of his stock-in-trade, for their inspection and selection. After having ascertained the nature of the goods most in demand, and the quantity required, he returns with his samples to the vessel, to fetch the goods desired; or when the vessel is within hailing distance, he orders them to be brought ashore in a second boat. Of course he, as well as every man of his crew, is well armed, preferably with revolvers secreted under their clothes, as the natives, naturally shy and suspicious, are readily scared, especially by the sight of a rifle, which they appear to dread more than a dozen revolvers, and somehow never feel at ease in the presence of either rifle, gun or musket in the hands of a white man. They will trade for them, though, if ammunition is also forthcoming, else they are shrewd enough not to care for them.

The negroes of the West Coast are not nearly as warlike and quarrelsome as those of the East Coast, and are noticeably inferior to the latter in intellectual as well as physical development and pluck. They are good-natured, hospitable, and generally harmless, so that traders very seldom have any trouble with them, while they occasionally get into bloody scrapes with those of the East Coast. There is, however, little difficulty in entering into trade and barter with either of them, both being inveterate traders.

The chief requisite for this purpose is the knowledge of some language by which trader and native may understand each other sufficiently. As neither excels particularly as a linguist, a vast amount of suggestive pantomime is resorted to by both parties, resulting frequently in mutual understanding, but still more often in hopeless muddle and ludicrous *dénouement.* In order to avoid such contingencies, however, the trader, if not sufficiently conversant with the requisite language himself, usually takes the precaution to ship among his crew some individual who can serve as interpreter.

The vernacular used by the East Coast trader in his intercourse with white people of the colonies is either English or Dutch; but with the negroes, who are almost exclusively Kaffirs, the language of the Zulu-Kaffir is resorted to; while east of Cape Vidal, Portuguese is principally spoken. On the West Coast, Dutch is the prevalent idiom from the Cape of Good Hope as far north as Walvish Bay, and even beyond, among whites as well as negroes, the latter of whom belong almost exclusively to the Namâqua and Damâra tribes of Hottentots, who, through frequent contact with the Boers of the Orange River territory, understand Dutch, more or less. In the vicinity of the Nourse River, Portuguese is again the language most practicable in dealings with the Ovampos, the natives of that region, who form the connecting link between the West African negro and the Hottentot.

In comparison with the inland or wagon trader, the coast trader lives in luxury and comfort. He enjoys almost perfect safety on board of his vessel, is quite independent in food and drink of the resources of the country which he visits, having ample provisions and water on board; needing, indeed, only to lower a baited hook into the sea, to haul up all the fish he cares for. Against attack, robbery and murder he is far better protected than his compeer of the ox-wagon, the more so as the natives have no boats, and are loath to venture on the water. Nor does he run any danger from beast of prey and tsetse-fly. He only makes presents when so inclined, leaves whenever and sails wherever he pleases, transports a much larger amount of merchandise, and even cattle, with ease; in short, he travels incomparably faster, safer and easier than the other; and though he cannot, as a rule, dispose of his goods to such advantage as the inland trader, he has not, like the latter, to part with a good portion thereof without receiving equivalent in return; and as he, moreover, averages two trips to the other's one, his yearly net earnings prove more satisfactory, after all.

The false notion that the back of a growing girl needs support from stays is one of the most injurious to female youth that could well be held, for by their means the natural support to the back of well-balanced and adjusted muscles is lost, and the muscles themselves are weakened and attenuated.

We should esteem virtue, though in a foe, and abhor vice, though in a friend.

AN AMERICAN MAZEPPA.

Whether Mazeppa told Charles XII., "after dread Pultowa's Day," the story Byron attributes to him, or not, certain it is that the adventure so graphically depicted by the master-poet of this century has had its counterpart in this land, though the events preceding the terrible ordeal differ from those that led to the Cossack leader's ride.

In 1871 I was the guest of one of the wealthiest men in the San Joaquin Valley, California—a man of middle age and splendid physique, but with hair and beard as white as snow.

As he was not at all sensitive about this peculiarity in a man of his years and strength, he often jokingly referred to it; indeed, he felt even proud of this appendage of matured dignity, though his neighbors, who had known him for years, supposed his being prematurely gray was attributable to natural causes.

One evening as I was sitting with him, in company with other guests, literally "under his own vine and fig-tree," one of the party happened to mention that the chief of a band of robbers that had infested Southern California for some years had been shot, a few days before, near Los Angelos.

"One of the Vasquez gang?" asked Mr. Woodford, our host.

His informant answered in the affirmative.

"They have been killing the wretches off for years," said Mr. Woodford; "but, like the fabled dragon's teeth, they are only consigned to the earth to spring up another band of armed robbers. I bear the fellows no love, I assure you."

Here Mr. Woodford nervously stroked his hair and beard; then, to hide the evidence of his excitement, he applied himself vigorously to his cigar.

"Then you know something of those rascals, Mr. Woodford?" I asked, in the hope that he might be induced to say something about them, that would be sure to be interesting.

In anticipation of his doing so, my companions drew their chairs nearer to him, and a silence followed that we looked to our host to break.

"Yes, I know much about these men, and to my sorrow; but, perhaps, I should not regret my experience, in the light of its consequences."

He again stroked his beard, and I ventured to say:

"The recital of your experience, Mr. Woodford, if not disagreeable to yourself, would gratify your guests immensely."

The others agreed with me earnestly, while Mr. Woodford looked up at the sky in a contemplative way, took a long whiff of his cigar, and said, as he tossed the stump away:

"I dislike to make myself the hero of my own story, though, in truth, there was but little heroism manifested by myself; and yet, to leave me out in the narration would be like leaving out the character of Mazeppa in Byron's poem, which, to my mind, would be infinitely worse than the ordinary illustration of incompleteness—"Hamlet" with the part of *Hamlet* left out. I am sure you will not attribute what I may say to vanity, when I assure you that in 1850 I was a young, strong and brown-haired lad of twenty. A man of forty-one with white hair and beard is unusual; but more unusual is it for a youth of twenty-one to shave gray beard from his face—yet such was my case."

This was a matter of surprise and news to all of us, and we so expressed ourselves.

"To begin my story," continued Mr. Woodford, "let

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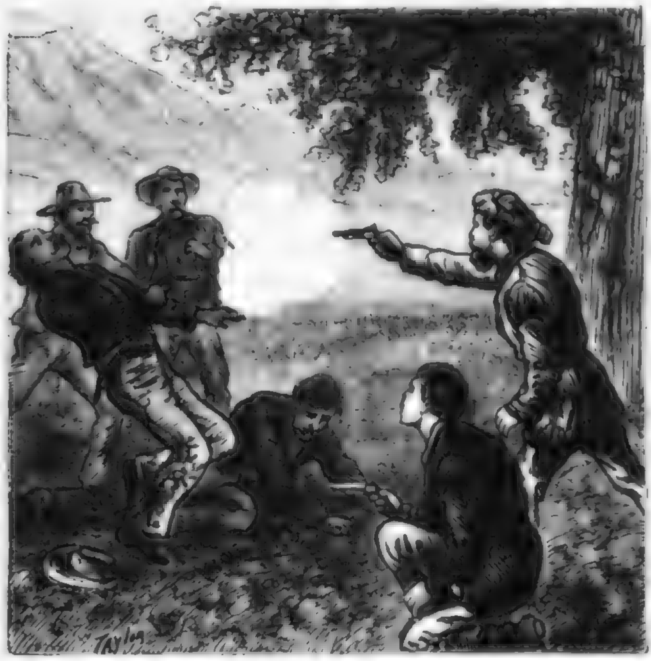


AN AMERICAN MAZEPPA.—"THERE CAME A FLASH BEFORE MY EYES, A SWIMMING, PAINLESS SENSATION, AND I CAN RECALL NO MORE OF WHAT TRANSPIRED."

me say that in 1850, in company with a friend, a man some ten years my senior, named York, from New Jersey, I started from Santa Barbara west, on an exploring expedition, more to learn something of the country than with the hope of discovering rich placers—for the paying mines, at that time, were two hundred miles to the northeast. We had seen the rich herds of the old Californians, and, being enamored of the happy, pastoral life the country promised, we decided, having some means, to go to 'ranching,' as cattle and sheep herding is still called in that section, if we could get a good location.

"When we left Santa Barbara, on a glorious April day, Don Manuel Cavesal warned us against the robbers who, with the Mountain Indians for allies, infested the country to the east, rendering communication with Old Mexico nearly impossible.

"We assured him we should be vigilant, and, pointing to our rifles and holsters, intimated that it would be a very imprudent, if not an unprofitable, speculation for the bandits to attempt to stop us. The old gentleman shook his head, as if to say, 'Youth must have its way.'

"But, if I had ever entertained an idea of being reckless, the supplicating look of Donna Maria, our friend's beautiful daughter, would have scattered it at once.

"We were splendidly mounted. My horse was particularly fine. To assure you of this, I need only say I gave sixty dollars for him. A low price, gentlemen, measured by an Eastern standard; but the finest horses could be bought, at that time, for from eight to fifteen dollars each.

"York was a tall, splendidly formed fellow, cultured beyond any man I ever met, and brave to a fault. But it was not the rash bravery that results from a great flow of animal spirits, and a corresponding want of thought, but a constitutional lack of fear. As is ever the case with such men, he was gentle as a maiden in his manner, and pure as mountain snow in his thoughts.

"As for myself, like all youths who come into the possession of man's strength at a bound, I thought a great deal more of my own acquirements than I ever have since. Conceit is the gaudy flower of youth that wilts only under the light of worldly experience.

"We rode very slowly over the mountains—the nature of the country would have necessitated this deliberate riding if our inclinations had not. For a week we lingered in the beautiful labyrinth of valleys west of the Coast Range, any one of which would have been a paradise for the purpose we had in view; but who ever seized on the first object that suited, when he had a great number equally good, and perhaps better, to select from?

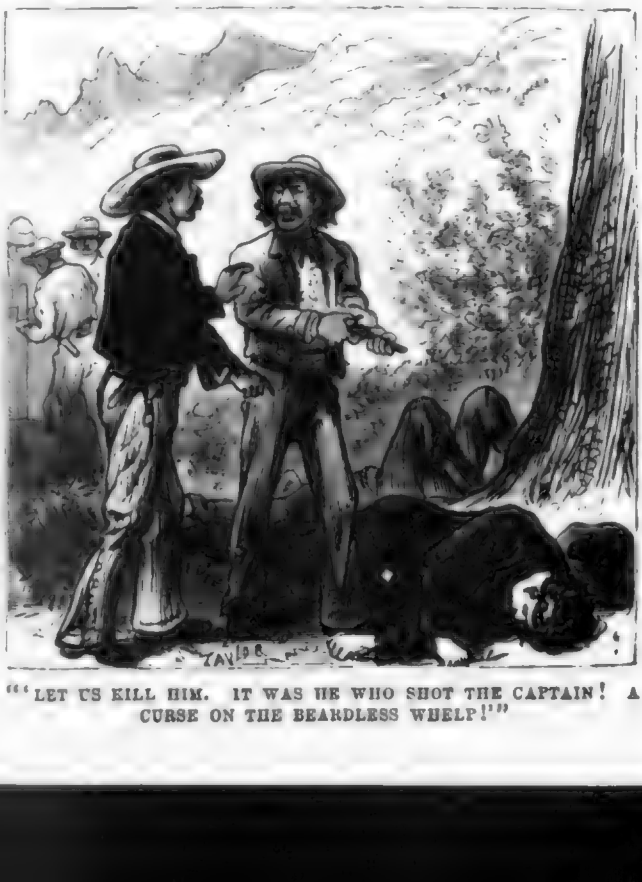
"We went on, charmed with our tour, and living like Nimrods on the game which was ever within reach of our rifles. I recall that ten days of Arcadian bliss as the most delightful time of my life, and I could dwell on it at length, were it not that you may mentally accuse me of being prosy, particularly in view of the incident I started to narrate, and to which you must consider what I have said a preface.

"On the tenth day, when near the Tejone Pass, which, you will remember, separates the Coast Range from the Sierra Nevada, at the head of Tulare Valley, we stopped at noon to rest our horses and eat our dinner.

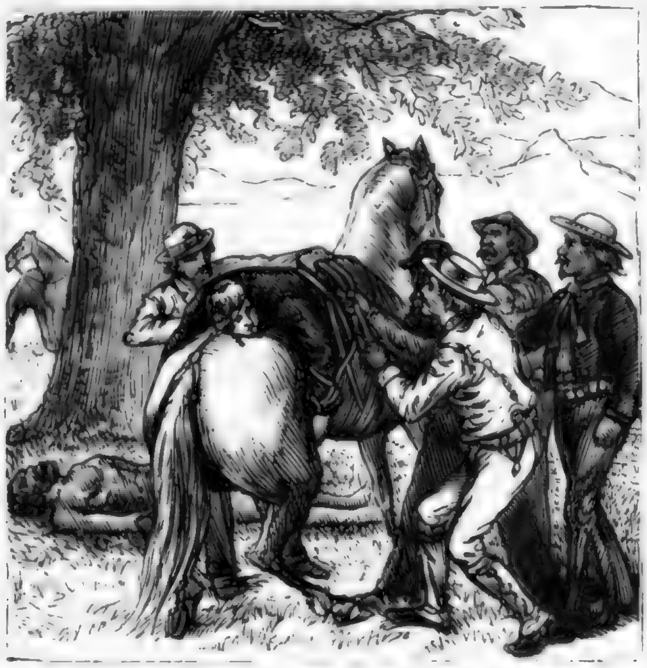
"A more beautiful spot it would be difficult to imagine. It was a gem of an emerald valley, with a diamond-like lake in its breast, while it seemed held in the embrace of the mountains that rose on every hand into skies mellow and blue as the vaunted atmosphere of sunny Italy. Clumps of huge live-oaks, scattered irregularly, but at the same time producing an effect that landscape gardeners might envy, gave the valley the appearance of an ancient park. I remember York called my attention to this; and, in the walls of the Sierra, he pointed out the old castle, with its towers, parapets and bastions, to which the park was an appendage.

"So you will see, my friends, that, though in the heart of the mountain-wilds of America, by a little effort of imagination, we were transported to that older land beyond the sea, whose beauty is enhanced by the wealth of its mighty traditions. Tradition and history to a country are what a coat-of-arms and a genealogical tree are to a family—something which those without them affect to despise, but for which they secretly respect and envy the possessors.

"Our horses were grazing near the lake; our dinner over, we were lying in the shade of a tree that would have shut out the sun from a thousand men, enjoying, as if in the famed lotus-land, our *dolce far niente.* We were too full of the sensuous enjoyment of the occasion to speak, and so we rested, looking from lake to sky, from emerald slopes to towering mountains.



"'LET US KILL HIM. IT WAS HE WHO SHOT THE CAPTAIN! A CURSE ON THE BEARDLESS WHELP!'"



AN AMERICAN MAZEPPA.—"I WAS MADE TO LIE ON MY FACE, AND A CORD WAS FASTENED FROM MY ANKLES UNDER THE ANIMAL'S NECK; MY HANDS WERE BOUND UNDER THE HINDQUARTERS."

"We never dreamed a serpent could enter this Eden. It had no charms for men who could not enjoy its beauties, and no plunder for the bandits whose calling would lead them to the haunts of men, or the lines beaten by travel. But we found out to our cost that our security was fancied; and that, where there seemed most peace, there was to us most danger.

"Had a thunderbolt fallen from the cloudless sky, and shivered to atoms the tree beneath which we rested—had a volcano leaped up from the heart of the clear, calm lake, we could not have been more annoyed than we were to see, as if they had risen from the earth at our feet, a band of armed men, and to hear the leader say, in a stern voice: 'Do not move, or you are dead men!'

"I turned to York to read his purpose in his face, for the suddenness of the assault left me with but little presence of mind. Great was my horror to see my companion leaping to his feet, and firing as rapidly as he could the revolvers he held in his hands. I followed his example, but how long I stood I know not; I remember seeing York as he fell forward toward his assailants; then there came a flash before my eyes, a swimming, painless sensation, and I can recall no more of what transpired till near sunset.

"When I regained consciousness, I was lying on the spot where I must have fallen, and York was dead and stripped by my side. Five men were making a grave near the lake, and I saw near it three bodies lying, which I supposed were the men who had fallen before my companion's fire, probably aided by my own; for I think I fired into the heart of the man who challenged us. I raised my hand to my head, and found it covered with blood. I tried to rise to my feet, but I was so weak that my arm failed in its support, and so dizzy that the mountains and trees and lake and robbers became multiplied, and went dancing around like the objects in a delirious man's dream.

"By closing my eyes tight, and summoning all my powers of will, I came back to my senses, and saw the bandits filling up the grave, and the three bodies were gone; so I concluded they had buried them. I noticed also that our horses were still grazing where we had staked them at noon, and that beyond them were the horses of the robbers. While I was taking all this in, two of the men came up from the lake and stood over me. My eyes were closed, but I was perfectly conscious they were there, and their conversation soon convinced me it was no hallucination.

"'Is he dead?' asked one of the men.

"'He ought to be; but he looks as if he was living,' said another, pushing me with his foot.

"'I can soon tell,' I heard the first speaker say. Then he knelt beside me, felt my pulse, placed his ear to my heart; and rising, he shouted, with an oath: 'He's just as alive as you and I!'

"'Then let us kill him. It was he who shot the captain. A curse on the beardless whelp!'

"This was said in a hoarse, cruel voice, and was accompanied by the ominous clicking of a pistol. I was now perfectly conscious, and you may be sure I entertained no hope of life.

"'If you kill him outright, as you did his companion, that's no punishment. I can tell you a trick worth a thousand of that,' said the first speaker, with a laugh such as men give when they are suddenly struck with a very new and exceedingly humorous idea.

"'What is that?' asked one of the men. I was now aware they had all come up from the lake.

"'Why, strap him to one of the horses; hitch the horse with the stoutest riata to a tree, and leave them. He can then have plenty of time to think over what he has done, and to do penance for killing Captain Bernal.'

"'Good!' 'Good!' 'Hurrah!' 'Bravo!' were the exclamations of approval that met this.

"'And what are we to do with the dead man?' asked one.

"'Leave him to the wolves,' replied the man who had proposed my punishment, and who seemed to be the person who had taken command.

"'We camp here for to-night?'

"'Yes,' said the leader.

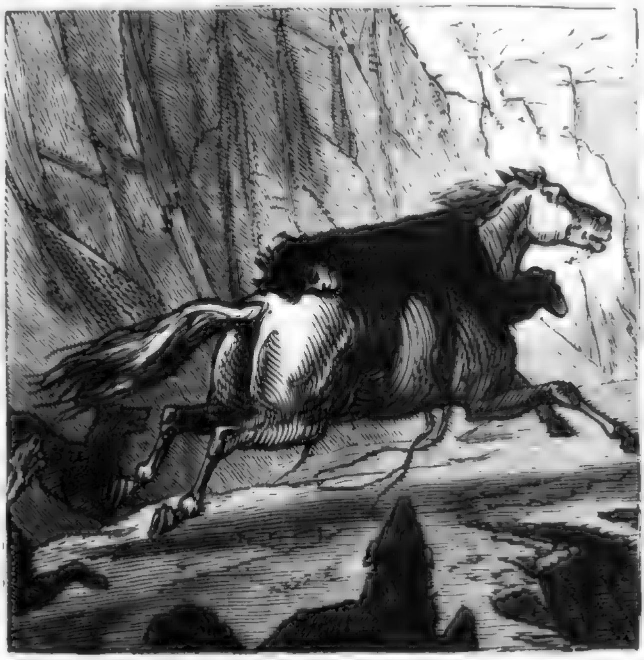
"'And let this fellow be where he is till morning?'

"'No! Strap him up at once, and let us see how he stands it till daylight.'

"This decision was received with a cheer of approval.

"Filled with horror, I managed to sit up, and, wiping the blood from my eyes, I said to the man standing nearest: 'I have heard what you said.'

"'And of course it does not please you,' he replied.



"I COULD ONLY CATCH GLIMPSES OF THE MOUNTAINS, AND NOTE THE WOLVES WERE HOWLING BEHIND."

"I looked at him with as steady a gaze as I could command, and said :

"'I do not fear the pain you propose to inflict; but having robbed me and murdered my companion, you should be willing to grant me one favor for the terrible wrong you have done.'

"'And what is that ?' asked the leader, with a sneer.

"'Kill me at once, and bury me beside this brave man,' I answered, pointing to the body of my companion.

"'You see I am right, comrades,' he said, addressing his companions. Then turning to me, he said, with a fierce light in his red face : 'Young American, you have killed the bravest captain ever born in Mexico—the bravest who ever drew sword against your cursed race. Had you remained still when he commanded, he would have held you for ransom ; but, resisting, you forfeited your life, apart from his death. You have heard my decision, and because you prefer a sudden death I will make it a long one.' He motioned toward a horse, and nodded to one of his companions.

"I saw the man leading up the horse, and, strange as it may seem, it was with a feeling akin to pleasure that I noted it was my own.

"'Now strap him on. Get good riatas and buckskin for the work. Take off the saddle, girth the blanket tight, and fasten his legs under the horse's neck.'

"As soon as the orders were given they were carried out. I was lifted roughly from the ground, and bound in the manner described. I was made to lie on my face, and a cord was fastened from my ankles under the animal's neck ; in the same way my hands were bound under the hindquarters, and a number of bands were forced over my body and tied to the girth. This done, the horse was fastened to the tree, and from my position I could look down on the corpse of my gallant comrade.

"It would weary you to attempt a description of the tortures of mind and body I endured that night. The horse at first submitted to his burden, but as the night wore on he became restless, and walked round the tree, now this way and again that, winding, and so shortening, the rope as he moved.

"The bandits went to sleep without a guard, and by daylight were up and ready to depart. After they had mounted their horses the leader rode up to me, and I could not resist raising my aching head, and begging, as I looked at him, that he would give me a drink of water.

"He repeated my request to his companions, and joined in their demon-like laughter.

"'Look down at the lake and imagine you are drinking ; and see that you do not overlook the grave of Captain Bernal,' was his mocking reply.

"They went away and left me with the dead, whose position was enviable compared with my own. The sun came up, and as I saw the valley in the new light of the morning, it was completely changed from the Eden-like spot poor York and I had imagined it the day before.

"The lake seemed turned to blood, and the grass to stagnant scum. The trees assumed a grotesque individuality, and I saw the faces of demons in their gnarled branches. The very mountains seemed to gloat in my suffering, and bent over me and turned toward me with each circle of the horse, as if about to fall in on me and crush me out.

"I could not have slept in my condition, so that I reason I was unconscious for some hours, when I was roused from my lethargy by the stamping of my horse, and the loud, piercing yells of creatures beneath me. I opened my eyes, and, looking down, saw—but with no feeling of horror : I was past that sensation—a pack of mountain wolves, which had scented the blood of the dead, and were springing on the horse for the blood of the living. I felt their claws on my legs and arms, and instinctively I buried my nails in the flanks of the horse. At that moment he stood trembling with fright ; then with a cry of terrible agony, like a strong man in pain, he dropped back on his haunches and tugged at the rope. I could hear him groan with the pain of his terrible effort.

"I heard a report like that of a pistol ; the rope had broken, and the horse fell back. In an instant he was on his feet, snorting wildly, and with erect head looking about at the mountains. The wolves fled back in alarm. The horse had come to a conclusion, and at once dashed into the lake—in, till the water covered my swollen limbs, and beat into my face and mouth. The effect was intoxicating—a feeling of hope came into my shadowed heart.

"When the horse had drunk, and, with great sighs, buried his head again and again in the water, till I felt he was satisfied, I again clutched his flanks, and, with an effort, shouted :

"'Away !'

"The horse turned, made for the shore, and then, with a speed that took my breath, away he dashed.

"I tried to see the course he was taking, but could not make it out. I could only catch glimpses of mountains, and note the wolves were howling behind.

"Along the mountain-sides, with frightful precipices, down whose awful depths I could look, as the flying hoofs of the horse sent the loosened stones dashing below ; up elevations that sent the blood to my head ; down declivities and across streams—the horse kept on. Darkness came, and oblivion, save that now and then, like a lightning-flash in the pitchiest night, my consciousness asserted itself, and I caught a glimpse of my situation.

"A man can sustain but a certain amount of pain and retain his reason. I had reached the limit of endurance, and life and death were things of indifference, for reason was dethroned.

"I can recall nothing after that first night on the back of my horse, until I found myself in a house, with kind faces bending over me, one of them the well-known face of Donna Maria.

"I was in my old friend's house, as if by a miracle, and here is the explanation : My horse made his way back toward Santa Barbara, and when nearly exhausted, within ten miles of the valley, he was discovered by some herders, and I was recognized. I was taken to Don Manuel's, and there nursed back to life.

"There is but little more to say. I got well, and, returning to the valley, found the bones of gallant York, and gave them burial. I spent five years paying back the robbers, and I did it with interest. My horse still lives, honored in his old age. You can see him in the morning, and I need not tell you, my friends, that my wife is Donna Maria, the daughter of my best of friends, but to me the noblest of wives.

"Before concluding, let me say my hair had not turned gray when the herders found me, but the doctors shaved it off to dress my wounds and allay the fever that followed. The next suit of hair was white as this I carry, and so was the first beard that ever appeared on my face.

"I cannot say it was the effect of fright, but of trouble—the trouble of a lifetime crowded into hours, with all the bleaching power of long years. I am still strong, enjoy life with my noble wife and many little ones more than ever ; but still the old trouble haunts me when I hear of these robbers, and recalls to my mind the time when they forced me to play Mazeppa.

"But come, friends, it is dark. Let us in and join the family, when I shall ask you to join me in the best Cocomungo, to the destruction of all bandits at home and abroad."

We joined him, and the event so graphically narrated I have thus attempted, after years, to recall.

SCHOOLS IN OLD ROME.

PROF. R. F. LEIGHTON, Ph.D., recently read a paper on "The System of Education in Ancient Rome," before the Long Island Historical Society. Henry C. Murphy presided, and the Society's new and elegant hall was crowded by a select and appreciative audience of both sexes, embracing many of the best known people of Brooklyn. Great attention, the reader said, was paid among the Romans to the study of grammar and of correct modes of expression. In society pure grammar was a subject of fashionable conversation. Crates, the Greek professor, instituted the first course of lectures on the subject. Lucilius, in the ninth book of his Satires, inaugurated the first spelling reform. Dionysius Thrax wrote the first elementary grammar. After the Punic wars the Greek culture became so fashionable that by many it was preferred to their mother tongue. Greek was the language of diplomacy, art, science, poetry and philosophy.

At seven years of age the Roman boys studied Greek and Latin grammar together. The sons of centurions went to school at five A.M., with their satchels and counting tables slung over their shoulders, and studied in schoolrooms on the ground floor, where they were so well and thoroughly flogged that their howls aroused the neighbors at very unseasonable hours. Martial and other satirists spoke of their cries and blubberings as one of the chief nuisances of the early morning hours—almost as great a pest to late risers as our street cries, in fact.

The masters were great disciplinarians, and esteemed corporal punishment one of the chief means of inducting that precious boon, knowledge, into dull heads. If a boy pronounced a single syllable wrong he was beaten black and blue, and his body so covered with weals and welts that it resembled a patchwork coverlet, or a coat of many colors. The ancients believed that boys were naturally vicious, and required taming. So great a teacher as Plato laid down the axiom that "A boy was the most ferocious of animals." Others, like Quintilian, protested against undue flogging.

Pictures found in Herculaneum showed that the English system of flogging was likewise in vogue; also, that in some schools both sexes were taught together, although the education of girls was comparatively neglected. In higher social circles, girls were taught music and dancing, and other fashionable branches, as nowadays. School-books were as cheap as with us fifty years ago. A text-book of seven hundred verses could be had in three separate editions, for eighty, thirty, and even as low as eight cents. Tuition was very cheap, less than a cent a day. The boys had holidays in March and December, and a long vacation in the Summer, from June 24th to October 19th, a great part of which was spent with their parents at Roman Newports and Coney Islands. At fourteen they were put into high schools, where they studied rhetoric, poetry and belles-lettres generally, their previous efforts having been confined to reading, writing and arithmetic, with Greek and Latin grammar and verses. The younger children were taught their letters and numerals by means of small ivory blocks, as at the present day. The pay of a teacher was $30 a year—about 100 times less than that of a ballet-dancer.

A SPRAY OF MIGNONETTE.

I GAZE upon its tiny flowers,
  Their dainty bloom and fragrance flown;
I live a dream of other hours,
  When hope and love were all my own!
A simple act it was to you—
  A passing whim soon to forget.
You gave me, dimpled o'er with dew,
  This faded spray of mignonette.

You held the treasure lightly then—
  A pretty flower, and nothing more;
But o'er its dust I hear again
  Each loving word you whispered o'er!
The many joys that life can give
  May leave me now without regret;
But love itself could not outlive
  My faded spray of mignonette.

A WRONGED WOMAN.

CHAPTER I.

Iago.—"I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of self-bounty be abused."

IF I say that young Lieutenant Pedro Gomersalez was not a jealous man, nine persons out of ten will reply: "How is that—I thought *all* Spaniards were jealous?"

And I really do not undertake to explain the thing. Life is too short to enter into long explanations. If one did that, the time for anything else would be short. I presume that Gomersalez, whose mother was an American woman, inherited a little common sense. "Further the deponent saith not." At all events, Gomersalez was *not*, of his nature, a jealous man.

But he had a "friend."

And a fair wife!

It would be idle here to give the oft-repeated scene—that scene in the romance of so many *real* lives!—between friend and husband, which would but recall the touching interview where the too-confiding and—of his nature—noble Moor is led to the suspicions really foreign to him. Iagos are by no means scarce. And Captain Lavarro had not the excuse of that celebrated villain. He did not think that Gomersalez had betrayed him with any "Emilia," for the best of reasons—there was no Emilia. Lavarro was not married, and was particularly fond of saying that he never meant to be.

The shake of the head, the murmur, "I've seen too much of married life for that! Santa Maria! have I not!" the insinuation of flirtation with Inez, Lola and Rosita—none of them single, of course!—was not bad acting, on the whole.

It was rather odd, however, that Lavarro never attempted this vainglorious talk, or these anything but manly insinuations, before Lieutenant Gomersalez, while his apparent deference in presence of Señora Gomersalez, the young American lady—she had been a Miss Peyton, a belle—was as if he had found himself before the shrine of some fair saint.

Judge, then, of the painful surprise with which—he being absent from his wife at the time, for both officers were on the staff of General Prim, and only now returning to Madrid—Gomersalez listened to the story of what Lavarro called his, the lieutenant's, wrongs.

Yes, it was his duty—overwhelming, crushing, maddening though it was, to "open the eyes" of his dear friend. It must be! He could not longer contemplate the deep affection, the childlike confidence, the manly trust of the being most dear to him. He must speak! Theirs had not been a mere shallow tie of conventional friendship, but a sacred bond. He must tell all!

"All" consisted in the assertion that, during the early part of the absence of Gomersalez, he, Lavarro, being at that time still in Madrid, had seen "with pain" the attentions bestowed upon the lovely Señora Julia by a young *attaché* of the French *ambassade*, Vicomte Léon de Parvé. His suspicions—*toujours Lavarro!*—had been aroused; his duty to his friend had summoned him to the repulsive task. He had watched—he had been convinced. "Forgive this emotion," etc.

The better a man is the less suspicious he will be. But the franker his nature, the deeper will be his suspicion when once awakened; for the reason that, discovering what he believes to have been his past blindness, he will fear to have been in *everything* a fool, in *everything* a dupe.

A SPRAY OF MIGNONETTE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 47.

And it does not take a very deep villain—which Lavarro *was*—to deceive a very good man. *Goodness*, moralists "to the contrary notwithstanding," is not the strongest armor. Penetration is a far better one.

And so, "the more deceived," as poor Ophelia says, Gomersalez set out, ahead of his companion-officers, for his native city, there to ferret out the truth, and to wreck vengeance upon wife and lover. There were white hairs on his heavily-mustached lip, and among his dense raven locks that had come there in a single night—the night of his interview with Roberto Lavarro. And Gomersalez was not yet thirty!

Had his anguish been less intense, his heart less loving, there was enough of fierce Spanish blood in the young man's veins to have hurried him on to a mad act that could not have been repaired. But this was tempered with mildness to a certain degree, and with something of patience, for, in search of ways and means to find out the truth ere he should challenge Léon de Parvé, Pedro hit upon one not devoid of romance. The next chapter will introduce to you a certain Padre Angelico.

CHAPTER II.

"By every hope that earthward clings,
By faith that mounts on angel wings!"

PADRE ANGELICO was a mild pastor, and little given to violent emotion. He was altogether too harmless a man to have any enemies, and had, therefore, no reason to suppose that anybody wanted to do him harm.

But he was rather more startled, on the whole, than was altogether agreeable, to find himself one evening—it was a fast-day, too—when about to emerge from his more than humble cottage—the poor padre had a good mile to walk into the city to confess his penitents at the Church of the Holy Trinity—face to face with two men in masks—the obliging reader will please remember that the "shades of eve" were very busy "falling"—who pinioned him, and, in a voice worthy of *Gubetta* in the thrilling drama of "Lucrezia Borgia," demanded, not his life, but—his robes!

"Sounds like the Middle Ages," I hear the reader say. Besides that, you mildly remark: "What could the men want with a priest's robes?"

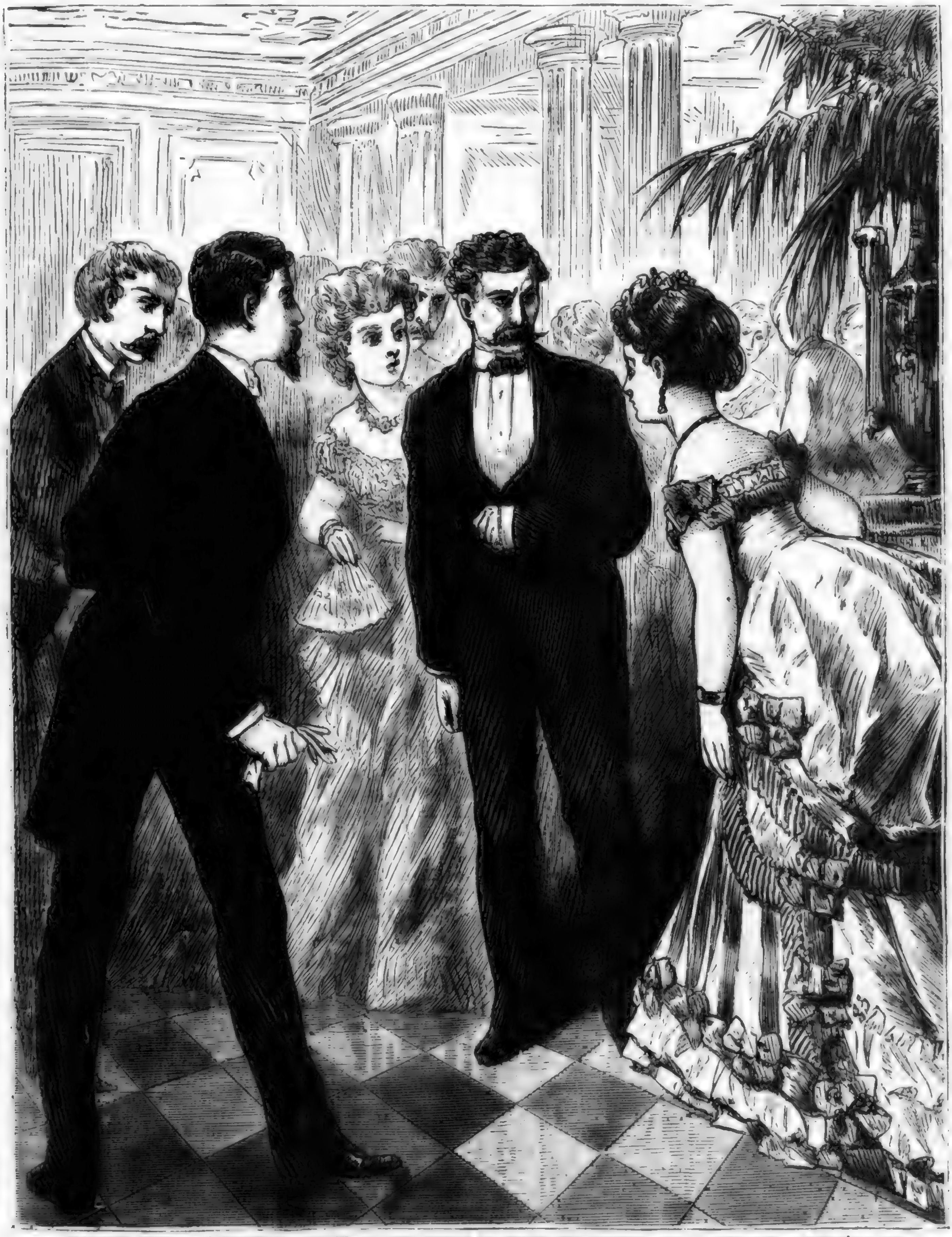
Whatever they may have wanted with them, they certainly got the robes. Ay, and his manual of confession, besides.

There is a certain unpleasantness in being squeezed—though, really, between ourselves, the "masks" had been very careful not to hurt the worthy padre—and in hearing a deep voice, or, rather, two deep voices, demanding—anything! The disagreeableness of the thing was not so much in what they asked, as in the tone of voice in which they made their request. It was perfectly sepulchral.

Nor could it be said to be conducive to merriment, even had the padre been that way inclined, to be tied to a chair in his little oratory, which, for the convenience of his parishioners, was always open, and in the presence of symbols which they ought to have respected, to be requested by the masks—respectfully, it is true—to remain in that position till "midnight bells," when they, the masks, would—this they promised and vowed—come to release him.

"And," added the tallest of the pretty pair, "we shall give you a good purseful for your poor."

As they withdrew, and when they were within the shade of certain trees, the tallest paused a moment, removed the mask from his face, flung his cloak to his companion, and, assuming the robes of Padre Angelico, manual in hand, strode in the direction of the city, at a pace almost equal to a railroad train.



A WRONGED WOMAN.—"SUDDENLY CAPTAIN LAVARRO STRODE UP BEFORE THE VICOMTE, AND CLAIMED MISS CAMPTON'S HAND IN THE QUADRILLE."—SEE PAGE 47.

Arrived at the church, the false padre entered it, taking good care to keep in the shadows of that by no means brilliantly lighted edifice, where a long string of penitents, mostly poor peasant women, were already waiting; for there had been many sermons, and much extra religious work, owing to the disturbed state of political affairs, and confessions sometimes went on all the evening.

One after another entered the confessional, and emerged with a smiling face. The new padre had surely been lenient in the imposition of penitential prayers, though his face had looked dark and sad and pale when he had entered the church.

But at last all the peasant women drew respectfully to one side. A lady had entered, who was well-known for her regular attendance at church. It was none other than the Señora Julia Gomersalez, who, though an American, was of an old Catholic family, who still held to their original faith. And she was "a great lady," said the women about her.

The lady entered the confessional. Not ours to enter upon the sanctity of a heart's unvailing!

The confession of the Señora Gomersalez lasted long. What could she have to tell?

The story of a false friend, so base as to have sought to turn a young heart from its duty, to ruin an immortal soul, to betray him whose hand he pressed in seeming friendship, though no uncommon story, could not be short in the recital, nor pleasant.

Such was the story, poured with great fervor and indignation into the new padre's ear.

Could Señora Julia have seen the "priest's" face, she would have been startled. But the high partition of the confessional hides the penitent from the father confessor. The "penitent," I say. Yes, for trivial faults, such as, to women like her, are sources of suffering as deep as their scarlet sins to the sinful; but Julia had nothing of moment to confess. Did the padre think she ought to tell her husband when he returned? Her good husband, Pedro Gomersalez, now away fighting for his country! Would it not be better for her to conceal from him the perfidy of his friend? He had loved—*Roberto Lavarro!*

Chapter III.

"Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair."

It was early in the following Spring that the Señora Gomersalez and her husband had found a residence to please them in Paris, and invited to join them, a young American girl, the cousin of Julia.

And with them had come Vicomte Léon de Parvé, him whom Roberto Lavarro had named to Lieutenant Gomersalez as the treacherous friend who had betrayed him.

It was certainly odd that so base a being should seem to impress pretty Mary Campton as so noble and so winning! But there is no accounting for taste. Who knows what "diabolic" arts the vicomte may have brought into play? Dear me, *all* the "fascinating monsters" are not in the opera of "Faust."

Still pretty Mary Campton, who had already passed a Winter in Madrid when Roberto Lavarro had been there—she had afterward gone to Italy with a relative, and thence had come to Paris, on being sent for by Julia Gomersalez, who, probably, had good reasons for so doing—seemed sad, and was apt to remark, when alluding to *engaged* young persons, that:

"Girls seldom knew their *real* minds till it was too late to change;" or, "How I do hate these hasty entanglements! Why don't girls look about them a little more before they decide!" and other speeches to the same effect, upon hearing which, a smile might be seen to play about the mouth of Julia, who probably commented mentally upon the singular coincidence of such remarks with the appearance and departure of the Vicomte de Parvé.

The reader will probably divine that Miss Mary had a "hasty entanglement" of her own. She had; no less a one than an engagement, which now her soul loathed, to Captain Roberto Lavarro.

Mary was quite unaware of the base course pursued by Lavarro in endeavoring to turn away the heart of the Señora Julia from her husband. Yet, little by little—though, as may be imagined, Julia was ever silent as to the man she scorned and despised beyond words—little by little, I repeat, a conviction that the captain had no moral qualities to recommend him crept in upon the young girl's mind.

A sensible education and a good basis to start upon is never thrown away.

Yet candor obliges me to avow that Mary had never been so fully persuaded of the worthlessness of Lavarro, as since she had met the vicomte, who was certainly what Americans call "a first-rate fellow."

A youth of sacrifice for the sake of a bereaved mother; an independence given up to make the dowry of a sister; a manhood marked by many deeds of such courage as similar characters are capable of showing—all these had, surely, much to interest and win "the right sort of girl."

But Mary looked sad and sorry when Léon de Parvé offered her his hand and heart, and told her of the love he had cherished since they had first met, and only hesitated to avow because, he told her, her manner, kind one day, was always cold the next.

Poor Mary!

Half distracted between the duty that she imagined called her one way—there where her promise had been given—and the love that called her another, Mary told all, at last, to Julia, who had guessed "all" long before.

Chapter IV.

Lodovico.—"Where is this viper? Bring the villain forth!"

I am sure no one would ever have guessed, to have seen the countenance of Lieutenant Gomersalez, when Captain Lavarro entered his dwelling in the Rue de l'Impératrice—this was all before the terrible war—that any interview had ever taken place between them like that previous to the setting out of the former for Madrid. It is true that Gomersalez did not offer his hand, and that Lavarro *did not dare ask why!*

He had come—said the latter—to claim his bride, Mary Campton. He had, it is true, wooed her lightly enough in the past. With an idea of marrying some day or other, he had asked her in marriage of the aunt under whose care he had met her in Italy, after his unsuccessful love for Julia had passed by. But he was now as seriously in love with Mary as a man of his sort could be with any one but himself—quite enough in love to suffer deeply at her defection.

Enraged at the coldness which she evinced toward him, he began a course of persecution. Reproachful letters, the constantly presenting himself wherever he was certain that it would mar her pleasure to behold him—at balls, at concerts, at the opera, on the boulevard, at church—this was a part of the plan of annoyance which Captain Lavarro endeavored to carry out, and by which he probably supposed that he should at last worry and frighten the much-admired and greatly-followed young American belle into marrying him.

Lieutenant Gomersalez, to whom his wife had related the dilemma in which Mary Campton found herself—at war between love and honor—now made up his mind that patience had ceased to be a virtue, and that the time had come for the young girl's release.

And, indeed, the vicomte might also say that patience was ceasing to be a virtue in him, however much he might curb his temper for the young lady's sake.

A scene which took place in the *salons* of Señor Gomersalez will give some idea of what pretty Mary Campton had brought upon herself by her hasty engagement. One in ten of these turn out well, and Mary's was not such an exception.

De Parvé, fronting Mary, was about to take his place in a quadrille, which it was the fashion occasionally to dance, even in the city. Even *parisiennes* are not always ready to waltz; they say they require a particular *toilette* for *la valse.*

Suddenly, just as Miss Campton and De Parvé had advanced to their place, and were about to dance, Captain Lavarro strode up before the vicomte and claimed Miss Campton's hand in the quadrille as his right, he being "her *fiancé.*"

This was done in a tone so loud, and with a manner so insulting, that in another instant De Parvé's glove had marked the officer's face with a scarlet streak; but, ere another gesture could be made, and when De Parvé's challenge had scarcely burst from his lips, Lieutenant Gomersalez—calm and pale as the marble statue of the Commandatore—parted the infuriated pair, and quietly uttered these words:

"De Parvé, my friend, you cannot fight with this man."

"Why not?" exclaimed not only the vicomte, but many of the other gentlemen guests.

"Because he is not a man of honor," coolly replied Gomersalez.

"Prove it," exclaimed some acquaintance of the captain, though the countenance of the latter certainly proved that the shot had told.

"Listen to me," said Gomersalez. "I *will* prove it. This man had a friend. His friend believed in him as in heaven. He also had a beautiful young wife, whom he loved, and who deserved to be loved as few do. Called to duty by his country, he left her. One day this man"—and the lieutenant's eye flashed, and his lip quivered as he turned upon Lavarro—"sought him, and with much apparent emotion, told him that his wife was false. He whom he accused of having betrayed him was the gentleman before you, the Vicomte Léon de Parvé"—here several gentlemen were obliged to intervene, to hold off the young Frenchman from the false Spaniard's throat—"a man, as we all know, of honor."

There was a dead silence here.

"The husband, gentlemen, found means of convincing himself of the utter falsehood of the accusation—means such as all cannot, and few would dare, avail themselves of. I need not say that the love of the couple so nearly parted has but grown stronger for their trial. Have I, or have I not, proved that Léon de Parvé cannot fight with Captain Lavarro, because he is not a man of honor?"

A cry of warm assent burst from one and all, to which was added the demand:

"This man must leave the room!"

In a few seconds more, Roberto Lavarro had left the house of Lieutenant Gomersalez, and in an hour's time he had left Paris, where he has not since appeared. Somewhat later, he was *obliged* to leave the Spanish army. These little things *will* get about!

Why, you will say, did not Lieutenant Gomersalez, when convinced of the falsehood and villainy of his former friend, challenge and fight him? Did he "bide his time," as some will?

No. I think the main reason was this, as he said:

"I have never soiled my sword!"

But I quite congratulate myself upon the fact that the lieutenant had read the Spanish poets in his boyhood. But for that, he might not have hit upon an expedient quite so romantic as that of assuming the garb of his fair wife's confessor, nor have had the satisfaction—for such, in one sense, it certainly was—of hearing the true story from her own lips.

And I know that Padre Angelico forgave the outrage, in view of the handsome amount which he received for his poor—their name was legion—and of the good that he was able to do with it. Still, I don't advise the like.

AMONG LOMBARD CITIES.

Prior to this steaming and electric age, nowhere were stage-coaches and other four-wheeled vehicles, arrayed in postilions and ribbons, so abundant and well patronized as in Italy.

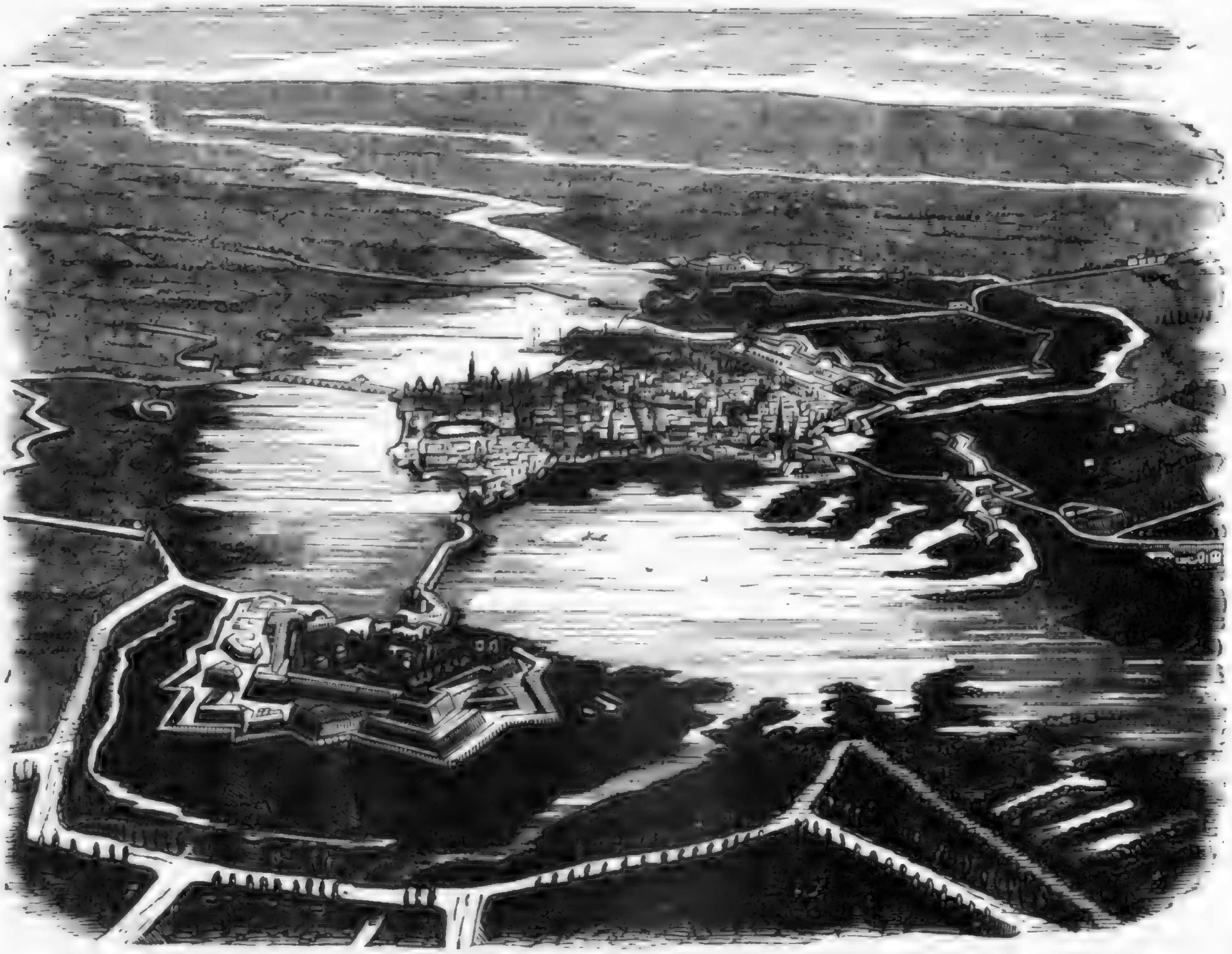
The fair peninsula was then the curiosity of the world. It is no longer so, since modern facilities have familiarized it, or rather its prominent points, to the inhabitants of all civilized nations. The lumbering coaches and elegant equipages that swept over the superb highways were conspicuous features amidst the lovely scenery of Italy.

Nor was this method of locomotion without its substantial advantages and keen pleasures, despite the cost in money, time and trouble to the wayfarer. Naturally, our contemporaries would not swap places with their grandparents for the mere pleasure of slowly riding in a stage-coach through a pretty country; but you can yet lay your finger on a strong minority "who wouldn't care if they did," for it is not so easy to obliterate the traces of joys experienced in juvenile years.

The foremost advantage to those who traveled through Italy in slow coaches was that they saw the country thoroughly; inspected, as it were, forcibly its every nook and corner, and became intimately acquainted with the life and manners of the natives. True, there was the drawback that the travelers, setting out determined to let nothing escape them, wasted much of their attention, while it was fresh, on the first objects met, which were not generally the best, and, being quickly dazzled with excellences, their powers of admiration were fatigued before their travels were ended. But if the old drawbacks have been overcome, also many of the sweets of the old-time method of traveling have been lost through the steam conveyances that whirl to-day's tourist in a jiffy from under the Alps to the extremest end of Sicily.

In the old days the Alps existed as a barrier to be climbed over, and the novelty of crossing their grand, snow-clad heights was a treat which has been abolished by the gigantic tunnels under their base, through which one is shot in a few minutes, to "do" the classic land in a week.

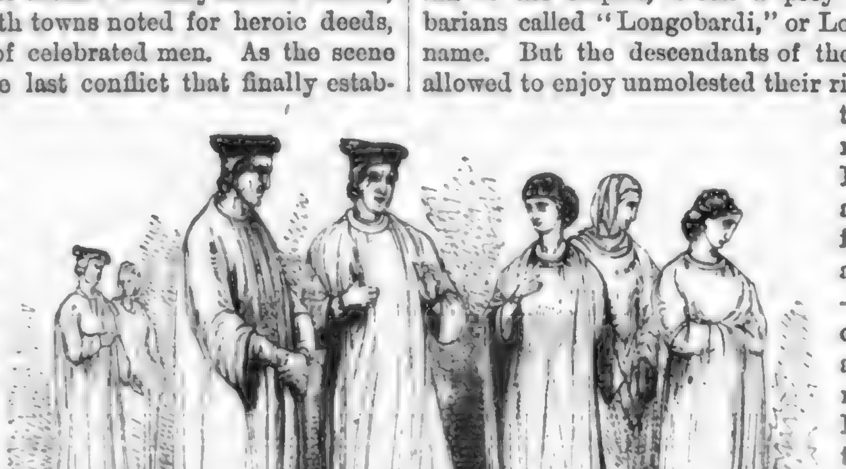
A day each to Venice, Florence, Rome and Naples, is as much as many of the modern tourists can afford; time, which is money, impelling them to get through and back home at break-neck speed. Not a few Americans, indeed, "do" grand old Rome in two or three hours, which certainly must shock the shades of Lord Byron and Julius Cæsar; that is, if anything can shock them. Passing a few hours in those famous cities, is seeing Italy with a vengeance! But it is cheap, beyond a doubt. To go along the renowned Cornice Road from Nice to Genoa, the former traveler expended sixty dollars for a four-horse



THE CITY OF MANTUA.

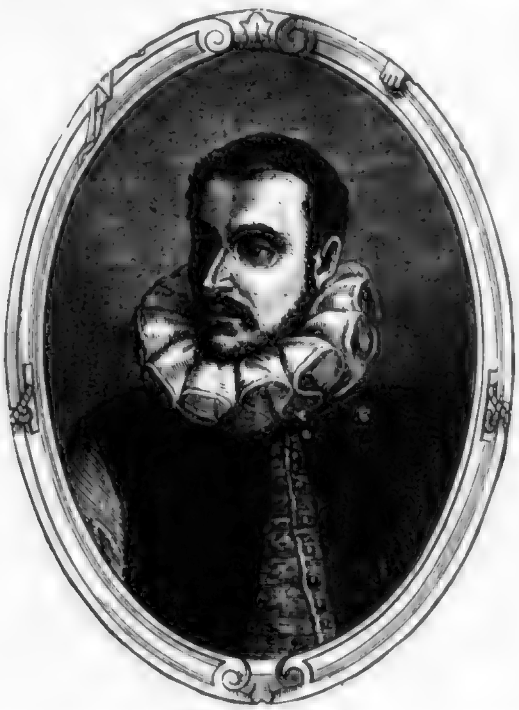
vehicle, and three days' time. To-day the trip can be made in a Pullman car for three dollars, in six hours.

No part of the peninsula has been so neglected, ay, so abandoned, by the modern tourist, as the very one which is most celebrated in modern times—namely, the fertile plains of Lombardy, rich in souvenirs of art, poesy and war. They have been the theatre of many famous battles, and they are studded with towns noted for heroic deeds, and as the birthplaces of celebrated men. As the scene upon which occurred the last conflict that finally established the present Italian kingdom—that dream of noble spirits during wellnigh twenty centuries—it is all the more deserving of interest. Here it was that the great Dante, in exile, dreamed and sang of a free, united Italy; and here it was that the poet's aspiration was put into deed, and secured for ever, on the hard-fought field of Custozza, July, 1866.



VERONESE COSTUMES.

The plain of Lombardy really extends from the River Ticino, separating it from the Province of Piedmont on the west, up to the lagoons of Venice on the east. In the earliest times it was possessed by the ancient and powerful Etruscans; subsequently these were expelled by the Gauls. At about the beginning of the second century B.C., it became a well-cultivated and opulent province of the Roman Empire. After the fall of the empire, it fell a prey to the Northern barbarians called "Longobardi," or Longbeards—whence its name. But the descendants of the Longbeards were not allowed to enjoy unmolested their rich territory; and from the day of their settlement, on through the Middle Ages, until this age, it was coveted and fought for by fierce and greedy neighbors—during the last few centuries by France and Austria. The termination of the wars of Napoleon I. left it in the hands of Austria, who, in virtue of the 1815 Treaty of Vienna, held it uninterruptedly under her cruel yoke, until the results of the battle at Custozza, in 1866, finally turned it over to Victor Emmanuel, founder of

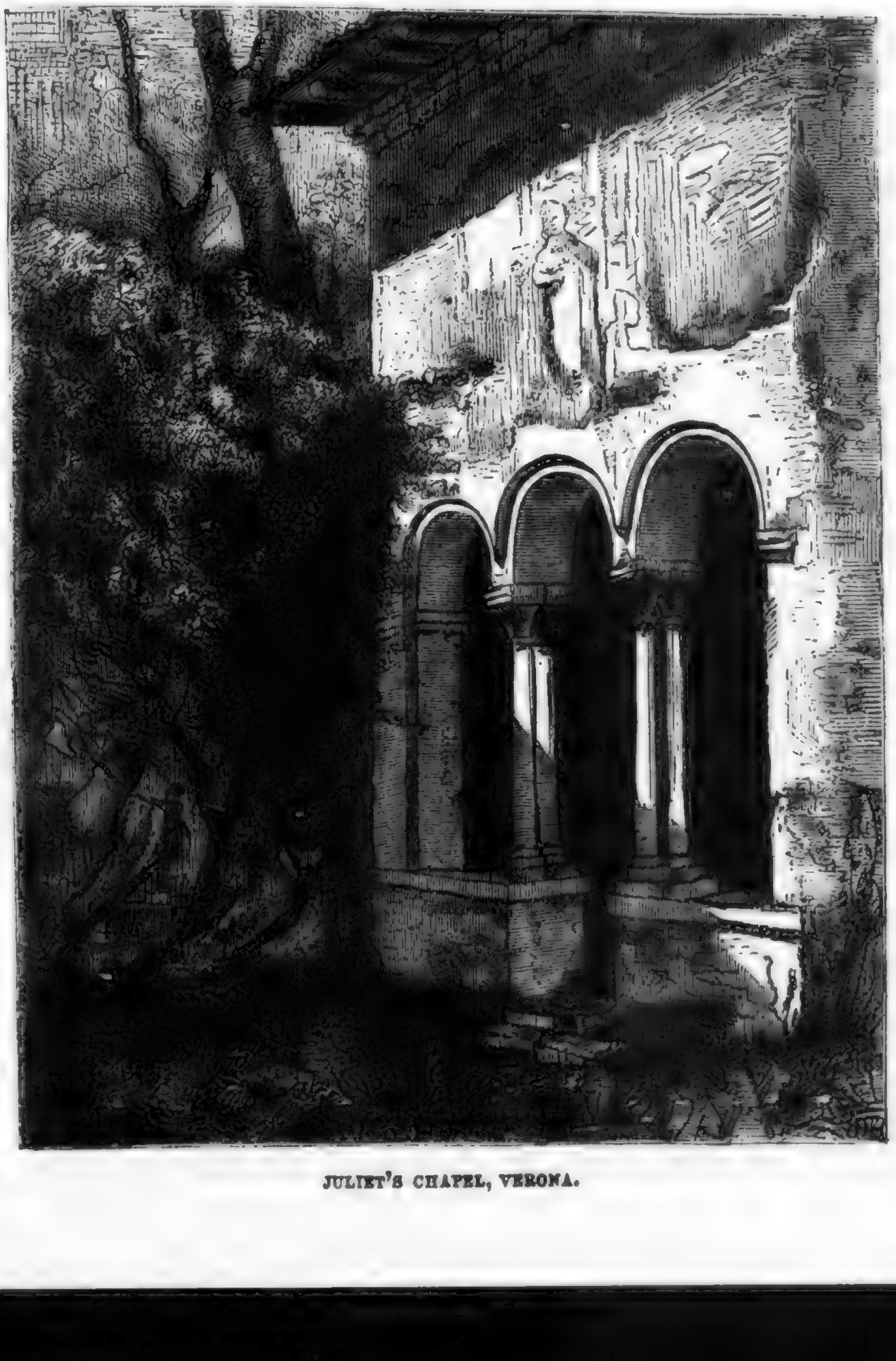


PAUL VERONESE.

the present Kingdom of Italy, of which his son Humbert is the ruler.

Lombardy comprises the most generally productive part of the peninsula. It is distinguished for its mulberry trees and silk, its rice, corn, wheat and cheese—the *strachino* being the best. The vine, olive, chestnut, and a great variety of fruits are raised, and the peasantry, who are a frugal, laborious set of people, are better off than the peasants in other sections of Italy. Manufactures are numerous in the towns, and constantly increasing. The province boasts a school of music, architecture and painting; in the Middle Ages it was the great instructress of Christendom in civil law and medicine, and in modern times science has been successfully contributed to in its cities. Its literature has always been rather scanty, from the fact that the Italian tongue was not allowed to take root, but was repressed, or rather choked off by the intermixture of many foreign idioms—the Lombard being to-day the harshest and most tangled of all the many-shaded Italian dialects.

Milan is the metropolitan city of the province; but, as the latter's fame is pre-eminently military, its real capital may be said to be the great fortified town of Verona, which is situated in the very heart and centre of the plain. Verona was the key with which Austria so long kept Italy locked up, and it was precisely in the region immediately around Verona that the battles for Italian independence were fought, and that after three grand campaigns—though disconnected in time—independence was achieved, and the Austrians expelled beyond the Alps. The first was undertaken in 1848 by Charles Albert, King of Sardinia (Piedmont). After fighting against overwhelming odds, or as one to eight, for nearly a year, he was finally driven back and defeated in 1849 at Novara, where he turned over his crown to his son, Victor Emmanuel, and, having abdicated, went to die as an exile in Portugal. Charles Albert was a weak ruler, and not at all a general; but he was a good-hearted and patriotic man. To his latest hour, he continued to urge his son to stand by the flag of Italy, and to unfurl it again at the first opportunity. This his dying request was faithfully adhered to by his son. Thanks to the discernment of the latter in choosing as his minister a man of genius—Cavour—an alliance was formed with Napoleon III. in 1859, for the express purpose of entering upon a second campaign against Austria. The French Emperor crossed the Alps in April of that year at the head of a large army, and, in conjunction with the Piedmontese troops, fought two bloody battles at Magenta and Solferino, totally defeating the Austrians, and compelling them to withdraw on the east side of the river Mincio, and under the protecting guns of Verona. The peace concluded at Villafranca, a hamlet about eight miles from Verona, put an end to the war, by adding one-half of Lombardy to the royal domain of Victor Emmanuel. The French Emperor declined to fight in order to get the other half, as he had promised to do, and, to the great disgust of patriotic Italians, returned to the delights of his Court at Paris. His excuse was that Prussia was on the eve of interference; his wife, Eugenie, being persuaded



JULIET'S CHAPEL, VERONA.

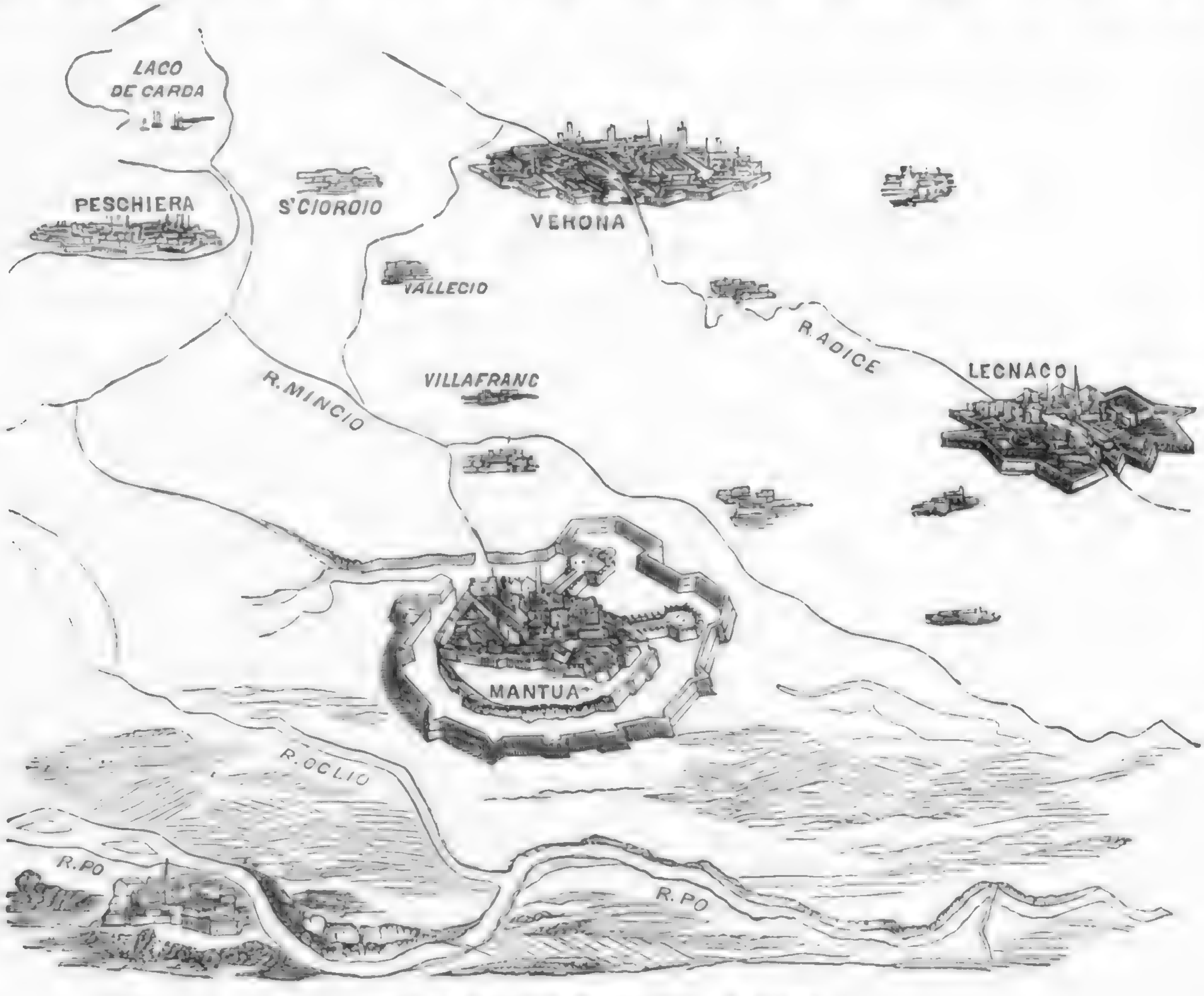
that she could discern, even from Paris, the soldiers of Moltke in the act of crossing the Alps.

The third and at last successful campaign against the Austrians, ensconced in the heart of Lombardy, was put through in double-quick time in conjunction with Prussia in 1866. It lasted only seven weeks. While Moltke whipped the Austrians under Benedek at Sadowa, in Bohemia, Victor Emmanuel crossed the Mincio with his army, and fought a pitched battle on the same field where his father, Charles Albert, had contended for the mastery. Like that of his father, his own army was defeated; but, as circumstances alter cases, his own defeat, rather than disaster, meant victory. Although driven back over the Mincio, he had really won the original object of the campaign, by merely preventing the Austrian army in Italy from being concentrated in Bohemia against Moltke. The result was that Prussia of course dictated terms of peace at Sadowa for both the allies; and Italy thus got back into her keeping every inch of her own soil (with the exception of Rome, captured in 1870 from the French).

The ground upon which were fought these more recent campaigns—as also most of the previous ones, especially those of Napoleon I.—is known as the "Quadrilateral." It is an area inclosed or protected by the four great fortresses, Verona, Mantua, Peschiera and Legnago, so situated as to form a square whose four sides are nearly equal—hence the name "Quadrilateral." Verona and Peschiera lie on the north, Mantua and Legnago on the south, each about twenty miles from its next neighbor. In and around this military theatre of the Quadrilateral are many little villages and hamlets, hills and meadows, thickly strewn with the dead bones of soldiers that fell there by the hundred thousand, in all the pomp and glory, misery and suffering, attendant upon battle. Lonato, Castiglione, Arcole, Goito, Pastrengo, San Marino, Solferino, Villafranca, and Custozza, are the titles of some of these landmarks left by Napoleon I. and Charles Albert, Napoleon III. and Victor Emmanuel, and duly recorded on the page of history.

The campaign of 1859 excited the attention of the whole world while it was in progress, as the stake played for was nothing less than the resurrection of Italy. The battle of Solferino was the most decisive fought on the plain of Lombardy during this century. Even at that early period the war correspondent was around to chronicle the small beer of camp and wagon-train. It was during the course of this campaign that the founder of the New York *Times*, Mr. Henry J. Raymond, was so incessantly ridiculed by James Gordon Bennett, Sr., and Horace Greeley, on account of his locating the military operations in the "elbows of the Mincio" (the Mincio being very crooked and branching as it runs from Peschiera to Mantua). Mr. Raymond's fluvial technicalities were dubbed inexact in strict military parlance by the *Herald* and *Tribune;* and both these journals confidently assured the public that he could thenceforth be always found with the "elbows of the Mincio" wrapped around him.

Since the termination of the wars for independence, the Italian Government has had the bones of the dead soldiers of the three nations—France, Austria, and Italy—collected and buried in one vast ossuarium erected at Custozza. At this spot it has also had erected a grand



PLAN OF THE FAMOUS QUADRILATERAL IN LOMBARDY.

monument commemorating the fact that there the national independence was finally consummated by arms. It is such a monument as our Government, for a similar purpose, has ordered to be raised on the field of Yorktown next October. On the memorable fields around the Quadrilateral there are upward of twenty houses still preserved, and shown as having been lodged in by Napoleon I. during his campaigns.

The developments of late years in the art of war have induced the military authorities of Italy to lay less stress on the possession of the Quadrilateral, though the four fortresses are maintained in perfect trim; for the defense of the kingdom in future, the line of forts along the Alpine chain and armies in the field are relied on.

Verona, intersected by the River Adige, has a population of 80,000 souls and a small garrison. It was famous in the days of old Rome as the birthplace of several of her eminent adopted citizens, among others of Pliny the Younger, Cornelius Nepos, Macer, L. Vetruvius Cerdo, and, above all, of the elegant poet Catullus.

"Mantua Virgilio gaudet, Verona Catullo."—*Ovid.*
(Mantua rejoices in Virgil, Verona in Catullus.)

To American and English visitors Verona first suggests Shakespeare, and brings to mind the opening lines of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona":

"Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus,
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Wer't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honor'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with sleepless idleness.

Not omitting Launce and his dog, nor "Romeo and Juliet," a portion of which play is laid in the locality. Indeed, the greatest eagerness is manifested by our Anglo-American travelers to see the tomb of Juliet, which is in the garden of the Orfanotrofio. It is of red Verona marble, and before it was promoted to its present honor was used as a washing-trough. The Empress Maria Louisa got a bit of it, which she caused to be divided into hearts and gems, elegant necklaces, bracelets, etc., and many other sentimental young and elderly ladies have followed her example. Male tramps have unanimously voted visiting at this tomb a bore. The "House of the Capulets," now an inn of the same illustrious name, may have been the dwelling of the family, as suggested, or may not: time changes things so.

With respect to the tomb of Juliet, it was shown in the last century, before Shakespeare became generally known to the Italians. That identical tomb, it is admitted, has long since been destroyed; but the present one does just as well for all practical purposes. Whether the fair Juliet ever existed in flesh and blood or not, it is certain that Dante, in his beautiful verse, mentions two families by the names of the "Montagues" and "Capulets" dwelling in Verona in anything but harmony—in fact, living in a deplorable way, very much as Shakespeare depicts them. And Dante ought to know the facts in the case, for he resided at Verona several years, having first landed there when exiled from Florence for embezzlement of the public funds while in office, as alleged by his slanderous enemies. These enemies afterward besought him to pardon them, and return to his native city, and even went so far after his death as to intrigue to get his ashes within their walls; but neither alive nor dead would he consent to forgive them—living, he refused to return into their hands, and dead, his immortal verse embalmed them in his "Hell," wherein they were accorded reserved seats, as it were. At the lavish and hospitable Court of Verona, Dante became intimately acquainted with the ruling Prince, Cangrande, and wrote a large portion of his great poem, the "Divine Comedy." Cangrande (literally, Big Dog) was eminently disposed to encourage literature, and hence treated Dante in distress like a gentleman. In that part of the poem entitled "Paradise," one of the blest is made to foretell to the poet the kind of reception awaiting him at the Veronese Court:

"Lo primo tuo rifugio, e il primo ostello
Sara la cortesia del gran Lombardo
Che in su la Scala porta il santo uccello;
Ch' avra in te si benigno riguardo
Che del fare e del chieder, tra voi due,
Fia primo quel che tra gli altri e piu tardo."

(Thy first retreat—first refuge from despair—
Shall be the mighty Lombard's courtesy,
Whose arms the eagle on a ladder bear.
His looks on thee so kindly shall he cast,
That asking and conceding shall change place,
And that wont first to be, 'twixt you be last.)

The distant aspect of "Verona la Degna" (Verona the Dignified), with its serrated walls and lofty towers, is very peculiar. Among its most remarkable objects, the first to attract attention is the amphitheatre, used by the ancient Romans in their gladiator and wild-beast entertainments. It was built between the years 81 and 117 A.D., and is consequently contemporaneous with the Coliseum at Rome. The interior is nearly perfect, owing to the continuous care bestowed on it. Most of the other Roman amphitheatres, as those at Arles, Nismes, and the Coliseum itself, have suffered from having been converted into fortresses or quarries for building materials. It is larger than that at Arles and Nismes, in the South of France. Four arches only are preserved of the outer circuit, which consisted originally of seventy-two, being eight less than in the Coliseum. The internal aspect of the arena is complete; and though a great number of the seats have been "restored," these gradual restorations are not apparent. The greater diameter of the amphitheatre is 511 feet; of the arena, 262½ feet; the lesser diameter of the amphitheatre is 404½ feet, and of the arena 146 feet. The circumference is 1,429½ feet, and the height of what remains is, from the original pavement, 100 feet. It is built of Veronese marble, the substructions and vaultings beneath the seats being of good Roman brickwork (long, thin bricks were used by the Romans). The seats continue nearly in one slope from top to bottom. So much remains perfect of the corridors and entrances that a very clear idea of the arrangements of an ancient amphitheatre may be obtained. Many of the arcades are now occupied by smiths, farriers and small tradesmen. The interior is frequently used for exhibitions of horsemanship, dancing on the tightrope, fireworks, public meetings and political celebrations, etc. The arches to Gavi and Gallienus, athwart the street, are insignificant enough; they have nothing but their names to recommend them. But the tombs of the Scala princes (the old ruling family) are models of the most elegant Gothic, open as filigree, light, spiry, full of statues rising in rows and caged in their fretted niches; yet, slender as they seem, these tombs have stood entire for five hundred years in a public street, the frequent scene of sedition,

"Which made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans in hands as old."

Some of the dingy palaces, built by Sanmicheli, have an unrivaled air of beauty in their simple severity. Sanmicheli was the elegant architect as well as the fortifier of

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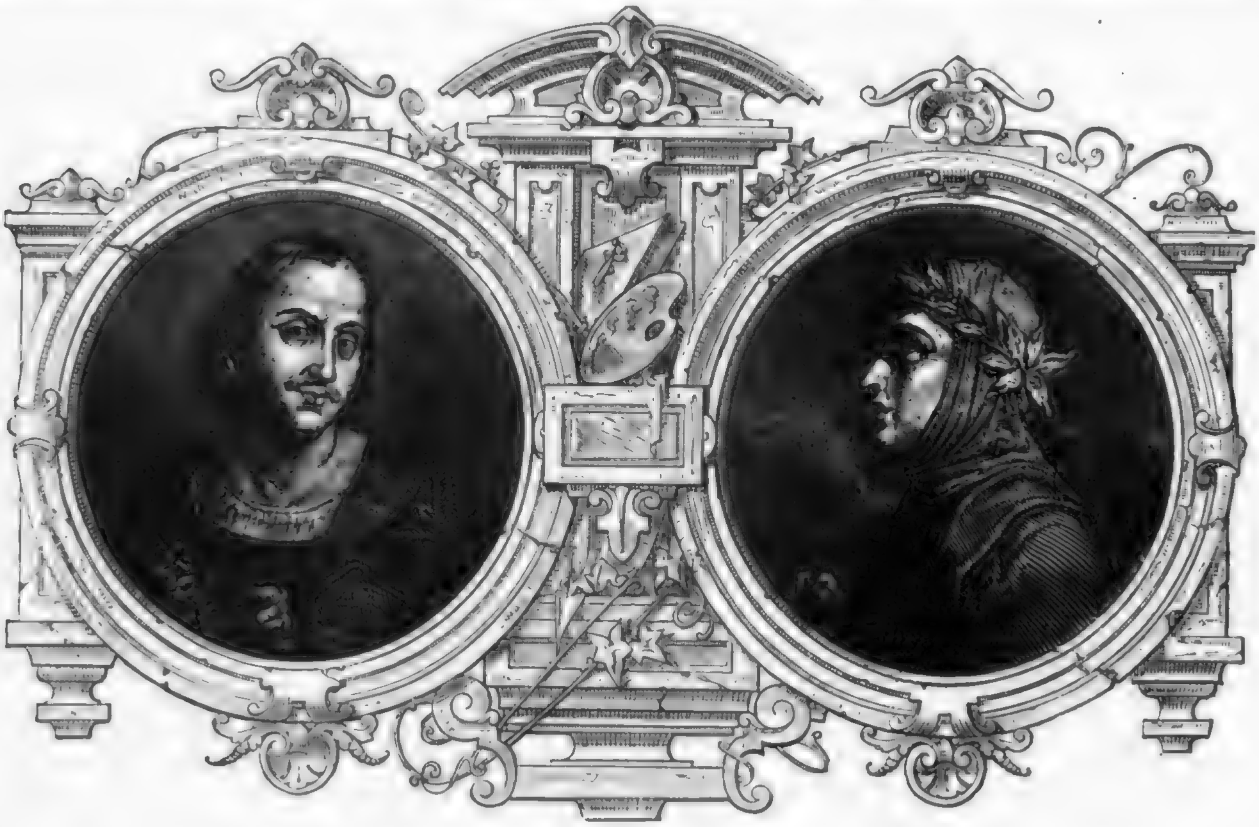
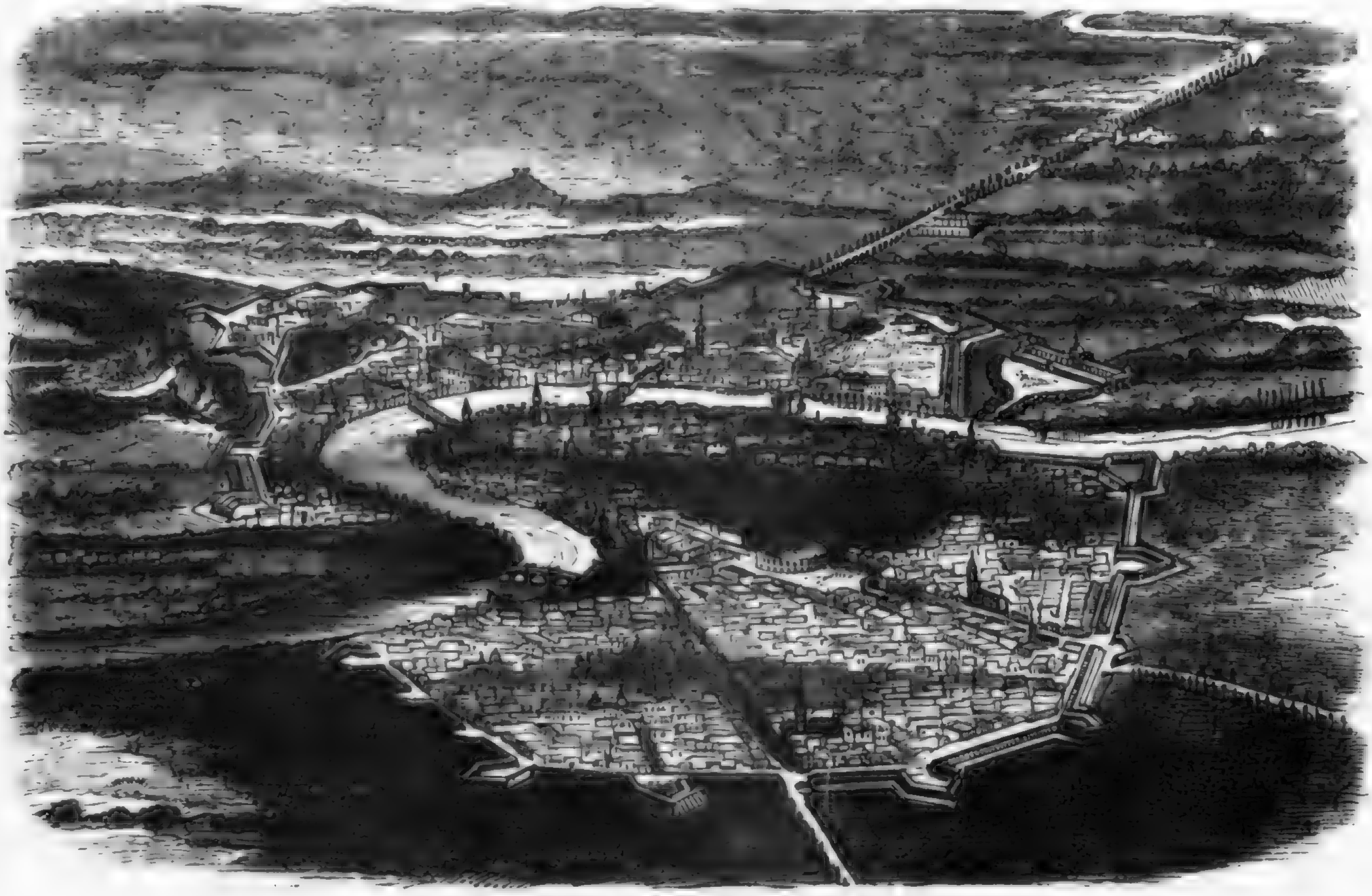


BOCCACCIO PETRARCA.

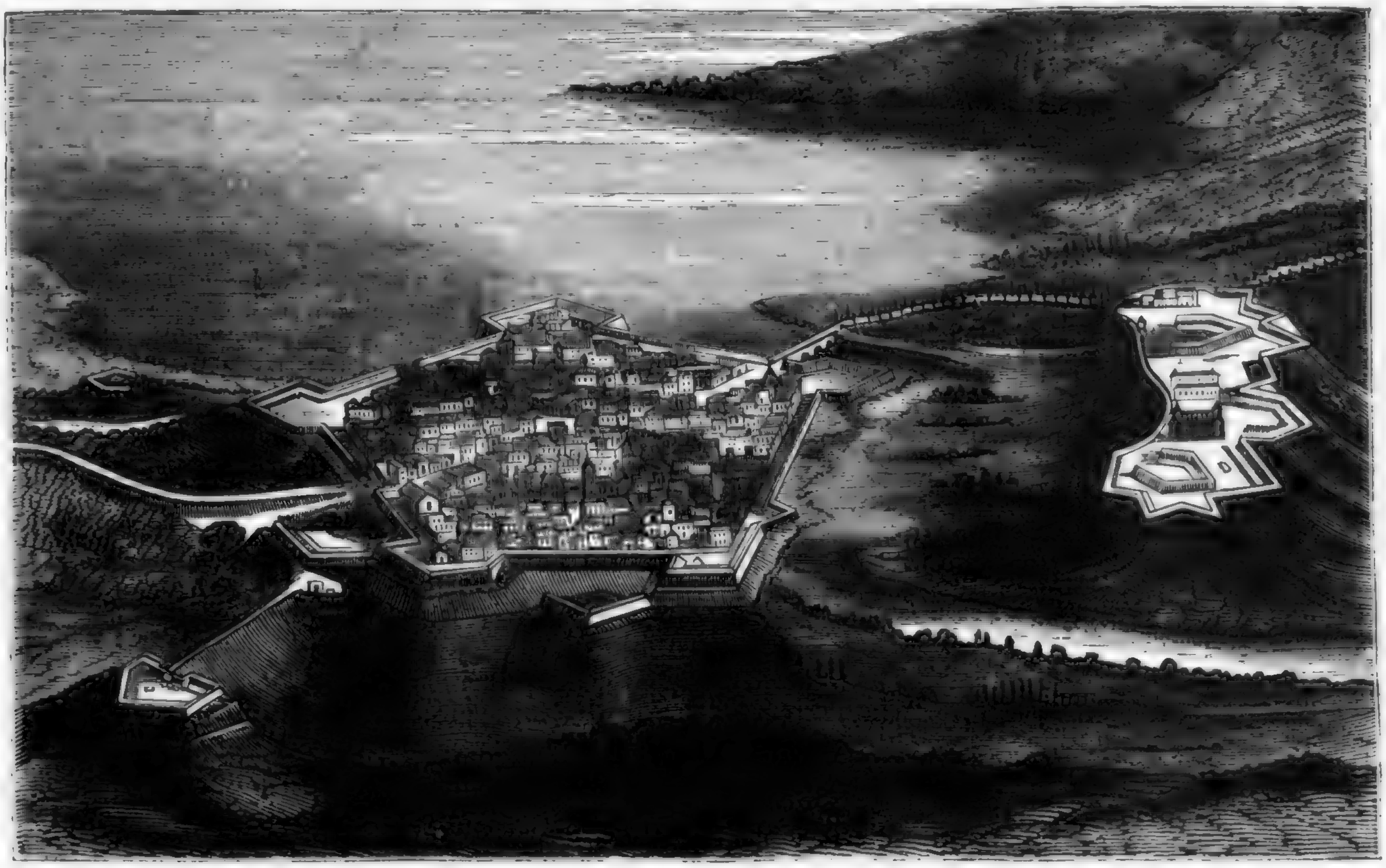
his native city; indeed, he was the founder of modern military fortifications, as he first laid down the rules for the succeeding Vaubans.

The churches of Verona are numerous, and well filled with paintings, statues, and other ornaments; many of them present the best Gothic style of architecture to be found in Italy. The church of San Zenone is the most notable, and the most interesting to Americans. Its bell-tower is one of the finest objects in the very varied landscape about the city. In this church there is a strange painted statue of St. Zeno, the patron of the city, sitting in a chair. He was an African by birth, and the statue represents him as brown as a mulatto, though not with a negro physiognomy.

Of Paul Veronese, the chief painter of the Lombard school, and whose real family name was Cagliari (changed to that of "Veronese" from his having so honored his birthplace), his native city now possesses little more



VIEW OF VERONA.

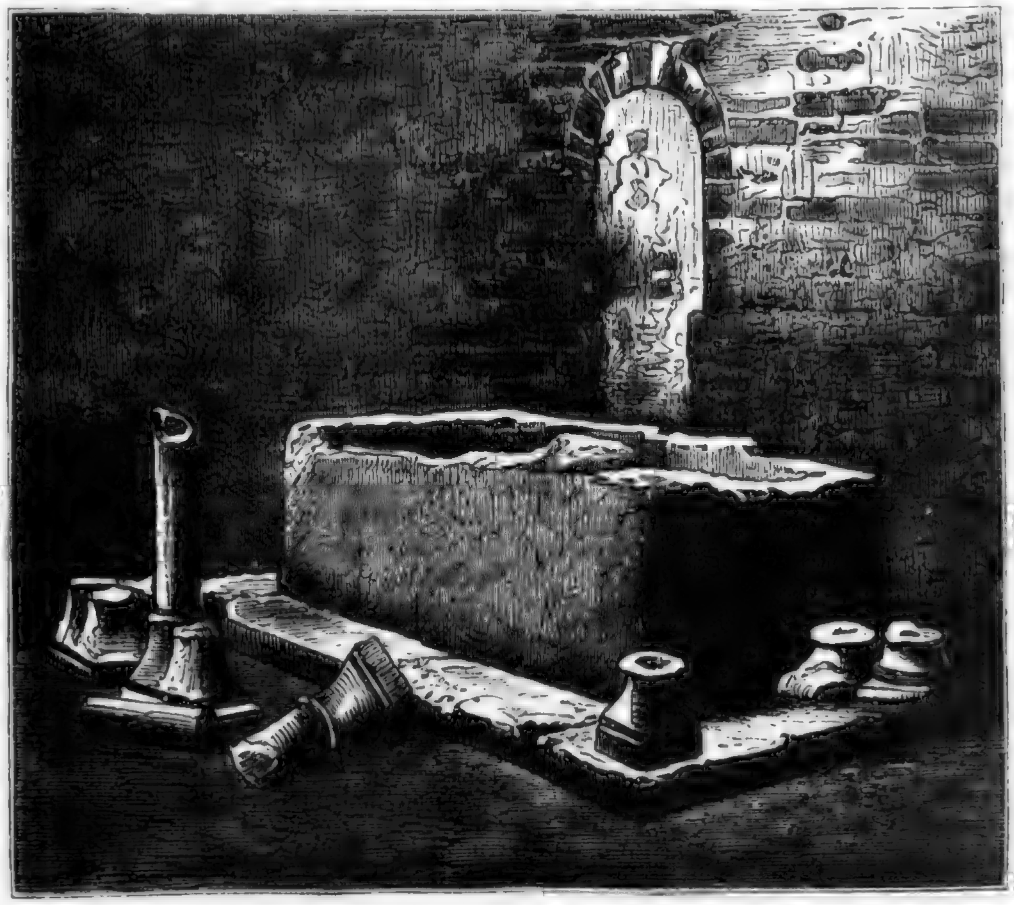


VIEW OF PESCHIERA AND LAKE GARDA.

than the name. All of his best pictures, much sought after, have been taken to Venice and other foreign marts, like the best of almost everything else, that rarely remains in its first home. The best peaches are always sent to the highest bidder in the most appreciative market; the prettiest flowers are sure to be first plucked.

The picturesque costumes once cherished and worn by the Veronese people have long since become obsolete, and the present generation of males and females are arrayed in precisely the same patterns of clothes that obtain in the most utilitarian lands. In this item of costumes the same remark applies to the citizens of Genoa, Venice, Florence, Rome and Naples; yes, for evermore, the sombre modern toggery has replaced the bright colors and the graceful draperies which were so well designed to satisfy the fancy of both foreign and domestic artists. The faded palaces of the Scaligeri (the old rulers) are occupied by either the municipal or military authorities. Surmounted with statues of the local celebrities, decked out, as on festive occasions, in flags, with patriotic crowds huzzahing themselves hoarse over some notable personage "returned from patriot battle-fields," or "independence" anniversary, these quaint old structures present a very picturesque appearance; together with other relics, ruined monuments and bits of bygone eras, that help to keep up Verona's reputation of first-class antiquity.

Mantua was considered by Napoleon I. the bulwark of Austria in Italy, and hence, while he was on the throne of France, he always held it. For centuries previous it had been renowned as a stronghold, often besieged, and as the



JULIET'S TOMB AT VERONA.

seat of one of the richest and gayest ducal courts of Italy—and heaven knows there were enough of them in the Middle Ages. Indeed, so many there were, that we can scarcely remember them, yet their heads were all most potent and illustrious seigniors, and all have their allotted places in history. Hence it should not surprise the reader to hear the well-authenticated fact that the Dukes of Mantua were men of considerable talent, energy, munificence; and that the city under them gained the pleasant-sounding sobriquet of "the Glorious." Didn't Genoa, not far off, call itself "the Superb"?

As the birthplace of Virgil, Mantua is as justly proud as Stratford-upon-Avon is of Shakespeare, or Florence of Dante. We should certainly feel leniently disposed toward the Mantuans, who never weary of repeating from Dante's "Hell" the lines in which Virgil is made by the poet to give some little account of himself:

"E li parenti miei furon Lombardi,
E Mantovani per patria amendui.
Nacqui *sub Julio*, ancorche fosse tardi,
E vissi a Roma sotto 'l buon Augusto
Al tempo degli Dei falsi e bugiardi.
Poeta fui, e cantai di quel giusto
Figliuol d' Anchise, che venne da Troia
Poiche 'l superbo Ilion fu combusto."

(And born of Lombard parents, Mantuans both
By country, when the power of Julius yet
Was scarcely firm. At Rome my life was passed
Beneath the mild Augustus, in the time
Of fabled deities and false. A bard
Was I, and made Anchises' upright son
The subject of my song, who came from Troy,
When the flames prey'd on Ilium's haughty towers.)

A column and a square are dedicated to the memory of Virgil. The house in which he was born is not pointed out—it was so long ago. But he has a tomb at Naples: born in Mantua, lived at Rome, buried at Naples. Virgil! how many schoolboys in their day have wished he had never been born! To them he has ever been, and still is, a bore. Naturally so, when his poetry is crammed down their throats instead of being left for their riper years, when they would be able to appreciate its beauties. The tomb at Naples is on the ground of a charming villa at Posilippo, a height overlooking the blue waters of the Bay of Naples. It is, of course, a curiosity for all sightseers, and is in an underground vault, the entrance to which is surrounded by wild shrubbery and flowers. The stone itself is ordinary, but it has a gorgeous inscription in dog-Latin, which is quite remarkable when one considers what kind of a Latin scholar it aims to commemorate. While on the spot one inwardly reflects what a pity it is that the polished poet didn't think to write his own epitaph in some of that choice Latin of his, which keeps on making the tour of the schoolroom to the greater torment of a legion of innocent urchins.

Mantua stands on the "smooth-gliding Mincio," the stream so familiarized by the Latin classics. It is surrounded by marshes and three lakes, partly formed by dams and embankments, and partly by the river; they are crossed by six bridges. The lakes and marshes are very insalubrious in Summer, breeding a plentiful crop of fevers. Formerly the marshes were considered to add great strength against an attacking army, though nowadays of course they could be no impediment to long-range guns and our other facilities in waging war. The city proper is situated on two lands, between which the Mincio flows; and from its situation amid the flat and sedgy banks, the climate proves so exceedingly unhealthy. Its population is declining, and is only about 30,000 at the present day. A general stillness, sallow faces and grass-grown streets give it a sad and wretched aspect. The cathedral is the finest of its churches. Giulio Romano, aspiring to build in the same great style as he painted, raised this edifice, but the grandeur of his design was not fully carried into execution. One of the great painters of the Roman school, on escaping from the discipline of Raphael, under whom he had done nothing original, he settled in Mantua. Finding there no superior excellences to check him, he at once dashed into all the irregularities of genius, and ran after the Tuscan graces—the mighty, the singular, the austere, the emphatic. He left on the architecture of the palace of the "T" a congenial stamp. The reigning duke had commissioned him to put up this palace as a plain country-house, but Giulio Romano converted the order into one for a splendid palace, in building which his powers as architect, painter and sculptor might be applied in harmonious combination. It was built in five years, and all its rooms bear beautiful frescoes from the hands of this master and his pupils. Its "Hall of Giants," so called from the frescoes representing Jupiter warring on the Titans, is still the admiration of foreign visitors and art connoisseurs. The name of the palace was derived from the form of the roads and avenues by which it was approached, and so arranged as to produce the capital letter T.

The slaughter-house and fish-market of the city are immediately on the Mincio's banks, so that they are always kept clean. These, too, were built by Giulio Romano, and, while their plan is simple, he has given them great architectural beauty. With all our modern stock of capital, where is the city that could now have its market-places put up by a Giulio Romano?

Of course, having done so much for his adopted city, it is only fair that the "House of Giulio Romano" should be pointed out to the stranger, as is the case. Its front is of an elegant and chaste design; over the door is a statue of Mercury, and the attributes of that heathen god are pictorially introduced in various parts of the building. Another noticeable structure is the "Devil's Palace," which is passably well named on account of its dreary, deserted and haunted look. It is said to have been built by the fiend in one night, he having been constrained thereto by the divining-rod of hazel, which in Germany used to be employed for the discovery of treasures.

Legnago, situated upon the River Adige, is a village of six thousand inhabitants, and only remarkable for its fortifications, which were partly planned and executed by Sanmicheli, Verona's architectural engineer. One of the gates designed by him, and of great beauty, has been pulled down and rebuilt in another situation. As a member of the Quadrilateral, Legnago helps to command the line of the Adige, which river in the past caused so much bother and trouble to both French and Austrian generals.

The remaining member of the Quadrilateral family of fortresses, Peschiera, is situated on an island formed by the Mincio where it issues from the Lake of Garda. It was besieged in 1848 during seven weeks by King Charles Albert; and in 1859 Napoleon III. was on the point of besieging it with his army, when political reasons caused him to put an abrupt end to his campaign in Italy. It is now known only as a military stronghold, the village itself being a miserable place, never entered by any foreigner who can possibly keep on its outside. It is in full view of the Lake of Garda, the largest of the Italian lakes, and very beautiful, if not equaling the more frequented Lakes of Como and Maggiore. The Lake of Garda, the "Benacus" of classical writers, is formed chiefly by the River Mincio descending from the Tyrol. Its upper portion is surrounded by the lofty range of Alps, and its sides are bold and precipitous, though the shores of the lower portion are less elevated, being cultivated in lemon-tree plantations, and covered with picturesque villages. The waters are deep, of a marine blue, and dotted with sail and row-boats, which make them always a charming picture for the eye. The lake abounds in fish—trout, pike, tench, eel, carp, herring, etc., but no perch. Its only outlet is the Mincio, at Peschiera. The lofty Alpine background visible from Peschiera, as indeed from any point on the great plain of Lombardy, is a never-ending feature of sublimity in the landscape.

In close proximity to Peschiera lies Brescia, a prosperous town of 40,000 inhabitants, famous in military annals. It was anciently celebrated equally for its fortifications, the valor of its citizens, and the excellence of its manufactured arms and weapons. Its sieges in the past were many, and the memory of Arnaldo, its heroic defender, is still preserved green. Gaston de Foix, at the head of a French army, captured it. Amongst the French chivalry that attacked the city was the celebrated Bayard, "Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche," who received a wound at first thought fatal. From this "knight without fear and without reproach," our Bayard family of Delaware traces its descent. On receiving his wound, according to the chroniclers of his courtly deeds, he was placed by two archers upon a door torn from its hinges, and carried to the best-looking house at hand. Its owner was a rich gentleman, who had fled to a monastery; but his wife and two fair daughters had remained at home, and were hid in a hay-loft under the hay. The mother, when she heard the knocking at the wicket, opened it in fear and trembling; and Bayard, notwithstanding his own great pain, observing her piteous agony, placed sentinels at the gate, and ordered them to prohibit all entrance, well knowing that his name was a defense. He then assured the noble lady of protection against the prey-seeking soldiery, inquired into her condition, and dispatching some archers to her husband's relief, received him courteously and entreated him to believe that he lodged none other than a friend. His wound confined him for five weeks, nor was it closed when he remounted his horse and joined the army.

Before his departure the lady of the house, still considering herself and her family as prisoners, and her mansion and whole property as the lawful prize of her guest (in strict accordance with the barbarous war customs then prevailing), yet perceiving his gentleness of demeanor, thought to prevail upon him to compound for a moderate ransom, and having placed 2,500 ducats in a casket, she besought his acceptance of it on her knees. Bayard raised her at the moment, seated her beside himself, and inquired the sum. He then assured her that had it been 100,000, it would not have gratified him so much as the good cheer which he had tasted under her roof. At first he refused to take them, but upon her earnestly and heartily pressing him, he requested permission to bid adieu to her daughters. The damsels had tenderly nursed him, and when they entered the room they thanked him with deep gratitude as the guardian of their honor. Touched by their gentleness and humility, Bayard answered: "Fair maidens, you are doing that which it is rather my part to do—to thank you for the good company you have afforded me. You know that we knight adventurers are ill-provided with goodly toys for ladies' eyes; but your lady mother here has given me 2,500 ducats, which lie on that table, and I present each of you with 1,000 in aid of your marriage portions. For my recompense I ask no more than that you will be pleased to pray God for my welfare." He then put the ducats in their aprons, and turning to the lady of the house, said: "The remaining 500 ducats I take, madam, to my own use; and I request you to distribute them among the poor nuns who have been pillaged—and herewith I take my leave."

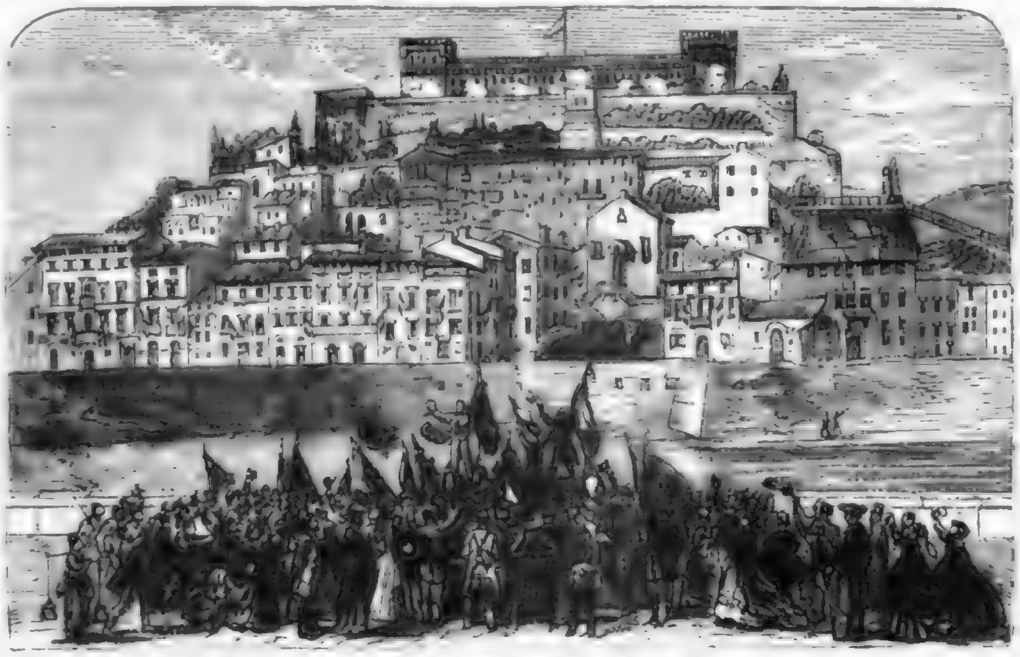
After having dined, as he was leaving the house to mount his horse the two fair maidens met him, each bearing a little offering which she had worked during his illness; one consisted of two rich bracelets, woven with marvelous delicacy from her own beautiful hair and fine gold and silver threads; the other was a crimson satin purse, embroidered with much skill. The brave knight thanked them for this last courtesy, saying that such presents from hands so lovely were worth ten thousand dollars; then, gallantly fastening the bracelets on his arms and the purse on his sleeve, he vowed to wear them both, for the honor of their fair donors, while his life endured, mounted and rode away.

The Brescian renown for military spirit and bravery was invariably manifested during the recent wars for Italian independence; at the first opportunity the Brescians always rose up against the Austrian troops garrisoned in their city. On all sides are seen traces of the havoc committed by cannon on its public edifices and palaces. The city has a few relics and monuments of the Roman era, and its churches, palaces and galleries of paintings are worthy of inspection.

Midway between Brescia and Milan, but a little to the north, stands Bergamo, once a fortress, but now purely a commercial town of 30,000 inhabitants. Harlequin, according to the traditional cast of the ancient Italian drama, was a Bergamese, and the personification of the manners, accent and dialect of the people of his native town. Harlequin has made the tour of the world, and there are very few children even of this age and country who are not personally acquainted with him. Let them be thankful for this to Bergamo. Donizetti, the operatic composer, was born in it, and now enjoys the honor of a fine monument in the most prominent part of the corporate limits.

The most populous, enterprising and wealthy of the Lombard cities is Milan. Its cathedral is famous the world over, equally with St. Mark's Church at Venice. Truly it is a superb structure, of the Gothic order; its fretted steeples can be seen for many miles in the plain around. It seems to have been wonderfully contrived to bury millions of money in ornaments which can never be seen. Whole quarries of marble have been manufactured here into statues, relievos, niches and notches, and high sculpture has been squandered on objects which vanish individually in the mass. The design is extravagant, but it is irresistibly extravagant—a Gothic church fronted with quadrangular doors and windows! In this splendid, literally shining cathedral, there is yet a solemnity which would certainly seem to be favorable for meditation and devotion. It holds the tomb of St. Charles Borromeo, the patron saint of Milan.

In the medieval museum at Monza, a village near Milan, is still preserved the "Iron Crown" with which formerly the old German emperors were crowned; it has been since used at the coronation of the two last Emperors of Austria, and is now part of the royal insignia of King Humbert, though he was not crowned with it when he ascended the throne on January 9th, 1878. The thin plate or fillet of iron which lines the diadem, and whence the crown derives its name, is supposed to have been hammered from one of the nails employed at the Crucifixion. The workmanship of the outer crown, which is of gold, with enameled flowers, is plain but very peculiar. It is a curiosity that especially draws many American and



VIEW OF VERONA FROM THE RIVER.

English tourists to visit Monza.

About ten miles from Milan is Lodi, a town of twenty thousand population, and of a special Napoleonic fame. It was here that, when first encountering the Austrians, the young General Bonaparte, afterward Napoleon I., on seeing his soldiers hesitate to cross the bridge over the River Ticino under a withering fire of the enemy, seized a French flag, and, rushing to the head of his columns, cheered the men and dashed with them across the bridge—by that act completely routing his adversaries. The French soldiers were so enthused by his timely daring, that, after the fight, they called a meeting and unanimously elected him to hold the honorary and ex-officio grade of "Little Corporal" in their ranks—whence the *sobriquet* stuck to him until his ever-increasing fame rendered such a title too much of a familiarity, when it was merged into "l'Empereur," pure and simple.

DANTE.

Cremona, on the River Po, about halfway between Milan and Mantua, is on a footing of equality with her neighboring sisters in the matter of antiquity. It had in the Middle Ages its own popular and princely rulers, and, as a general thing, was at war with Brescia, Piacenza, and especially Milan. It is now a thriving place of forty thousand inhabitants. It was once celebrated for the manufacture of musical instruments, particularly fiddles. The business was hereditary in families. The remote ancestors of Amati, the most renowned of these modern makers, who flourished a hundred and fifty years ago, had supplied Charles IX. of France with excellent lutes and violins. The instruments of the last Amati are still in great repute, and fetch high prices. He was succeeded in reputation by Stradivarius; and all the world around us, even in this present unmusical period, has heard of a "Stradivarius" fiddle, and of its inestimable value, granting that no one has ever seen such an instrument—that is, to swear to. There are so many that are called the "only genuine" ones handed around in every country! At present, Cremona is noted for its mustard—a special brand—and a truly good article it is.

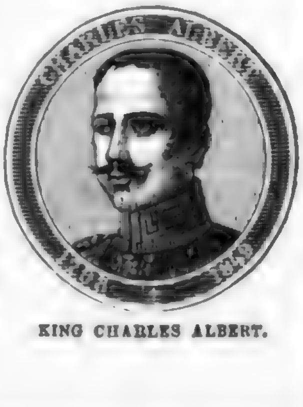
JULES ROMAIN

GIULIO ROMANO.

Although nominally a Venetian town, being only twenty miles from Venice, Padua may be set down as belonging to the rich Lombard plain. If we are to put implicit trust in tradition, it is very antique, for its foundation was attributed to Antenor by the Romans themselves. Padua has several curiosities. Its café Pedrocchi, the best, is celebrated all over Italy. The city claims the honor of having invented striking clocks. But these and other local items have not made its name known to Anglo-Americans so much as Shakespeare's pages, upon which it plays no unimportant *rôle*. Its University was renowned as early as 1221, when Frederick II., of the Holy Roman Empire, commanded the students of Bologna to forsake that city, which had incurred his imperial displeasure, and to resort to the city of Antenor. At first, the Paduan University was pre-eminent in law—afterward both in law and medicine. Baldus and Morgagni are still occasionally referred to by learned doctors and lawyers everywhere. At the top of the staircase in the building is a statue of Miss Helen Lucretia Piscopia, a lady who spoke Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish and French, "with fluency"; was, besides, a poetess, musician, a writer of mathematical and astronomical dissertations, and laureated with a doctor's degree of the University — which she so richly deserved. She died at forty-eight, unmarried, having refused many advantageous offers in order to pursue her studies. She was the first Vassar girl. Padua also boasts of having started the earliest anatomical theatre and botanic garden—so her fame should be dear to the cultivators of science. Galileo was professor of mathematics for upward of ten years in the University.

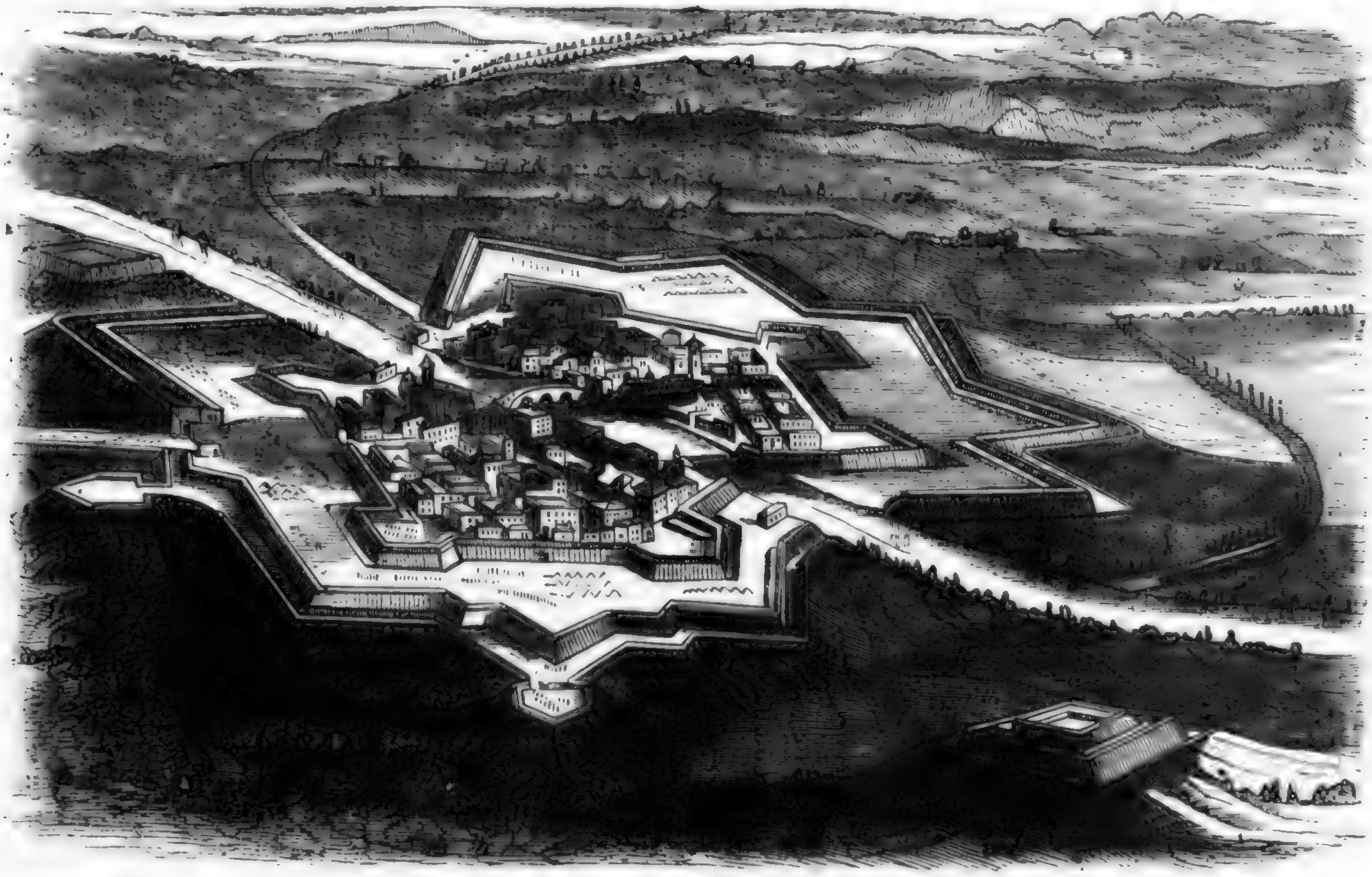
There is no use in any one being irreverent toward a city which is gifted with all these authentic claims to our admiration—the present must be grateful to the past, with which it is one and inseparable, indissolubly linked. The fine old houses, churches and palaces, filled with paintings, quaint arcades, etc., are highly curious.

In the vicinity, at Arqua, Petrarch was born, though early taken to Padua. The most reliable portrait of him now in existence, which was painted upon the walls of the house in which he dwelt, is over the door of one of the rooms in the bishop's palace. Petrarch, the greatest of the Italian lyric poets, was a roamer of his native land. He was reared as a young man at Avignon, in the South of



KING CHARLES ALBERT.

France. It was while there that he is credited with having first met the fair "Laura," in the person of a young lady of the locality, and whom he idealized and immortalized in his melodious verse later on. To judge from his passionate strains, moods and underscored compliments, he must have been very much in love with this young lady at one time of his life; indeed, he kept her photograph stored away in his memory at a time when most people have knocked off love-making—swapped it for the kitchen. He never married, but told his love in this extravagant versification. Some say he made a mistake, and that "Laura" would have made him a first-class wife. Others, and they pass for being the best judges in the case, opine that "Laura" was only his beau ideal of what a woman ought to be. He was the friend of the tribune Rienzi, and was crowned poet laureate in the Capitol at Rome, which was an honor even during the Middle Ages. One of his merits was the influence he exerted over his friend and companion, Boccaccio, the author of the "Decameron," in inducing him to reform his life and style of novel-writing.



AMONG LOMBARD CITIES.—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF LEGNAGO.

Boccaccio was born of Tuscan parents, while they were temporarily sojourning at Paris. In early life he studied for the priesthood, but later abandoned that career, and passed many years in dissipation, until the healthy influence of Petrarch was brought to bear upon him. At last he took the ecclesiastical habit, and retired from all worldly pleasures. He is classed alongside of the Italian classics, ranking with Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto and Tasso.

THE STROLLERS.

"I SUPPOSE you have no theatre in this herring-curing metropolis of yours?" I inquired of my landlady.

"Gude save us," she gasped, surprised into her broadest Scotch accent by the suddenness of such a heathenish question; "is it a playhouse you're speering after? The Lord be thankit, no," and her porcupine piety bristled into arms at once; "tho' I maun say," she continued, "the more shame for our Provost to allow sic an abomination, there's a handful o' ne'er-do-weel mountebanks come to the ither end o' the town."

"A company of strollers, doubtless," I said.

"Strolling traps for heedless souls, as our gude minister, the Rev. Hamish McCant, said fra his ain pulpit o' Sabbath last, when speaking o' the ne'er-do-weel sinners; and he gar us to watch and pray and tak heed o' the new pest o' sin that had broken in amang us, and denounced them and their playhouse tricks as an abomination."

With this piece of second-hand pulpit eloquence she swept the remains of my dinner from the table, and sailed out of the room like a saintly ship ballasted with tons of morality, and fanned with the breeze of religion. So, thought I, at the approach of these poor strollers, this goodly pastor, like a frightened hen with ruffled feathers, gathers his pious brood under his spiritual wing and cackles forth an anathema on the heads of these people, denouncing them as sinful in themselves, sinful in their profession. Consulting my watch, I found it past seven o'clock, so I put on my hat and went in search of this temple of "abomination."

Presently I found myself laboring up a narrow, hilly lane, on the top of which was located the object of my search—the hall where the strollers had taken refuge. As I glanced at it through the fog which enshrouded it, I saw by the aid of two feebly glimmering, ghost-like lamps, a peculiarly constructed building standing by itself, girded round with rusty railings. The diamond-paned windows were set in half-arched frames of curiously sculptured stone, giving the place a sort of religious appearance. I saw, by a limp playbill half hanging from the wall, "Macbeth" was the piece chosen for that night, and furthermore, was set forth in lesser and more blotted type, as if weeping with tears for the conscious deception, "*With a powerful cast.*"

Such an inducement, to say nothing of the Scotch mist, which was rapidly melting into raindrops, was not to be resisted ; so I paid my money, and entered the hall. I found the orchestra consisted of a raised piano, at which was seated a lady of what the Scotch would call a "sonsey" build. She was not a bad player, but possessed an evident determination to make the labor worthy of the hire, for she rattled at the instrument in such a racehorse style, and kept it in such a constant state of palpitation, that if the poor thing had been troubled with heart disease it must have dropped down dead before she had got through half a set of quadrilles. The place was nicely fitted up with a raised stage, a good clean frontage, gas-footlights, and all the requirements of a model miniature theatre. The first scene was an infant-looking landscape, answering the double purpose of curtain and act-drop. There was a patchy blue sky, with here and there a tendency to be feverish. In one place it became so flushed that it seemed to have broken out in a kind of sunset rash. The foliage was well painted, and hung like a reproachful touch of nature over a distracted river, which, foaming and splashing very wide in the foreground, then suddenly collapsing in the midst of its whitewashed fury, melted into a thin streak, that, winding, lost itself amidst a crowd of hills shaped like dumpy pyramids.

A bell rang, and the "curtain" rose, discovering the "Weird Sisters" on the borders of the blasted heath, impervious of course to rain, unscathed by lightning, undaunted by peals of thunder roaring loudly from a sheet of iron. We passed from darkness and storm to light and calm, which brought forth *King Duncan* and his court, the latter consisting of *Malcolm*, his son, and a confidential friend of the *King's*, with a swing leg, who knew his business thoroughly, and proved a splendid listener to the garrulous old monarch.

The loyal salutation of "God save the King" brought *Macduff* before the audience. The moment he appeared, *Malcolm* evinced the greatest interest in his dress, and seemed to fidget nervously with the folds of his seedy plaid. The faithful listener actually forsook his allegiance, and turned his back on his loquacious old patron. *Duncan* impulsively met the thane with outstretched hands, and muttered, in the only natural tone he had used during the scene: "Cheer up, old fellow ;" then, suddenly remembering himself, looked confused, thoughtlessly rubbed his head with his finger, pulled his wig one way, toppled his crown the other, struck a regal attitude, and looked as if his Majesty had partaken of more wine than was good for his ancient constitution. *Macduff*, heedless of the interest his appearance caused among his brothers of the sock and buskin, spoke his speeches in a rambling and abstracted manner, so much so that the renegade listener withdrew himself from his fixed perusal of vacancy, and cast a pitying look on the thane in question, so far forgetting himself that at the end of the scene he absolutely jostled the *King* out of his way, and marched off before him.

In the next scene a trumpet call, given with peculiar effect on the piano, again brought *Macduff* before us, speaking more abstractedly than ever, but with this difference—he appeared in such a hurry to get over what he had to say that he galloped forth the lines as if he had gripped his author between his teeth, and fairly bolted with him. At last the scene is arrived where the news is brought to *Macduff* that his wife and children are slain. This scene, I need scarcely say, is one of the gems of the play, and with the prospect of such a *Macduff* before me, I felt inclined to go out till it was over. But whilst I was hesitating the scene had begun, and to my surprise the gentleman in question had recovered his self-possession, speaking in such a firm and steady manner that I looked instinctively to see if it was the same man. All doubt being settled on that point, I gave my whole attention to the play.

In due time *Rosse* brought the mournful tidings, which were received by *Macduff*, not in the usual way, with a stamp of the foot, a gasp, a gurgle, a windmill motion of the hands, a crash on the actor's self-devoted head, as though the sails of the windmill had found the wind too rough, and collapsed accordingly—no, he seemed stunned, rooted to the spot, as if life were slowly leaving him. When the messenger had delivered the dread news there came a pause, in which the poor thane seemed fully to realize the foul massacre ; and then, with the terrible intensity of a strong man's grief, he buried his face in the folds of his plaid, his whole frame quivering with inward emotion, and his deep sobs wrestling with an iron will. So natural was the man, so free from stagey boisterous grief, that I was astounded to find him in such a place. When the play was over I penciled on my card a wish to see him, and having dispatched it, I went to wait for him at the address given. In a short time I was inquired for, and on the inquirer entering the room, I thought my messenger must have made some mistake ; the man before me was so unlike the person I wished to see.

"I am not the gentleman you expected," he hastened to explain ; "I merely bear his excuses for not being able to accept your invitation."

I bade him be seated, and said: "I thought you were not the gentleman."

"Oh, no, sir," he replied, "I played *Banquo* ; not much acting in *Banquo*, sir."

I differed in my own mind, for I thought he had given us a little too much acting in *Banquo*. But I politely deferred to his opinion, and said, "I was sorry the other gentleman had not been able to come."

"Ah, Mr. Gay's a good actor, sir, but, poor fellow——"

"Rather peculiar and uncertain in his part, is he not ?" I interrupted.

"No wonder he was peculiar, sir, playing a part like *Macduff*, and his *only child lying dead at home.*"

"Good heavens !" I exclaimed, "is it possible ?"

"Fact, sir—couldn't be helped—opening night—short company—must do it or close, and that would have ruined us."

Here, then, was the key to all the poor fellow's abstractedness at the beginning of the play. He had just left the bedside where his darling child had breathed its last, and, with the gloom of the grave around him, had dressed for a mimic scene of woe, to weep false tears for another's slaughtered children, and his own darling pet lying dead at home. God help him !

That night, in the dimly lighted room where death had entered, two forms by sorrow twined in one knelt by the breathless image of themselves. Into the long, long night they wept and prayed. Pray on, poor stricken ones. Peep through the curtain, pious bigotry, and blush for the ostentatious lie against these people.

THE UMBRELLA ANT OF BRAZIL.

The umbrella ant of Brazil thatches its house with circular bits of leaf cut with accurate precision from coffee and orange trees, which they oftentimes defoliate to carry out their bold architectural designs, their mansions being sometimes forty or fifty yards in circumference, though only two feet in height. This enterprising tribe of the little people are wont to carry each other a piece of leaf in an upright position, apparently utilizing their burden as an umbrella or parasol to shield themselves from the burning heat of the tropical sun. When numbers of these wondrous ants walk in procession with their little umbrellas, a very grotesque effect is produced.

I have conversed with a gentleman who graphically described these ants at work upon their umbrellas. In their preparation they observe a division of labor. While some of the little workers are in the trees cutting the little circles from the leaves, their companions are below waiting for the tiny umbrellas to fall, that they may pick them up and carry them to their homes. These little people are civil engineers as well as architects, excavating as they do a tunnel under wide and rapid rivers as broad as the Thames at London Bridge, their triumphs of engineering skill having been executed long before such subfluvial thoroughfares were even heard of by the human family.

JAPANESE CHILDREN.

The Japanese children have to endure hardships from heir birtth. In their tiny houses are no bright, cheerful fires, no easychairs, no well-spread tables, around which the family gather and hold sweet converse. You must stoop to enter the ordinary houses, and their rooms are not much larger than closets. A part of the floor is covered with mats, on which they sit and sleep. A block of wood four inches high, hollowed a little at the top, answers as a pillow. Sometimes it has stuffing on top an inch thick, over which a clean piece of paper is spread each time it is used, to save any needful washing. The head, poised on this pillow, prevents the disarrangement of the hair, so that it need not be combed more than once or twice in a week. But the poor babies' and little children's heads are shaved entirely, or have from one to five tufts of hair left on the top over each ear, and on the back. I have seen little babies with heads entirely shaven and uncovered on the coldest day, while the mother or person on whose back it was carried had the face and head covered, only the eyes and nose visible. Dr. Hepburn says, "Only very strong babies survive their infancy."

Japanese houses have only paper windows; they have no stoves or grates, but a little box from one to two feet square, with some coals in the centre, is all they have for warmth or cooking. Two or three cups, as many plates, a teapot, a kettle and some boxes to hold their clothing, complete their furniture. All the houses I have seen are very clean, which is their only appearance of comfort.

Little children are often made to take care of the baby. A very common sight is a little boy or girl, from five to twelve years old, playing with a kite, with a baby strapped on their backs, fast asleep, but sometimes crying. In the latter case they only say, "Be quiet," and go on with their play. But Japanese children seldom cry or quarrel, and are very obedient to parents and teachers.

THE ALARM-BELL OF ATRI.

By Henry W. Longfellow.

At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown—
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may"—
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space,
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the King,
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How happily the days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unraveled at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts—
Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall;
And, day by day, sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear?
Let him go feed upon the public ways;
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadowless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

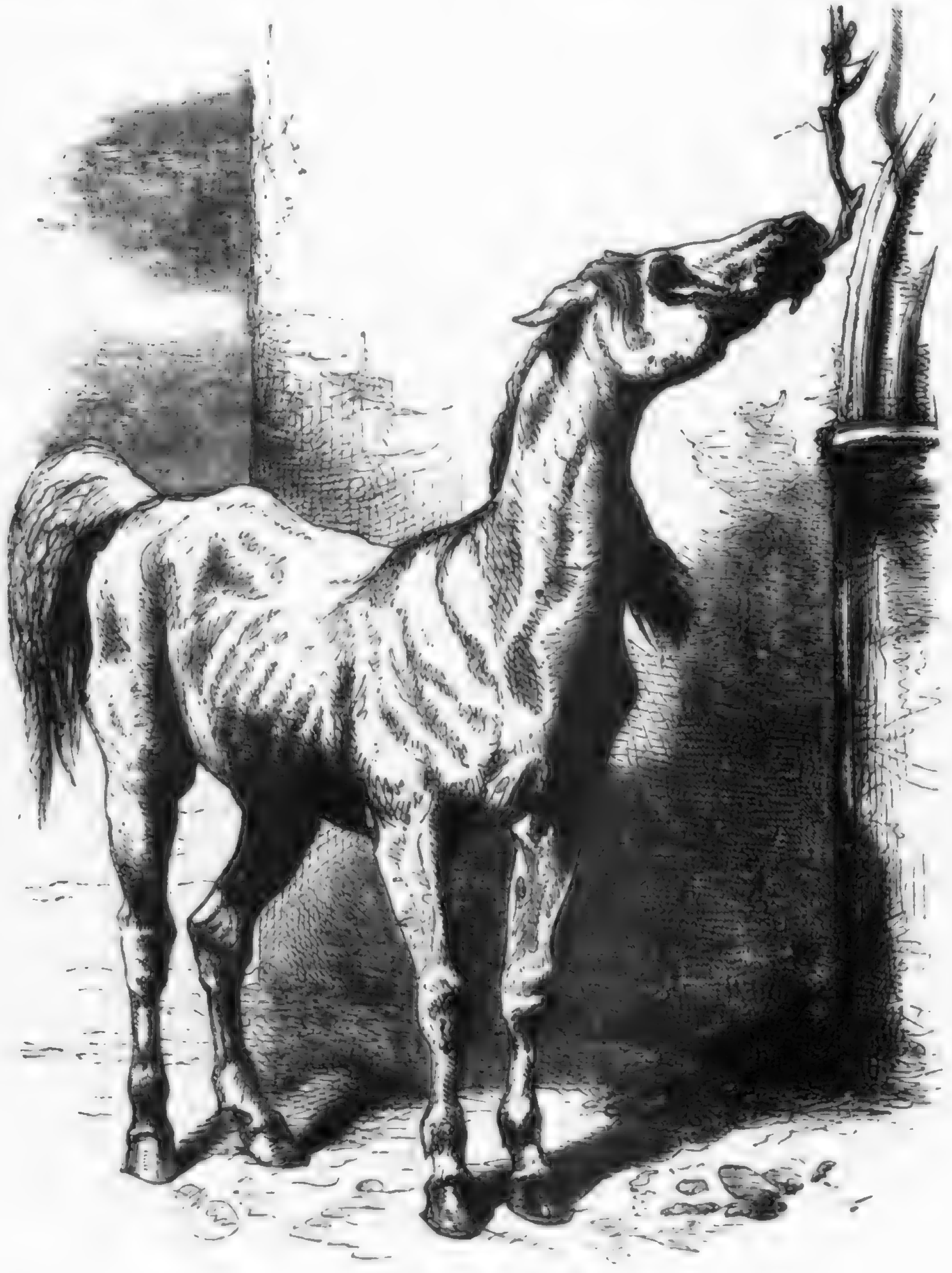
One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the Summer-time,
With bolted doors, and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarum of the accusing bell!
The Syndic started from his sweet repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and, with reluctant pace,
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung,
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song:
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade,
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form, of woman born.
But a poor steed, dejected and forlorn,
Who, with uplifted head and eager eye,
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
"Domeneddio!" cried the Syndic straight
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!

He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together, like a Summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The Knight was called and questioned; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;

Of flowers of chivalry, and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees, that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

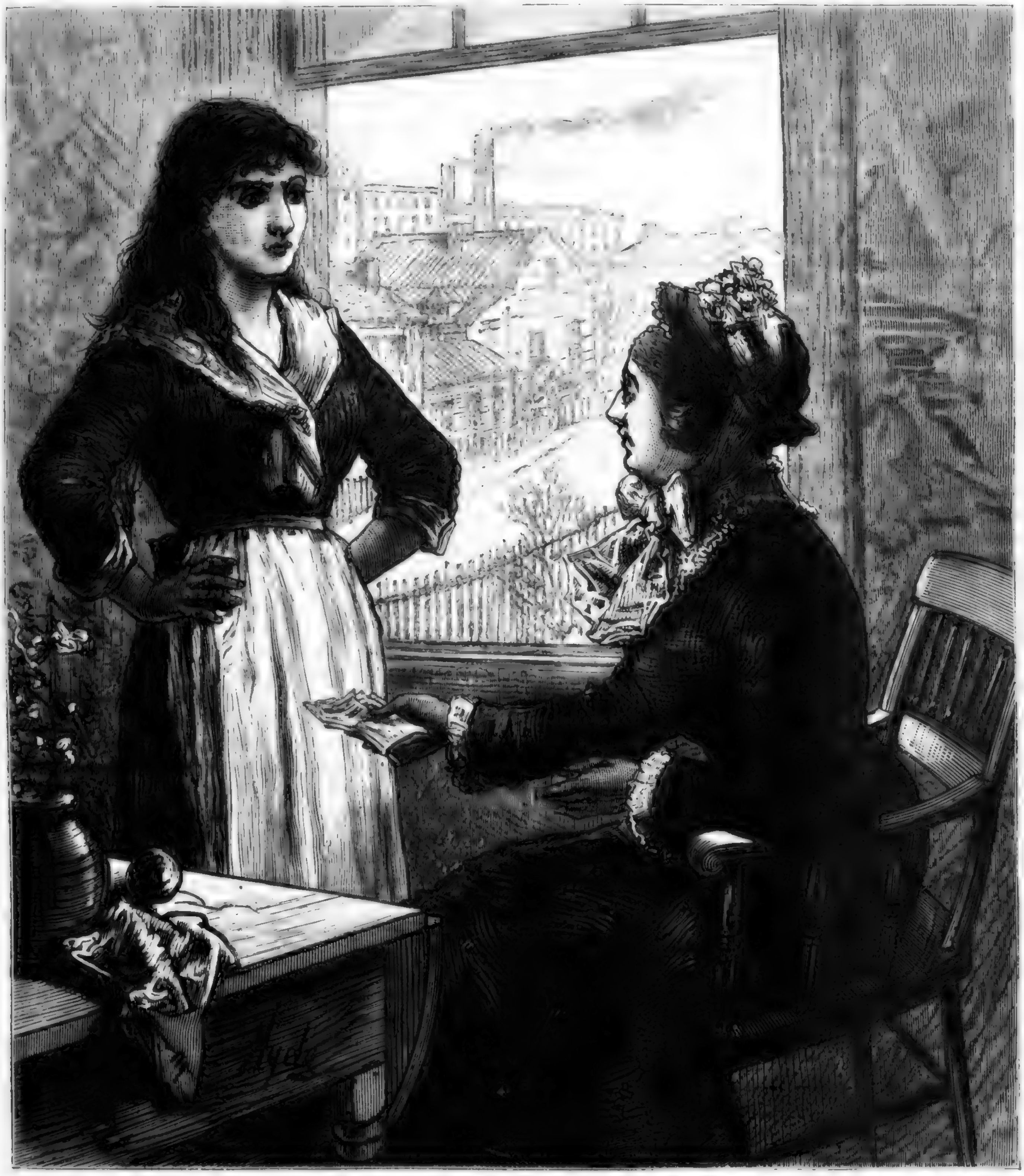


THE ALARM-BELL OF ATRI.

Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King; then said:
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;
Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds,

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door,
But go not in to mass; my bell doth more:
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."



A LATE REMORSE.—"MRS. ALDERLY DREW AN ENVELOPE FROM HER POCKET, AND TOOK OUT THREE BANK-NOTES. MADGE PERCEIVED THAT EACH WAS FOR A HUNDRED DOLLARS. SHE SNATCHED HER HAND AWAY AS MRS. ALDERLY TRIED TO PUT THE PACKAGE IN IT. 'I WON'T TOUCH THEM!' SHE CRIED. 'DO YOU THINK I'M TO BE BOUGHT?'"

A LATE REMORSE.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Part I.—Chapter XIV.

Kenneth Alderly spent a portion of his sleepless night in writing a long letter to Elinor Stuart. He gave the imperative reasons which occasioned his departure. He begged her to forgive him if he had seemed harsh or unjust; he told her how great his trust and confidence were; reiterated in passionate language the story of his love, and dwelt with satisfaction on the assurance that his mother would be with her before the day ended—his mother, who was prepared to offer her the affection due a daughter.

It was almost daylight when he went to bed. He slept for a few hours, then rose and began to dress. He had meant implicitly to obey his mother—to go without trying to see Elinor—but he could not; he must at least endeavor to get a glimpse of her. Even the sight of the little cottage where she dwelt would be a comfort in the hurry of vague apprehension which beset him, now that the moment for starting on his journey was so near.

But he found that he must deny himself even this consolation. Before he had completed his toilet, one of the servants knocked at his door, with the information that Mr. Gresham had just learned there had been a change in the time of the morning express—it would reach the station a full hour earlier than hitherto—Mr. Alderly had no time to lose.

Kenneth went down-stairs, and found his host and hostess awaiting him. Florence Denham was there also, and she told him that his mother wanted him to come to her room as soon as he had breakfasted—she had risen too late to be able to dress and share that meal with the others.

"You must not be long, Kenneth," observed Mr. Gresham, as the young man left the table, after making a vain attempt to eat. "The carriage will be at the door in a moment. Florence, won't you drive with us? Though I am afraid I shall have to leave you to drive back alone, unless Anne accompanies us. I must go to my office from the station."

But Miss Gresham objected to her brother's proposal for herself, on the ground that it would not seem courteous to leave Miss Alderly to breakfast in solitude.

"I'll come, if you will take me to the mills afterward," Florence said. "I remember going once, and the noise and machinery frightened me half to death."

"Well, that's an odd reason for wanting to visit them again," said Miss Gresham, and her brother laughed.

"But you see, I like to be frightened," returned Florence, laughing, too. "Will you take me?" she added to her step-father.

"Oh, yes! Get on your hat, and bring a big bottle of smelling-salts, in case you feel inclined to faint," he replied, teasingly.

In the meantime, Kenneth had gone up-stairs. He had left his letter to Elinor lying on his table; he went first to get that, and then hastened on to his mother's room. Mrs. Alderly had risen and put on a dressing-gown to receive him.

"It seems I must be off at once," he said, as he embraced her.

"You will telegraph me as soon as you arrive?" she said—with her usual quick perception noticing the letter he held in his hand. "Have you written to her?" she inquired.

"Yes. I could not go without doing that."

"Of course not. Leave the letter with me; I will send it down, with a line from myself to ask when she will be at leisure to receive me."

"You darling mother!" he exclaimed. "And, oh, mother, mother! you will do everything in your power for me—you——"

"My son knows that his honor and his happiness are safe in my hands," she interrupted, tenderly embracing him.

Their adieux were hastily uttered, and Kenneth hurried away, finding Florence and Mr. Gresham already seated in the carriage. His cousin's presence was a disappointment to Kenneth. He had meant during the drive to tell his friend his secret; he hesitated to do so before Florence, preferring that his mother should give her the news. He had only time to draw Mr. Gresham aside to say something which had just occurred to his mind.

"I shall be back before that rascal gets his face cured," he said; "so nobody can suppose I ran off to escape any possible consequences."

"Of course not! But you won't hear anything more from the fellow; he could gain nothing by a law-suit, because he assaulted you. By-the-way, you didn't tell me what caused the trouble—your mother's coming put it out of my head."

The whistle sounded, and the train appeared in sight, so Kenneth was spared the necessity of answering. It seemed to Mr. Gresham that he observed the same slight constraint in the manner of the two cousins as they said good-by, which he had noticed the night before.

The train made only a brief halt, then whirled on, carrying Kenneth with it, so much encouraged and strengthened by his mother's parting words that he could begin to think how brief his absence would be, and to dream of the future with the eager enthusiasm which belonged to his age.

Mr. Gresham and Florence drove away to the mills; he was glad of this opportunity to have her to himself, and once in his office, they sat talking so pleasantly and so long that he somewhat neglected his correspondence, and the inspection of the establishment had to be deferred until another occasion.

Mrs. Alderly appeared below-stairs, and rendered herself so charming that she put the shy spinster at her ease, though conscious of a certain repulsion toward the elegant lady, which made her feel rather guilty. Mr. Gresham was not a man to complain of his wrongs; his sister had never lived with him until after his wife's death, and knew very little concerning the part which Mrs. Alderly had played in his troubles.

That astute personage wanted to hear what the spinster had to say of Elinor Stuart—to find out Mr. Gresham's opinion in regard to the girl—but it did not suit her purpose to admit that she had even heard Miss Stuart's name, since, of course, that must have happened through Kenneth. She began inquiring about the work-people; what opportunities their children had for education; and, of course, that brought Miss Gresham at once to a mention of Miss Stuart. Then, in the midst of her eulogiums, up came the remembrance of the story which had pained the good soul so sorely, and in her trouble it was not difficult for Mrs. Alderly to draw it from her, Kenneth's part included.

Mrs. Alderly was kind and sympathetic, but she managed to impress the spinster with a fear that the girl had done wrong; not intentionally, but she ought to have remembered in her unprotected position how necessary it was for her to exercise great caution. Any association with a person like the man Hudson was very inexcusable; to receive visits from one in Kenneth Alderly's rank was certain to lay her open to gossip.

Mrs. Alderly recommended Miss Anne to say nothing whatever to her brother; very likely he would learn nothing about the matter, and that would be best. Then beginning to find the spinster's society somewhat insipid, she pleaded important letters to write, and went into the library for that purpose. But before Florence and Mr. Gresham returned, poor Miss Anne had heard of the encounter between Kenneth and Will Hudson, and grew more troubled than ever. To indulge in a little weeping fit was unavoidable, and while on the way to her room she met Mrs. Alderly, who was at no loss to divine the cause of her distress, alleging that her maid had just informed her of the circumstance.

"And now, you see, my brother must hear," the spinster said, disconsolately.

"I mean to tell him, myself," Mrs. Alderly replied.

"He is so strict—so severe about certain things," sighed Miss Anne. "Oh, I hope he will not blame that poor girl. I must go and see her; I am so sorry."

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"My dear Miss Anne," said her guest, in her most persuasive tones, "I want you to be guided by me in this matter; I have a plan in my mind which I think will settle it all. Will you wait? take no step whatever, until I have tried?"

The spinster, always glad to avoid responsibility, readily consented, trusting to Mrs. Alderly's assurance that Miss Stuart should be made to understand that her apparent momentary neglect did not arise from any harsh judgment in regard to her conduct.

Florence came back delighted with her morning, and in such high spirits that Mrs. Alderly chafed to perceive that Kenneth's departure had caused her such slight disappointment; but she showed nothing of this in her manner, and seemed as much diverted as Mr. Gresham by the girl's merry chatter.

At luncheon he chanced to remark that he did not know how Florence was to amuse herself; their quiet circle of acquaintance included so few young people; and in this connection he mentioned Miss Stuart, appealing to his sister in testimony of the young lady's talents and charming manners, to the spinster's utter dismay. But Mrs. Alderly's glance of caution kept her from betraying her confusion as she would otherwise have done, and that lady herself listened to Mr. Gresham's praises of the schoolmistress with an appearance of polite interest.

Mr. Gresham was obliged to go that afternoon to visit a farm he owned some miles distant, and he proposed that the ladies should drive with him; but Mrs. Alderly feared that she could not endure the fatigue so soon after her journey.

"Then you and I might go on horseback, Florence?" Mr. Gresham suggested. "I know you like that, and I have a pretty little mare, whose paces will suit you."

"That will do, nicely," Mrs. Alderly said, after Florence had given a delighted assent; "and Miss Anne and I can take a sober airing in the neighborhood, if we feel inclined."

Not long after the pair had started, Mrs. Alderly begged her hostess to order the carriage, but explained with elaborate courtesy that she wished to drive alone.

"I will come back for you later," she said. "I am going to the village to see the cousin of that man Hudson, as you say she is at his house."

"Oh, she is such a violent creature! I really should advise you not to do it," the spinster cried, in alarm. "She is capable of being very rude and impertinent."

Mrs. Alderly smiled a scornful disbelief of the possibility of the girl's venturing to be rude to her, and reiterated her determination.

Miss Anne saw her depart with a wonder at her courage, and a sense of relief in the idea that the resolute lady meant in some fashion to set matters right for poor Elinor Stuart.

Will Hudson's aunt happened to be standing on the porch of her little cottage when the carriage drove up. She recognized it and knew who the lady seated therein must be, for of course the whole village was already aware of the arrival of Mr. Alderly's mother.

Mrs. Blackmore, in a fright, retreated as rapidly as the mass of flesh which weighed her down would permit, to tell Madge. She felt quite unequal to the emergency; but Madge would know what to do—Madge was never at a loss. She went up-stairs, and softly entered the darkened room where Will Hudson lay in bed, his wounded face covered with bandages. Madge was seated by his side, gazing fixedly at him, her fierce black eyes misty with pain. Mrs. Blackmore called her name in a wheezy whisper. Madge turned round with a warning gesture, but the fat woman made such appealing signs that she rose and went out into the hall.

"What do you want? He's asleep," she said, crossly, after she had noiselessly closed the door. "Why, you look as if lightning had struck you!"

"Wal, I feel so," returned Mrs. Blackmore. "I thought I'd ha' tumbled flat on the floor! Didn't you hear the kerridge? It's his mother, as sure as you're alive!"

"Whose mother?" demanded Madge, impatiently.

"Alderly's. And ain't she grand! I can't see her—I don't know how you'd want me to act——"

"Go and sit by Will," interrupted Madge, while a sudden storm of rage whitened her face. "I know how to act! I'll turn her out of the house—I'll tear her fine clothes off her back and stamp on her, if she doesn't go at a word!"

"Oh, Madge, you'll get into trouble—don't!" pleaded the woman in terror.

But Madge wrenched her gown loose from Mrs. Blackmore's grasp, saying:

"Do as I told you! Go in there, and mind you don't wake him."

She was gone. The fat woman crept into the sickroom, closed the door and sat down in the darkest corner, muffling her face in her apron and holding her hands over her ears, shaking from head to foot like some gigantic mold of jelly just ready to melt.

Mrs. Alderly had entered the house, and was standing in the narrow passage as Madge descended the stairs. She looked up and saw her. Her first emotion was one of wonder at the creature's beauty, as she flew recklessly down the precipitous steps, her dress disordered, her black hair partially loosened from the comb, so that it fell in heavy, curling masses over her shoulders. Then Mrs. Alderly saw the rage that hardened the girl's countenance and blazed in her eyes. She comprehended perfectly with what hostile intentions Madge was approaching her, but she felt no alarm.

She stepped quickly forward as Madge reached the bottom stair, caught her arm that was extended in a gesture of menace, and cried out, with a sob:

"Oh, my poor girl, how you have suffered! I am so sorry—so sorry. Great heavens! what a beautiful creature you are!"

The words were so unexpected that Madge stood dumb for an instant. The ring of sympathy in the trembling voice moved, even while it angered her; full of misery and wrath as she was, the tribute of admiration thrilled pleasantly across her boundless vanity. Then, too, though she would never admit it to herself, the tall, stately, figure arrayed in costly satin and lace, and the resolute eyes which gazed so fixedly into hers, so at variance in their composure with the tremulousness of the artfully tutored voice, impressed Madge with a sense of her own weakness and inferiority; something of the feeling she had with Hudson—that here she had met a will more powerful even than her own.

Before she could speak, or even recover herself sufficiently to think of resisting, Mrs. Alderly drew her down the passage, toward the door of a room which stood open.

"We can go in here," she said; "my poor child, I want to see you alone."

Madge strove to rouse herself; if she had not been too ignorant to express her exact emotions, she would have compared them to those of a person submitting to the influence of some powerful magnetizer. She tried to look away from those penetrating eyes; a quick, half-formed thought rising in her mind, that if she could do this she could assert her own volition—could pour out the tide of rage which surged hotly still under this medley of inexplicable feeling. But she could not free herself from that glance; her voice broke, and had more trouble than anger in it, as she answered, rude as her words were:

"I don't know what you want to see me at all for; you've nothing to say to me—what do you come here for?"

"Because I have a great deal to say to you," returned Mrs. Alderly.

Still holding her arm with one hand, and putting the other caressingly on her shoulder, she gently pushed Madge, only half consenting, into the room, followed and closed the door behind them.

"I didn't believe any human being could be so handsome!" she cried, as if uttering the words in spite of herself. "I had heard of your beauty, but I did not dream it could be so great."

Madge felt angry that the exclamation should please her; she was acute enough to grasp a confused idea that the lady meant to wheedle and cajole her; all the same, she could not resist the mingled effect upon her vanity, and the influence of those eyes, which never for a second released her from their sway.

"You're handsome enough yourself not to wonder at other folks," she said, fretfully; then her lips began to quiver, her features to work with passion, and she cried out: "I don't want to hear you—I don't want to look at you! I'd know you for his mother anywhere, and he's a'most killed my Will—yes, he has—curse him! and you, too, and all belonging to him!"

But still she could not yield to her passion with her usual headlong violence; she felt herself irresistibly restrained; was aware that if she could not overcome this spell upon her, she might easily interrupt her own ravings with a burst of tears.

"My poor girl, my poor girl," murmured Mrs. Alderly.

"I wish you'd go away!" moaned Madge. "What do you want here? Your son has done harm enough——"

"Will Hudson wouldn't feel like that," interrupted Mrs. Alderly. "It was a fair, stand-up contest; there's no shame to Will that he happened to get worsted."

"But what do you want of me?" retorted Madge. "That's what I don't understand."

"To tell you how much I sympathize with you; not only about this, but all you have suffered during these past months."

"How do you know?" demanded Madge. "But I don't care—I'm not ashamed. It's that Jezebel of a school-teacher that ought to be ashamed! She tried to make Will in love with her; he was just sort of dazed—but he found her out—he—— Here, do you want to know what he said to her?"

"I can guess."

"Can you?" retorted Madge, with a bitter laugh. "Well, you'll own it's a fine position for a girl that calls herself a lady to get into—to be told right before her gentleman lover that she'd been a common workman's miss, for all she tried to make believe that she'd always treated him like the dirt under her feet."

"But if you tell this, she will lose her place—people won't send their children to such a person's school," Mrs. Alderly said, deprecatingly.

"Do you think I mean to keep still? If you've come hoping to coax me to do that, you'd better go home, for you're wasting your time."

"What do I know about her?—what do I care about her?" returned Mrs. Alderly. "It is you I sympathize with—it is you that have borne the trouble; you did not cause it."

"No," said Madge, "and it was over! Oh, Will and me was to have been married in a week, and now, there he lies, all mangled and cut up—marked for life, maybe—and your son did it!"

"She did it, you mean! My son acted as any man would—he could do no less; when Will can talk, he will tell you so. But he'll soon be well; then you will be married and happy, unless she comes near you."

"She'd better not!" cried Madge. "Unless she wants that face of hers bruised worse than Will's, she'd better not!"

"That would do no good—only make Will sorry for her—only put you within the reach of the law. No, no; quiet means are the best. If people here believe that story about her, it would break up her school; she would have to go away at once. Dear me! a beautiful creature like you can do anything she likes with men—why, there'd be plenty ready actually to drive her out of the village, if you asked them to do it!"

"I hadn't had time to think," muttered Madge, an evil light kindling in her eyes. "I've only been thinking of Will—I felt as if I didn't want it to be known what had happened; but I see—I see!"

"I hope you will try to forgive her," said Mrs. Alderly. "If she went away from here in disgrace, it would ruin her."

"Oh!" ejaculated Madge, in a tone of sudden triumph. her face showed how hungrily she seized upon the new thought that had presented itself to her mind.

"But I did not come here to talk about her; it is better to forget her, if you can, my dear girl."

Madge laughed.

"It is you I am thinking of. I have been told the doctor says Will's injuries will soon be cured," continued Mrs. Alderly. "I wish you great happiness. I have brought you a present that I want you to accept."

She drew an envelope from her pocket, and took out three banknotes. Madge perceived that each was for a hundred dollars. She had never seen so large a sum in her life; she stood passive for an instant, then snatched her hand away as Mrs. Alderly tried to put the package in it.

"I won't touch them!" she cried. "Do you think I'm to be bought?"

"Why should I wish to buy you?" demanded Mrs. Alderly, coldly.

"You think I'll keep still—you—

"What is that to me?" returned Mrs. Alderly, again laying her hand caressingly on the girl's shoulder. "I am sorry for the trouble you have had—I want you to be happy with Will—I think you the handsomest creature I ever saw—so I offer you this little present for your wedding clothes."

Again she spread the notes out, and held them before Madge's eyes. The girl gazed at them in a fascinated way.

"Will wouldn't let me," she muttered.

"But you needn't tell Will, unless you choose," Mrs. Alderly said, with a little laugh.

"I'd have to—what would he think of my having so much money?" Madge answered, still with her eyes on the treasure.

"Tell him after you have spent what you need and put the rest out to interest," Mrs. Alderly said.

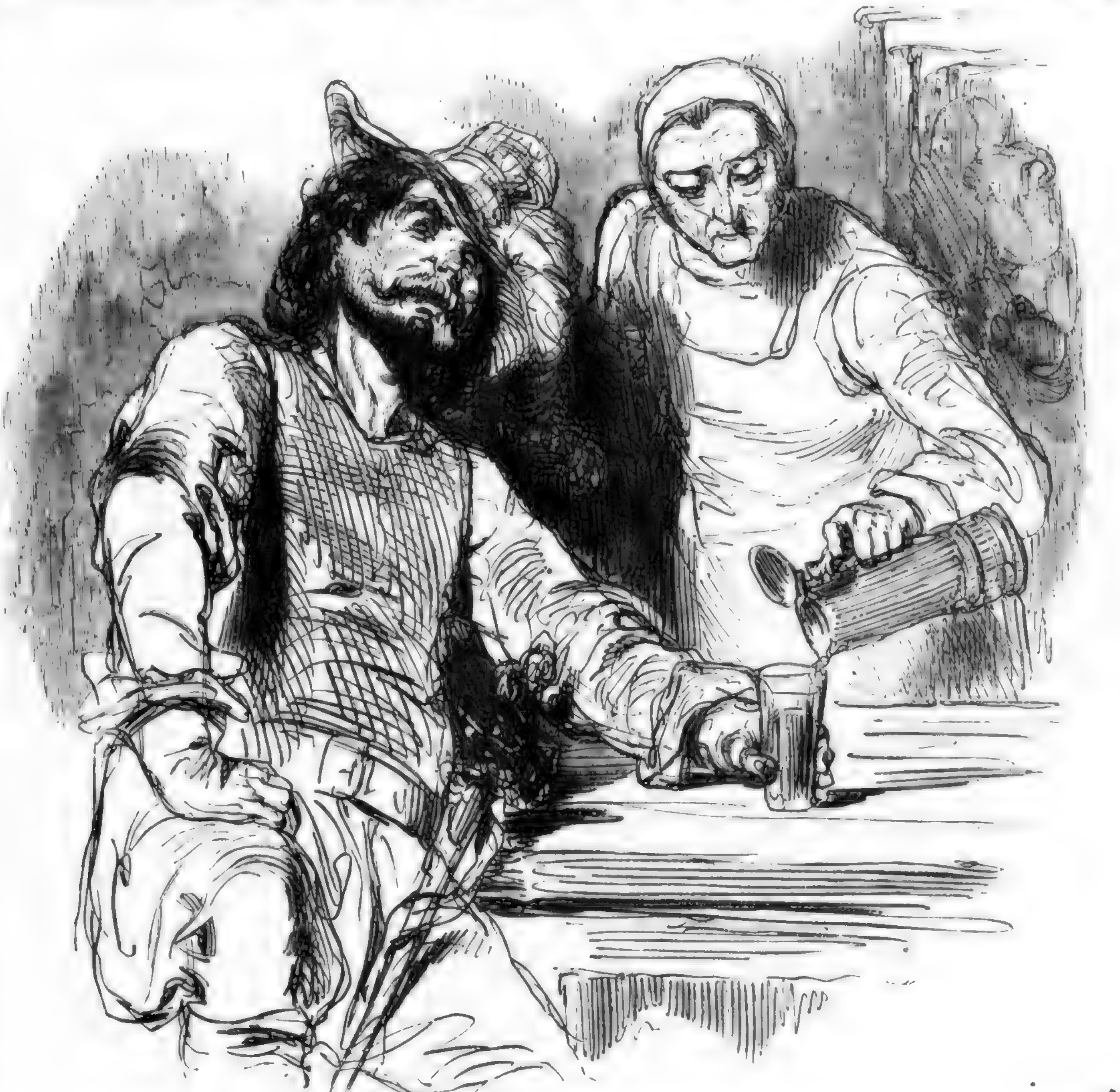
Once more she pressed the banknotes into Madge's hand, and this time the girl's fingers close over them.

"Now I must go," she said. "And I can't change you—you won't be made to feel that you had better let that Miss Stuart alone?"

"Take back your money, if that's what you want!" cried Madge.

"No, no; I did not hope to buy your silence; you are too proud for that. Ah, well, I can say no more; perhaps when you reflect you will think differently. Good-by now; I must go."

She passed so swiftly from the room that the door closed before the girl could move; she stood there, clutching the banknotes in her hand. But she was not thinking of the gift; she had forgotten even Will for the moment; she could remember nothing but the idea of vengeance which her visitor had suggested to her mind, and her own eagerness to accomplish it without delay.



A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.—A SKETCH BY GAVARNI.

Chapter XV.

Elinor Stuart had reached home more dead than alive after the encounter between her lover and Will Hudson, frightening her kind landlady almost out of her senses by her appearance. But Elinor gave no explanation, and went at once to her room. The widow felt confident that in some way Miss Stuart had become acquainted with the gossip in regard to herself, and the conviction filled her good heart to overflowing with sympathetic grief. But before the evening ended, she learned what had happened. Joanna, who had been sent out on an errand, returned after an inexplicable absence, and told her mistress that Mr. Alderly had nearly killed Will Hudson—so, then, Mrs. Mosely understood everything.

She was afraid to intrude on her lodger, yet she could not bear to go to bed without seeing her. There was no reason now for keeping her own interview with Miss Gresham a secret, and it might give the poor girl a little gleam of comfort to know how, in that important quarter, she was sympathized with and pitied.

She went up-stairs and knocked softly at the door, calling: "Please, please, my dear, let me come in for a minute."

"Come," Miss Stuart answered.

She was leaning back in an easy-chair, fearfully white, but perfectly quiet. She spoke in her usual gentle way; thanked her landlady for coming, but she needed nothing.

"Oh, I know all about it—I couldn't keep away. Oh, my dear, don't think me impertinent," sobbed the poor woman.

"I am not likely to do that," Elinor replied. "I thank you very much for your kindness, but I cannot talk to-night—I cannot!"

"No, no! Only I wanted to tell you something," returned Mrs. Mosely, as well as her sobs would permit her

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to speak. "I hope you won't think I did wrong—I meant it for the best—and it was right; I'm surer than ever, as things have turned out."

"Well?" asked Elinor.

"I'd heard, my dear, and it drove me a'most crazy to think anybody could dare to say a word agin you——"

Elinor put up her hand; she could not bear this ill-timed sympathy.

"Yes, I know; but let me tell you. I went up to Miss Gresham yesterday—yes, I did—she's good, oh, so good! My dear, she couldn't praise you enough; and she said in whatever way she could help you, she would. There; I thought it might be a grain of comfort to you to hear that. Now, I won't bother you a minute longer; only, my dear, I wish I could tell you how sorry I am—how——"

Here she broke down completely, and hid her face in her apron, with bitter sobs. Elinor went up to her, put her arm about her waist, and led her toward the door, saying:

"It is a comfort to me, and I am very, very grateful. I can't thank you now; I can't talk; but I shall be better to-morrow. Don't cry, please; see, I don't."

She consoled the good woman somewhat, and got her out of the room, but as she was closing the door Joanna's voice rose shrilly from the lower hall:

"Miss Mosely! Miss Mosely! Here's Robert, from Mr. Gresham's, with a letter for Miss Stuart; and he says he wants to get an answer."

The small handmaiden flew up-stairs, eager to get a sight of the young schoolmistress, but Mrs. Mosely met her on the landing, took the note and told her to go below.

"I'll wait out here while you read it," she whispered.

Elinor read the hastily written lines; her lover's face, as it had looked at her in angry doubt, started up—oh! if he had not believed her at the first, what hope could she have? She wrote her brief answer; she could not see him yet—she could not; she must have time to think—he also.

The seemingly almost endless night passed at length, but such misery as Elinor Stuart endured during those terrible hours leaves traces in the soul which no years of after happiness can ever efface. The morning came; she rose and dressed and went down-stairs. Mrs. Mosely pleaded with her not to go to her school, but Elinor only shook her head; she would have strength to fulfill her duties; occupation would be better for her than the solitude of her chamber.

She had only to look at the faces of her pupils—most of them assembled earlier than usual—to know that they were aware of what had happened; but she went quietly through the work of the morning, and when noon came returned home. Mrs. Mosely had already heard of Alderly's departure, and concluded that he had announced his intention in his note of the previous evening.

"Do you know how William Hudson is?" Elinor asked.

"He's hurt bad, but not so bad as he ought to be," replied the widow. "The doctor says it'll take some time for him to get well, but it's my opinion he may thank the spree he's been on for that. And so Mr. Alderly's gone away—wal, now mebbe folks will be quiet."

Elinor could not speak, could not ask a question. Gone—gone without a word! She got out of the room; she could not trust herself to remain alone, though—she must have no time to think. She went back to her school and again took up her duties; the children could only report to their parents, when they returned home, that Miss Stuart looked very white and queer, but there wasn't any other difference in her.

That afternoon and evening no news came, though Mrs. Mosely had waited in a fever of hope that some message would arrive from Miss Gresham. She heard of Mrs. Alderly's visit to Madge Anderson, and that struck her a fresh blow, but she had wisdom enough to keep the news from Miss Stuart.

Another night passed, another morning dawned; but Saturday was, fortunately, a half holiday, for Elinor perceived that her physical strength was beginning to yield under the strain upon her mind.

But Saturday's duties were very light; it was Elinor's habit to have the girls once a week read aloud little essays or letters they had written—these tasks could be finished before noon.

She reached school rather late; she caught the sound of eager voices and signs of great commotion among the pupils, but the hubbub ceased abruptly as she crossed the threshold. She observed that a number of the scholars had failed to make their appearance; several of the elder girls had evidently been crying, and it was apparent from the faces of all that they were with difficulty able to apply themselves to their work.

As usual, Elinor read a chapter from the Bible; then they all sang in concert a few verses of a familiar hymn. In the midst of this, one pretty little child seated near the platform on which the mistress's desk stood, startled her companions by a loud burst of weeping. Elinor motioned her to come to her, and signed the girls to go on with the hymn, for they had all paused. She continued singing. The child ran up to the desk and hid her face in Elinor's lap. As the exercises ended she raised her head and whispered:

"I didn't mean to be bad—indeed I didn't, ma'am."

"I am sure of that; you are always my good little girl, Fanny," the mistress whispered back. "Aren't you well—do you want to go home?"

"No," sobbed the child, "'tain't that. Oh, I'm sick here, and so is ma," and she laid her little hand on her heart. "'Tisn't true they're going to make you go away—oh, it isn't!"

A terrible chill crept over Elinor, but she controlled herself.

"We mustn't talk now," she said. "Sit down here on this stool and hear the girls read their compositions."

The child obeyed, and Elinor sat, resting one hand caressingly on her curly locks, while she quietly called upon one of the oldest scholars to begin the reading of her theme. The recitation went on in due order, and several essays had been got through; a tall, awkward girl was rising in her turn, when the quiet of the schoolroom was disturbed by a woman's voice at the door, calling in loud, angry tones:

"Nancy Hunter, be you here?"

The mistress and scholars looked instinctively toward the door, where a thin, gaunt woman, with a shrewish aspect, stood, staring into the room. The girl who had just risen sank back into her seat, and hid her face on the desk before her.

"I see you, Nance Hunter! You needn't go a-scrougin' down out of sight! You'll ketch it, miss, and so I warn you!" cried the virago, advancing a few steps.

Miss Stuart descended from the platform, and walked along the aisle, saying, calmly:

"Good morning, Mrs. Hunter. Did you want Nancy?"

"I want her, and I mean to have her!" replied the woman, insolently, turning fiercely toward Elinor.

"Nancy, go with your mother," Miss Stuart said.

"Go? I guess she will go!" exclaimed the virago. "I hain't got to that p'int yet where I need help to make a gal of mine mind—and so she'll find out, I can tell her!

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Nance, you hussy! come along this minute, or I'll smack you before the whole lot on 'em!"

The girl broke into loud sobs, but rose from her seat and proceeded to get her hat. The other pupils had risen also, and were staring with eager, frightened faces.

"Sit down, girls," Miss Stuart said, with a gentle firmness which produced instant obedience.

"Wal, they can stay, ef they've a mind to," cried the woman; "but my gal's a-goin', and what's more, she ain't to set foot here ag'in, either!"

Miss Stuart paid no attention. She walked back to meet the girl, laid a hand on her shoulder, and spoke a few kind words. The mother rushed up, caught her daughter's arm, and gave her a violent shake, saying:

"You dared to come here, did you, arter I told you not?"

"You didn't!" sobbed Nancy. "You only said if you was me you wouldn't, and that this should be the last time."

"Don't you give me the lie, you trollop!" vociferated the mother. "Ef that's what children learn here, the sooner they stop coming the better—and so I tell you plain, Miss Stuart, ma'am; and you'll find I ain't the only one that thinks it. We don't want our gals to grow up thinkin' it's fine to set two men by the ears, and get one to half murder the other!"

Miss Stuart walked back toward the desk. The woman scowled an angry disappointment at having been unable to force the mistress into any retort, and strode to the door, dragging the weeping Nancy after her.

"You, Mary Watts," she called, "you'd better get, too, I can tell you. I don't believe your mother knows you've come."

"She didn't tell me not to," replied the girl, at once frightened and defiant.

"Wal, she will!" retorted the woman. "She said if I took my Nancy away, you shouldn't stop. There, Miss Stuart, ma'am, you can't say I'm a-disturbin' your school. I've a right to my gal, and I've got her! She's to grow up respectable, she is, and not larn to think it's fine to set men at each other's throats, like mad dogs!"

She passed out of the house; the girls had risen in wild confusion.

"Oh, Miss Stuart," sobbed Mary Watts, "it's all that Madge Anderson, I know; she's been giving Mrs. Hunter money! I heard them talking this morning—and Mrs. Hunter drinks, and——"

"Hush!" Miss Stuart interrupted.

It was useless to think of attempting to finish the morning exercises; it would have been impossible to quiet the excitement among the girls. Into the bargain, Elinor could not feel certain but some further insult might overtake her if the children remained. Madge might have persuaded or hired some other ignorant woman to follow Mrs. Hunter's example.

She dismissed the children, and when they had gone, Elinor departed, also. At the door she found her favorite, little Fanny, crying as if her heart would break. She led the child down the street, and when she reached Mrs. Mosely's gate, gave her a kiss, and bade her go home.

She got up to her room without encountering either the widow or Joanna, and sat down to reflect. There seemed but one thing to do: go to Mr. Gresham, tell him what had occurred, and learn whether he thought it better for her to try and live down the tempest, or close her school. Perhaps he also blamed her; by this time he must have heard something of what had happened. The idea made it very hard to go to him, but it seemed the one thing in her power.

Toward the middle of the afternoon, Joanna, engaged in picking green gooseberries in the garden at the back of the cottage, which gave upon the river-bank, was startled by the appearance of a lady standing there, whom she recognized as Mrs. Alderly, having seen her on the previous day, as she drove away from Mrs. Blackmore's house.

Joanna dropped the tin-pail she held, in her confusion, and stood staring open-mouthed, as the elegant, stately lady came up the path and paused opposite her, saying:

"I wish to see Miss Stuart, my girl; is she at home?"

Joanna could only nod; her small stock of good manners was quite put to flight by embarrassment, and a thoroughly feminine awe of the visitor's rich garb.

"Then you will go and say that a lady wishes to see her," Mrs. Alderly said, smilingly.

Joanna nodded again, and ran off along the path, Mrs. Alderly following at a leisurely pace, stopping to smell the roses as she passed, and picking a couple of blushing buds. By the time Joanna reached the porch, she got her wits back enough to recollect that she ought to show the lady into the parlor, her sudden sense of politeness inspired by an intense longing to have another glance at the marvelous gray and silver costume, and the wonderful feather which decorated a bonnet so beautiful, that Joanna was struck by a vague, bewildering idea there must be such creatures as celestial milliners, and that a glimpse of their choicest handiwork had been granted her.

"Will you please come into the room?" she said. "Miss Mosely, she hain't to home——"

"I want to see Miss Stuart, my good girl. Ask her to come down, if you please; I have not much time to wait."

She entered the apartment toward which Joanna had made a frantic gesture, and the handmaiden, after dazzling her eyes by a fresh inspection of the bonnet, fled up the stairs, and dashed into Elinor's room, far past the possibility of remembering to demand permission to enter.

"Oh, Miss Stuart," she gasped; "come down—come down! She's a-waitin' fur you, and says she's in a hurry—and it's got a silver cord a-holdin' the feather, and such a shine onto her dress as rubbin' wouldn't give Miss Mosely's best teaspoons, not if you stuck at it for a week!"

"Are you crazy, Joanna?" asked Miss Stuart.

"Yes'm," replied Joanna, without the slightest idea of what she was saying. "And it's all curled round the brim; and, oh, Miss Stuart! a leetle tiny umbereller-parasol, with lace as wide as your hand, and silk stockin's on, all flowered, a-holdin' up her skirt to keep it off the grass——"

"Who is it wishes to see me, Joanna?" Miss Stuart, interrupted, with a calmness which acted somewhat upon the girl's excitement as a dash of cold water might have done.

"Yes'm," she said, in a dazed way. "I knowed her in a minute—I seed her yesterday, when she was a-gettin' into the carriage in front of Miss Blackmore's—on'y Miss Mosely said I was to hold my tongue; so don't tell her, please, else I'll ketch it."

"Who is down-stairs, Joanna?"

"Yes she is—and the feather's all curled round the brim; and I'd have knowed it was his mother anywhere," stammered Joanna.

"Do you mean Mrs. Alderly—she wants to see me?" asked Elinor.

"And her umbereller—oh, that umbereller!" gasped Joanna.

Miss Stuart stood silent for a moment, not even hearing the girl, who grew each instant more excited, swaying herself back and forth, and fluttering her arms above her

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head as she poured out broken ejaculations which inextricably confused the lady and her attire.

Mrs. Alderly had come to see her—had come after visiting Madge Anderson. Elinor knew instinctively what the visit portended. She did not hesitate; she left Joanna dancing and ejaculating like an insane young parrot, and went down-stairs.

As she opened the parlor door Mrs. Alderly, standing by a table in the centre of the room, moved forward a few steps, her long silken skirts trailing over the floor, and giving an added height and majesty to her tall figure.

Then she paused, and with a slow, sweet smile, said, in the softest, most indifferent tones of her tutored voice:

"Miss Stuart, I am sure?" As Elinor bowed in answer, she added: "Allow me to introduce myself. I am Mrs. Alderly."

Chapter XVI.

As Elinor Stuart entered the room, Mrs. Alderly's seemingly careless glance took in every detail of her appearance. In spite of the girl's pallor and fatigue, the visitor's educated taste fully recognized her delicate loveliness; recognized, too, not only the signs of unusual intellectual vigor in the head and face, but that their possessor had every claim to the title of lady.

This consciousness did not in the least soften Mrs. Alderly, but it gave her a feeling of self-gratulation. She detested being brought into contact with common people; to have been forced into an interview with the handsome, ignorant shrew she had seen on the previous day, had increased her cold vindictiveness toward Elinor; she considered it Miss Stuart's fault such action on her part had proved necessary.

She had, with deliberate cruelty, left Elinor in suspense as long as she could venture to do so, but further delay in making her visit was impossible. Kenneth must be written to, and, besides, some information in regard to what was going on could not fail to reach Mr. Gresham. He would very likely come to Miss Stuart as soon as he learned the reports; and for the safe and certain carrying out of her plans, Mrs. Alderly desired to see Elinor before he did.

She knew the girl must have heard of Kenneth's departure; she had herself already been informed by her maid of the occurrence which had that morning taken place at the school; she was ready now to pay her own visit; these joint blows would inevitably have left their victim in a discouraged, morbid state of mind, which would render Mrs. Alderly's victory easy.

She was too shrewd a judge of character not to perceive at a glance that Kenneth's verdict had been correct. Elinor Stuart was a very proud woman, and exquisitely sensitive into the bargain. The fact that she had such materials to work upon was still another point in her favor. As she announced her name, Elinor bowed a second time, saying:

"The servant told me, madam, she had seen you yesterday, as you came out of Mrs. Blackmore's house."

Mrs. Alderly looked startled and pained—the expression of her face made it as clear as if she had put the sensation into words, that she was astounded and shocked that Miss Stuart could offer even such allusion to what had happened, and appear undisturbed.

"Yes," she said; "to go there was my first duty. I was thankful—oh, so thankful!—to find that at least the unfortunate man's life was not in danger."

Her voice shook; she put out her hand and supported herself against the table, as if the mere recollection had turned her sick and faint; but she still kept her eyes fixed on Elinor, as if in troubled wonder at her calmness.

The girl's delicate intuitions warned her that no kind motives instigated the visitor. Kenneth Alderly had left her, and his mother's errand was to announce the fact, and no womanly softness or pity mingled with the resolve which had brought her. Instinctively Elinor felt the hostility of that presence—felt, too, that the hostility did not have its origin in the lamentable occurrence which might lay her open to misrepresentation and harsh judgment; it went below and beyond such reason. Mrs. Alderly would make the quarrel between her son and Hudson the pretext for condemnation; but she had been condemned in advance—her crime was that Kenneth had been attracted toward her.

"Thankful—most thankful!" repeated Mrs. Alderly, with a shudder.

"And I am thankful," Elinor replied, slowly. "However much he deserved punishment, I am very sorry for him." She drew forward an easy-chair, and added: "Will you be seated, madam?"

Mrs. Alderly sank into the chair, and remained silent for a moment. She had expected her mere presence to startle the girl into some show of emotion—this perfect composure angered her.

Elinor sat down opposite, and waited for her visitor to speak—weak and worn as she was, she knew that she should have strength to bear the interview—it was all she asked. She perceived now that a hope had lingered in her mind, even after Kenneth Alderly's departure. She had been unconscious of indulging it, but the withering pain at her heart warned her that the hope had existed even amid the blackness of the past days and nights; but it died out suddenly now, spent by the woman's very presence, like a torch extinguished by an icy wind.

Then, through the chill and numbness which crept slowly over her, she heard Mrs. Alderly's voice again.

"My visit, Miss Stuart, perhaps takes you by surprise?"

"No," Elinor answered. "Your son had told me you would be certain to come here as soon as possible after your arrival at Mr. Gresham's."

A sudden stormy light filled Mrs. Alderly's eyes; the white lids drooped quickly over them to hide this betrayal of feeling—but Elinor caught it, and comprehended that the show of embarrassment and trouble which the lady's face immediately assumed was wholly feigned.

"But that was before—before——" Mrs. Alderly broke off abruptly—seemed exercising all her strength to control herself, then glanced at Elinor with the look of wonder at her calmness again visible in her countenance—a look which gradually deepened into stern disapproval, as she said, in a voice that had lost its tremulousness: "I have come at my son's request—Miss Stuart, he has gone away."

She waited to see what effect her words would produce; but there was none visible. Perceiving that she meant to force her to speak, Elinor said, in a voice cold as Mrs. Alderly's own:

"I had heard so, madam."

"Everything is so quickly known in a village like this—everything!" sighed Mrs. Alderly, and again she shuddered. Apparently she had to struggle hard to subdue the agitation which oppressed her anew; then she added, with the effort a person makes who has a painful duty to perform, and knows that any hesitation only increases the difficulty: "You must feel that it was best for him to go.

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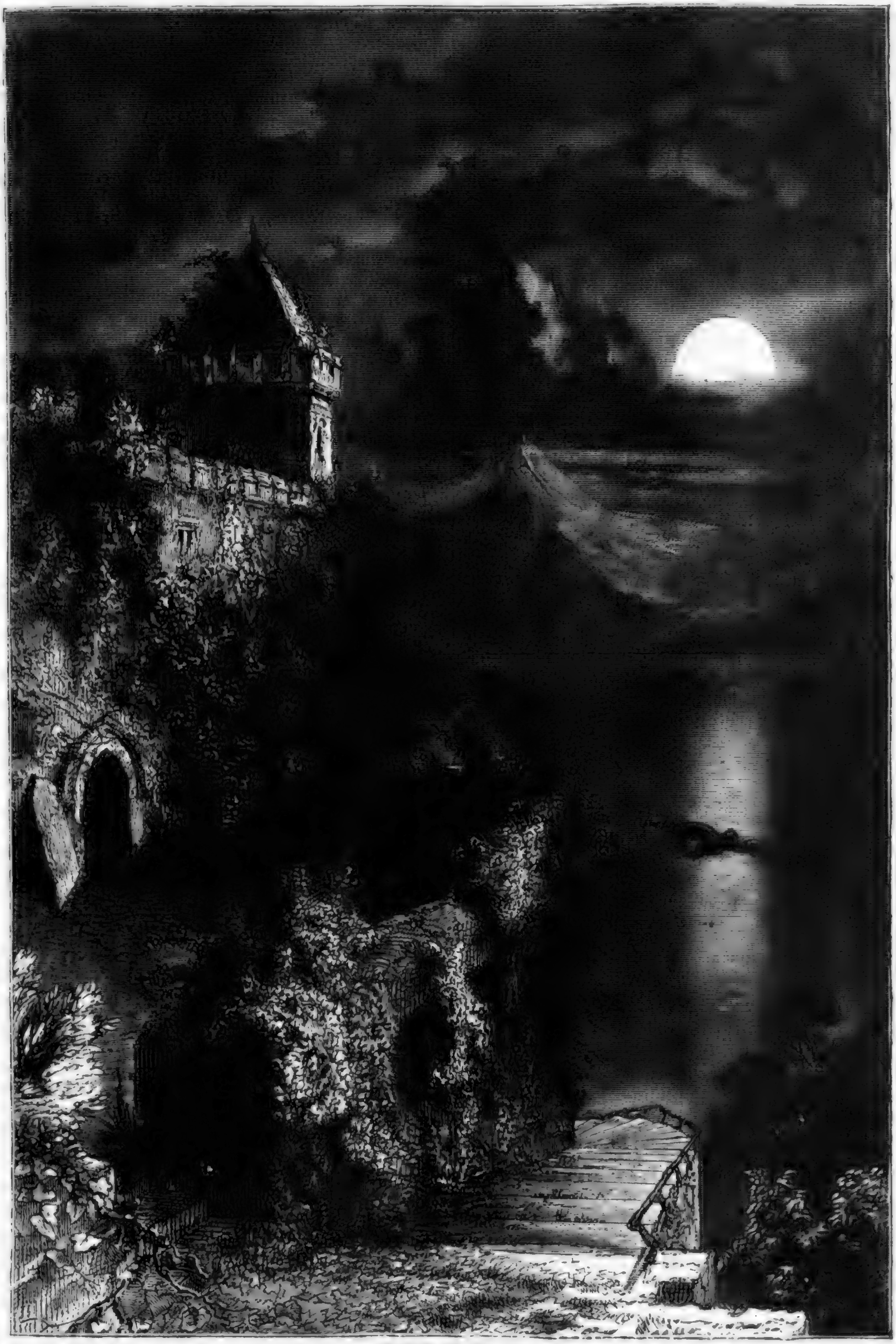

MOONRISE ON THE LAKE.

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I—Miss Stuart, I beg you to believe that I came here to-day in all kindness! You must excuse me if I say that you do not meet me as frankly and openly as I had hoped you might."

"Then let me thank you for coming, Mrs. Alderly," replied Elinor. "I assure you, I had no intention of not being perfectly frank. I have nothing to hide; nothing to keep back."

If Elinor had required any proof that her conviction of her visitor's inimical feelings was correct, she would have had it in the incredulity and disbelief of her assertion expressed openly in the face which met hers.

Mrs. Alderly sighed ostentatiously, shook her head, and went on slowly:

"I came because it was my duty—I knew that the visit must be very painful to myself—I feared that it would be so to you."

"It might, Mrs. Alderly, if I had anything to conceal," said Elinor; "but you say you have come in kindness—that means sympathy, and certainly, in my present position, I must be grateful for that—especially from you."

"I am heartily sorry for you," the lady answered, in a tone as void of emotion as the ring of a silver bell; "I can overlook and forgive a great deal when I find a person regrets errors and wrong-doing."

"Do you mean, madam, that you have come to accuse me of such conduct?" Elinor asked.

"I come to accuse you!" exclaimed Mrs. Alderly, with an indescribable emphasis of regret. "Oh, Miss Stuart, let me beg you not to allow temper or perversity to make you misjudge me. I implore you not to do that!"

"I will try not to," Elinor rejoined, so quietly that her enemy was in doubt whether her attempt to exasperate the girl had not been mistaken for a serious appeal. "If you are not fully aware of what has passed, you are quite right to want explanations; but if you came at your son's request, I am surprised that he did not himself give them to you."

"What explanation could he give?" demanded Mrs. Alderly. "I am here in his name to ask you to explain—to show me what I can do to help you in your unfortunate position; for, believe me, however blamable you might be, my pity and sympathy could not fail."

"Then you do think I have done wrong?"

"Oh, what does it matter about my impressions?" returned Mrs. Alderly, with the air of a person trying her utmost to be patient and magnanimous. "If you tell me that my son had no right to demand an explanation, that is different. If I was mistaken as to the terms upon which you stood with him, then it only remains for me to apologize for my presumption, and express my regret for your trouble."

A wave of color passed over Elinor's cheeks, and faded, leaving her, if possible, whiter than before; but her voice, though very low, was perfectly steady as she answered:

"Your son asked me to be his wife—I consented."

"Then surely he has a right to demand an explanation," Mrs. Alderly said, sitting erect in stern majesty.

"The last time we met I told him exactly what had happened——"

"Don't—don't remind me of that dreadful scene," interrupted Mrs. Alderly, putting up both hands, as if to shut out some horrible spectacle. "I cannot bear it—I have not your strength of will! It drives me wild to remember that a little more and my son might have been a murderer—my son!"

"Mrs. Alderly——"

"Oh, when I think that poor wretch lies yonder—that even yet he may be in danger!" pursued Mrs. Alderly, unheeding; "when I recall that unfortunate girl's agony, her twofold misery, her fears for the life of the man she worships—her anguish in thinking that he may never be able to speak, and tell her that if his heart was led away for a time, her love and devotion have brought it back—oh, Miss Stuart, when I think of these things, it seems to me as if I should go mad—mad!"

She rose from her seat, clasping her hands above her head in a tragic despair. But Elinor knew that it was only acting; she saw the cold, hard eyes covertly watching her, to judge what effect this outburst would produce.

"You are mistaken, madam," she said; "I have had the doctor's assurance that William Hudson is in no danger whatever. He is a bad, wicked man, but I am sorry for him all the same."

"Sorry!" repeated Mrs. Alderly, sinking back into her chair. "Sorry! Give me one moment to compose myself, only one!" She buried her face in her handkerchief and remained silent for a little. Presently she looked up, saying, with a faint smile: "I am better now. I shall not break down again. Miss Stuart, this is a very painful interview; let us make it as easy as we can. Tell me at once what message I am to send my son—set yourself right—show me the way to help you. Miss Stuart, I beg, I implore you to speak!"

"I have told your son what occurred; if he did not believe me, no protestations that I could add would convince him."

"Protestations!" cried Mrs. Alderly. "No; what are needed here are proofs."

"Your son has my word," was all Elinor answered.

"Great heavens; is this a time to show pride and obstinacy!" groaned Mrs. Alderly.

"If he can doubt my word—if you are here to tell me that he does, then I have no more to say," pursued Elinor.

"I do not understand you, Miss Stuart. You perplex and pain me beyond expression," returned Mrs. Alderly, while a glow of triumph set her heart beating quickly, and lent a tremor to her voice—she was near victory now! "Do you mean that you separate yourself from my son—that you consider your engagement at an end?"

"I can only answer your question by another: Did Mr. Alderly refuse to believe my word?"

"Oh, what do we gain by recrimination!" cried Mrs. Alderly. "My son was half mad—oh, you cannot wonder! We are a proud race; it is the first time disgrace has ever come near us."

"Madam, do you use that word in connection with me?" demanded Elinor.

"I am not blaming you—oh, do not lose your temper again! It is disgrace; you must feel that! I am not here to upbraid, to reproach; only to beg you to explain—to set matters right—to clear yourself before these people who are speaking your name with coarse execrations! Oh, I heard what happened at your school to-day—I want to help you, and you refuse to be helped. What can I do—what can I say to move you?—for my son's sake—for your own—for mine, too, wretched mother that I am!"

"Mrs. Alderly, I can add nothing to what I have said; I have given my word; I can do no more."

"We are to let people say you were—were that low creature's love, and do nothing?" moaned the woman.

The dreadful insult went to Elinor's heart like the blow from a knife; her senses reeled and tottered, but she would not give way.

"If you come to tell me that your son wishes his freedom, it would be right to say it at once," she said. "Is that what he demands?"

"He demands nothing; he begs an explanation. Even if you refuse it, or if you can give none, is he not powerless? My son is a gentleman—he cannot go back from his word. Oh, my God! I have been too proud, perhaps; I have fostered his great pride too much, and this is my punishment. Ah, it seems greater than I can bear! How shall I live—how can he live—how are we to look our world in the face—how——"

"Stop, I beg!" interrupted Elinor. "I try to think you do not mean to insult me—that you scarcely know what you are saying—but I cannot listen to such language."

"And now she says I insult her!" cried Mrs. Alderly, with a hysterical, sobbing laugh. "I, so crushed and broken that I scarcely dare to lift my eyes; I, who feel as if I must shrink away from the sight of every human being that ever knew me! I beg you pardon, Miss Stuart—oh, I would do it on my knees if that would content you—is not my pride punished enough? My boy—my boy! Well, you must settle what we are to do—what quarter of the globe shall hold us—some obscure place where shame cannot track us—speak, speak; decide—I am prepared!"

"Madam, tell your son that he is free—that I will never voluntarily see his face again," Elinor said, rising. "I think we have nothing more to say to one another."

"What can I tell him?" exclaimed Mrs. Alderly, wringing her hands. "Everything rests with you; I don't know what you want him told! Am I to say that you refuse to explain, or that you cannot? In either case, that rigid honor of his would hold him bound; he would come back! Oh, you are the arbiter—you only! You could be his wife if you chose; that he would go mad or kill himself, I am sure! No, no; I did not mean to say that; forgive me—forgive me! You have a fatal gift of fascination, Miss Stuart; I feel it, even at this moment—a terrible, terrible, most dangerous gift! It made my son for a time forget the real, honest affection, founded on esteem, which he had for another; it drove that unfortunate Hudson mad—oh, what am I saying—what am I saying!"

"At least, madam, if I possess such power, it shall never be exercised on you or yours," Elinor replied. "One thing I want to ask; you need not be afraid to answer—it will help your ends. You meant what you said—there was some one whom your son loved before he met me?"

"I did not intend to say it—I—oh, spare me this, Miss Stuart! Spare him—take your way—do with us what you will! He never meant you to discover that the shock of—of the other day had shown him the truth—he did not think I heard him—poor, poor boy!"

"Will you tell me what he said?"

"No, no! Oh, all this is foreign to the matter in hand!"

"Believe me, it is not. I have no anger toward your son. I shall be glad to see him happy. Tell me without hesitation."

"I have no right—it is his secret! Oh, how could I blunder so! Good heavens, I think my brain is going!" cried the actress, pressing her hands to her forehead in a frenzied way. "Oh, you stand there like a marble statue! You will never speak till I tell—your will is iron! Then I must! He said, 'Well, I have chosen my fate—I must abide by it! and I know now I have let a dream come between me and happiness! I have been weak as a bird fascinated by a serpent, and I thought I was strong!' There, I have told you—you forced me! But even if you tell him, don't visit your wrath on my poor Florence—don't harm her! let it all come on me—on me!"

"You are sure—you do not exaggerate? Madam, there are moments solemn as death—this is one of them! If I were dying—if you were—would you really still say that?"

Mrs. Alderly looked full in Elinor's face, and answered:

"I would swear it."

"I thank you," Elinor said. "You have done me a favor, cruel as you are. I loved the man I believed your son; you have convinced me that I loved only an ideal—I shall have the less to suffer."

"Oh——"

"We need say no more. I will only detain you a minute longer."

She seated herself at the table, drew a sheet of paper toward her, and began to write. Mrs. Alderly walked to the window, and stood looking out upon the green lawn. She had conquered—she only remembered that! There was no room in her mind for penitence or remorse.

Presently Elinor rose and went up to her, holding out the page whereon the woman's eyes seized eagerly.

> "There is that which separates us as completely as death and the grave could do. Go your way—let me go mine. I know now that I made a terrible mistake, Kenneth Alderly—it was not you I loved."

Elinor did not so much as glance at the lines she had written. If she had, the apathetic chill that locked her senses would have kept her from realizing the damning significance which might be given to them. But Mrs. Alderly comprehended. She snatched the paper, and hid it in the pocket of her gown; raised her handkerchief to her face, but it was to give herself time to subdue the triumph depicted there.

"Oh, believe me, I meant to act for the best!" she cried, brokenly. "If I can help you in any way, only show me how! See, I am rich—if you need money——"

"Oh, stop, stop!" broke in Elinor. "Remember we are both women—do not insult me further."

"Ah, you will misjudge me!" sighed Mrs. Alderly. "Everything I say is wrong! How can you think I meant to insult you—how can you give way to anger?"

"I am not angry—I pity you!" returned Elinor; and again Mrs. Alderly concealed her face—but this time it was because the beautiful eyes seemed to pierce her very soul and read all its vindictive meanness, its despotic cruelty. Then a sudden rage stirred her that she should have shrunk for so much as a second from her victim. She was about to speak—to give utterance to some last venomous taunt, when the click of the gate sounded sharply through the stillness, and she heard Elinor exclaim:

"Mr. Gresham—it is Mr. Gresham!"

Mrs. Alderly felt that it would be safer to prevent their meeting, if possible; she said, quickly:

"You cannot see him to-day; I understand. I will tell him. He is a hard, stern man; pitiless to any fault in a woman, however innocent she may be. I know he has heard; he will blame you. It is useless to bear that. I will send him away."

"No," Elinor said, resolutely, "he may come in. I wish him to come."

She glanced toward the door, but Mrs. Alderly did not seem to notice the sign of dismissal, and kept her stand.

CHAPTER XVII.

THAT morning Florence Denham had persuaded Mr. Gresham to take her to visit the mills, and afterward she had gone with him into his office, sitting there while he read and wrote his letters, and then coaxing him to go out with her, instead of spending any more time over business that forenoon—"wasting time," Florence phrased it, with a gay impertinence, at which Mr. Gresham laughed.

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He was glad of any opportunity to cultivate an intimacy with the girl so dear to him, and gratified to see that Mrs. Alderly, so far from putting restrictions in the way, appeared glad of his interest, and his step-daughter's evident great liking for him. Florence was so natural and charming, so full of good sense and womanly strength of mind under all her youthful high spirits, that Mr. Gresham admitted to himself that the worldly influence of Mrs. Alderly had not produced the evil effects on her character which he had dreaded to discover.

After all, there must be a great deal that was good and lovable in the woman, for two people like Florence and Kenneth to remain blind to her faults, and hold her in such respectful affection. It might easily be that the years had changed her, rendered her less haughty and overbearing. She had done him much wrong, it was true, but probably from wounded and mistaken pride, not deliberate wickedness, and she seemed now anxious to show that her opinions had entirely changed. The past was dead and gone; to embitter the present by brooding over what he had suffered, by cherishing resentment against his sister-in-law, would be a weakness and folly which could only react disastrously upon his own peace. He loved Florence, and he had grown very fond of Kenneth; the greatest pleasure existence could give now, elderly as he was growing, would be their companionship and affection, and to enjoy these blessings, a condoning and overlooking of Mrs. Alderly's ill-treatment in former days became necessary.

Even the clearest-headed and most practical men own enough of the visionary or imaginative faculty often to persuade themselves that things must be true, because credence therein makes life easier; and Mr. Gresham, regarding his sister-in-law by the light of his own wishes, was able to believe that the amendment in her character so desirable had really taken place.

The woman's matchless power of dissimulation would have deceived Solomon himself, and her manner to Mr. Gresham was perfect. The man does not live whom an artful woman cannot flatter, if she bends her energies to the task. Mrs. Alderly was determined to make a favorable impression on her host, and he aided her efforts by the strong desire he had to remain on amicable terms with her for the sake of the young people, so dear to his heart.

After luncheon he had gone back to his office, and toward the middle of the afternoon one of his clerks entered, to say that the foreman wished to speak with him.

Larkin was a man of nearly Mr. Gresham's own age, and had been for many years in his employment; he was not only an intelligent workman and capable manager, but a kind-hearted fellow, fortunate in the possession of a wife as sensible and good as himself, and between them they were bringing up their numerous children with rare discretion and wisdom. Two of their daughters ranked among Miss Stuart's pupils, and Mr. Gresham knew that the father and mother thoroughly appreciated the fortunate chance which had enabled him to find a mistress for the girls so far superior in every way to what he could have expected, considering the grade of school.

But Elinor Stuart's exigencies would not have permitted her to refuse any honest opportunity of earning money, and Mr. Gresham's offer had been most liberal; though, indeed, the fact that she had been called on to teach the children of the laboring class had given her an additional interest in the work. The necessity for the education of the masses—a necessity which our century recognizes more and more plainly, if the progress of mankind is to continue upward, was a subject which Elinor had thought of and studied deeply; and she put her whole heart into her duties, feeling that nowhere, in no position, could she be so placed as to have greater advantages of doing good, greater ability to prove of use in her day and generation.

Larkin had come to speak to Mr. Gresham about the reports in circulation concerning Miss Stuart, which had resulted in the breaking up of the school that morning. Many of the parents had decided not to send their children back, and a consultation held among them on the previous evening, had caused Larkin, at their request, to express this determination to Mr. Gresham. It was the first that gentleman had heard in regard to the matter, and he was shocked and indignant; but Larkin's account placed the teacher's conduct in so unfavorable a light, that Mr. Gresham could not help feeling she must have been greatly to blame, and that in her association with Will Hudson she had yielded to an unworthy spirit of coquetry.

It seemed necessary that he should see the young lady herself—she ought to have an opportunity to tell her story, and Mr. Gresham hoped he should be able to arrange matters. It was difficult for him to think ill of Elinor, but he knew too well how often coquetry will lead women into reprehensible folly, to have much faith in her entire innocence.

He left his office, and in passing through the village he met the sister of the clergyman, who had just come from inquiring after Will Hudson. She began speaking at once of what had occurred, and her verdict was not favorable to Elinor. Had Hudson been a common-looking man, the case would have been different; but the fellow's extraordinary beauty formed a strong item in the count against her. Then, too, the lady of the rectory, though meaning to be a just woman, was perfectly unaware that both she and the other feminine magnates of the village were a good deal influenced by the fact that, during his stay in the neighborhood, young Mr. Alderly had kept aloof from them so entirely that they only knew him by sight, while he had been for weeks a daily visitor of Miss Stuart's.

Mr. Gresham walked on to Mrs. Mosely's house, scarcely knowing what to say or do, but still clinging to the hope that Elinor would have some explanation to offer—would at least recognize that he came animated by a spirit of justice, and that of his right to inquire into the matter there could be no question.

Joanna's head, sorely disturbed by all the excitement, and especially by Mrs. Alderly's visit and her wonderful bonnet, was turned quite upside-down by Mr. Gresham's arrival. She was past the faculty of speech, and only danced at him for a moment, like a small lunatic; then flung open the parlor door with a strangled squeak, and ran off to hide herself in the recesses of the kitchen.

As Mr. Gresham entered, Elinor stepped forward and spoke his name, but she did not offer her hand. She read in the stern gravity of his face that if he had not actually formed a condemnatory verdict against her, he was at least sufficiently influenced by what he had heard to come rather as a judge than a friend; he might be impartial, but he was unsympathetic. After what she had suffered at Mrs. Alderly's hands, she felt the lady's presence must render her dumb—she could make no appeal. Then rose a still more hopeless sensation—if she wished to speak, what could she say? The idea that any human being could accuse her—her—even of undignified conduct in regard to a man like Will Hudson, was an insult and a degradation so great, that to allow the matter to be spoken of, much less to attempt any defense, appeared impossible.

"Good-morning, Miss Stuart," Mr. Gresham said, in his slow, grave voice, and Elinor answered as quietly, her eyes fixed inquiringly upon him. The effort needed to retain her self-possession was so immense that it was not strange he mistook her manner for an almost haughty defiance, which chilled yet more the faint hope he had been trying to nurse and keep alive in his mind.

Then Mr. Gresham caught sight of Mrs. Alderly, and could not repress an exclamation of surprise. She held out her hand, saying: "Miss Stuart and I have been making acquaintance, you see."

"I am very glad you came, Mrs. Alderly; I am sure Miss Stuart must be, too," returned Mr. Gresham, glancing at Elinor as he spoke.

He saw a faint, bitter smile cross the girl's beautiful lips; it expressed a plain rejection of the sentiment he had ascribed to her, and this hardened him. Mrs. Alderly's visit was a kindness which he should scarcely have expected her to show, and added to his growing conviction that the years had greatly changed and modified her character. If Miss Stuart failed to appreciate the womanly sympathy which must have dictated the act—and her silence unavoidably brought this conviction to his mind—she was not likely to meet him in a more conciliatory spirit.

Elinor read his disapproval in his face; her manner had increased the prejudice already in his mind against her, and this consciousness the more completely sealed her lips. She could not condescend to reproaches; she could not stoop to the weakness of betraying how mortally the woman's insults had stabbed her soul; and if she did, of what avail could such revelation be? Mrs. Alderly's pretense of pity, her pleadings for proofs which might enable her to carry out her professed desire to aid, would all assume a significance in Mr. Gresham's eyes, very different from their real meaning, and only add to the severity of his censure against herself.

For the time, too, even the burning humiliation of the unjust suspicions whereof she was the object; the miserable slanders which must cast their shadow upon the remainder of her youth, were, in a measure, merged in a bitterer and hotter pain. She had lost the love which made life beautiful; her heart had gone out toward a man so weak and vacillating that he was unworthy of its affection. Nay; it was not the man himself she had loved, but an ideal to which she had given his name.

THE LITTLE CHICK!

These thoughts rushed through Elinor's mind as she stood there, with Mr. Gresham's eyes upon her, and the gravity of his countenance deepening into stern disapproval as he watched the contempt with which she received Mrs. Alderly's kind-sounding speech.

"I felt it my duty to come," that lady continued, covertly regarding Elinor, able to take every advantage possible of the situation, determined to make this interview final, and utterly alienate Mr. Gresham from the girl. "As soon as I heard what had happened, I could not rest I hoped that I might be of some service—some comfort to Miss Stuart—but I fear I have only annoyed her uselessly; at least, I have the consolation of knowing that my motive was a good one."

"I have already told you, madam, that I fully appreciate your motive," Elinor answered.

Mr. Gresham frowned; her voice and manner were only fresh confirmations to his mind that the girl meant to be haughty and defiant, and such a spirit could only have its rise in the consciousness that she had done wrong, and refused to admit it. Mrs. Alderly lifted her handkerchief to her lips, and indulged in a secret smile; the girl was playing directly into her hand; every word, every look, only prejudiced Mr. Gresham more deeply against her.

"Certainly, madam, no one could misunderstand your intention," he said; "it does you honor. I hope Miss

Stuart has talked freely with you; I trust you have arrived at some means of settling this painful business."

"Miss Stuart does not seem to see the matter in the light I do," returned Mrs. Alderly, in a low, troubled tone.

"There can be only one way of looking at it," Mr. Gresham said, decidedly. "Miss Stuart, I don't think I need to tell you how grieved I am! I have only just heard what has happened; it has taken me so by surprise that I scarcely know what to say. Besides my wish to assist you, it was, you must feel, my plain duty to come to you; pray believe that I have done so in a spirit of kindness."

"I do, Mr. Gresham," Elinor replied.

She seated herself as she spoke, and Mr. Gresham sat down opposite the two ladies.

"Ah, dear Miss Stuart, that is right; even if you do think that I, a stranger, perhaps erred a little in venturing here, you will not have that feeling toward Mr. Gresham," cried Mrs. Alderly, eagerly. "You will not hesitate to explain to him; if my presence troubles you I will go, only just this let me say—don't think me unkind or impertinent. You are young, you don't realize what a terrible thing it is to be the object of gossip. I am not blaming you—I—oh, Mr. Gresham, I want to say and do what is right; I want to help this young lady! If she would consent I would take her away with me, find her a home elsewhere. I do not see how she can stay here."

She stopped, apparently quite choked by emotion; Mr. Gresham was touched, but Elinor Stuart's pale face remained unmoved.

"I must tell you frankly, Miss Stuart, that a number of the parents sent my foreman to me to speak about the school," Mr. Gresham said. "I need not tell you how highly I value your services, how much respect and admiration I have entertained for you personally. I want to be just, both to you and my people; I want you to show me some means by which we can remove this prejudice from their minds."

"They have judged me already, Mr. Gresham, and so, I think, have you," Elinor said, steadily.

"No, no—don't say that, my dear girl," interposed Mrs. Alderly. "Oh, Miss Stuart, we are both your friends, try to believe that. Mr. Gresham could not be hard upon you. If you have been a little wrong I am not accusing you, but if you had, Mr. Gresham would be the first to accept your regret. Tell her so, Mr. Gresham. Remember, young girls, even the wisest, don't reflect as we older people learn to do; it is as natural for them to like admiration as it is for flowers to like the sunshine. Oh, I am sure that poor young man, when he gets well enough to talk, will want to do all he can to shield Miss Stuart; he must know in his heart she did not mean to make trouble. Can't you see, Mr. Gresham? She was interested in him, he is talented and handsome, it seemed a kindly work to help him. Dear Miss Stuart, just assure Mr. Gresham that was what you meant—that you did not dream the poor fellow's fancy was serious; that if you went further than you intended, it was from thoughtlessness. That is all you need do—all."

"Pardon me, madam, I must ask you to say nothing more," returned Elinor, in a still colder voice.

Mrs. Alderly cast a hopeless glance at Mr. Gresham, and sank back into the chair from which she had half risen. He turned slowly toward Elinor; she had only to look in his face to perceive the effect that the woman's insidious speech had produced. Of what avail for her to plead? She had only her word to offer; if he could believe her capable of such conduct, of what use to descend to protestations? She was judged already, everything had gone from her at once—her love, her friends, her good name! Only one human being could right her; if Hudson chose to speak and tell the truth, that would free her from these odious imputations. But there was no hope that he would do so now, with the rage and humiliation of the punishment he had suffered fresh in his mind; with Madge's influence stronger than ever upon him. She must wait, she must bear her burden—at least she could bear it in silence.

"Miss Stuart," said Mr. Gresham, "I am ready to help you in any way possible, if you will only tell me what I can do."

"I thank you, there is nothing," she replied.

What assistance could he be to her? This woman's artful insinuations, and her own manner of receiving them, had deepened his doubts to certainties; he believed that she had descended to a flirtation with Hudson—that fact made an impassable gulf between them.

"Since I have this opportunity," she went on, after a slight pause, "I will ask you to consider my services in the school at an end."

"Oh, then you must let me help you," cried Mrs. Alderly.

Elinor did not answer; she rose, in sign that the interview was ended. Mr. Gresham rose, too.

"You do not wish to be detained," he said. He was not only angry, but disappointed and grieved; in his eyes her increased coldness and determination could only seem fresh defiance, growing out of the knowledge that she had done wrong and been discovered. "I am sorry, Miss Stuart, that we must part in this way. I did not come here meaning to ask you to resign your position, only to consult upon means which might set this matter right."

"I have chosen the easiest way," she said.

"Oh, Miss Stuart, then you must at least not reject our friendship!" cried Mrs. Alderly. "If you would come for a while to Mr. Gresham's house—I know he will be glad to have me propose this—it would convince people that he does not blame you—that——"

"I thank you, madam—I am leaving Laughton at once," Elinor interrupted, before Mr. Gresham could speak.

"I am very, very sorry, Miss Stuart," he said, feeling more helpless than he had ever done in the whole course of his energetic life. He would not have believed that he could be so deceived in any girl—she was stubborn in her wrong-headedness, as she had been weak, if not wicked, in her conduct. He wanted to speak, but felt at a loss what to add. Elinor cut his difficulty short by saying:

"You are very good, sir. I will bid you good-by."

"We mustn't keep her; she doesn't want us," Mrs. Alderly whispered in Mr. Gresham's ear, for she had risen and was standing by him. "Oh, Miss Stuart! if you change your mind, you have only to write to me. Good-by."

"Good-by," Elinor repeated.

Mrs. Alderly put her hand in Mr. Gresham's arm. He murmured a few broken words; Elinor caught one fleeting glance of triumph from the woman's eyes, then the pair went out of the room and left the house.

After a time, Elinor rose to go up to her chamber. She could spare no leisure to her suffering—she must act. She could not remain another day in this place; at any moment some new insult might overtake her—she must start immediately—in what direction did not matter—all she thought of or asked, was to get away.

As she crossed the hall she met Mrs. Mosely, who had returned a few minutes before, and had already been informed by the frantic Joanna of the two visits Miss Stuart had received.

Plain and unlettered Mrs. Mosely might be, but she had a heart as full of goodness and tenderness as ever human breast held. Her great love and sympathy for her lodger made her quick to comprehend, the instant she looked in her face, that so far from Elinor's visitors bringing her any comfort, they had increased her suffering tenfold; and this certainty, added to the grief and indignation with which she had heard of the outrage the school-mistress had received that morning, drove her quite wild. She could only catch Elinor's hands in hers, and sob, dolefully:

"Oh, Miss Stuart! Oh, my poor dear! Try not to mind; it will all come right some time—it must!"

Anguish-stricken as she was, Elinor could find soothing words for the good creature, and show her that she was able to bear her burden. She made Mrs. Mosely go up to her room, and there told her that she meant to leave Laughton that night.

At first the widow could only weep and moan, but Elinor's firmness enabled her to get her senses into a little order, and she saw that this plan of immediate departure was the best—there could be no possibility of rest or peace for Miss Stuart till she was far away.

"But where can you go?" she cried. "And, oh, what will you do? I know you can't be rich—oh, my dear, don't think me impertinent!"

"I think you as good as gold!" Elinor said, kissing her. "But you need not be troubled; I have several hundred dollars in the bank, left from the little fortune I told you about. I have money with me—I shall do very well; I can find some sort of work somewhere. What I want is to get away—so far I cannot be traced. I must think where to go; perhaps first to New York, and then to Long Island. I have friends there—only just now I'd rather not see any of them."

Mrs. Mosely clapped her hands in the sudden excitement of a new idea, dried her eyes, and became sane and helpful at once.

"I've got it!" she exclaimed. "My deary dear, it's just as if Providence had p'inted out the way! There's my sister, Jane Tyndal, that lives in Lehigh Valley. I've told you about her. She's a widow, too—and the best St. Paul ever wrote about wasn't better! She'd be as glad to have you with her as I am, and I couldn't say more."

"Why, there's a load off my mind at once. See what a comfort you are to me!" replied Elinor. "I can start for your sister's to-night."

"O' course you can; but, you see, you'll get to the Junction too late for the train to Amford, where she lives. You'll have to stop over Sunday at Wachuset; but there's a good hotel."

"I don't mind—I am used to traveling alone."

Mrs. Mosely sprang up, and clapped her hands again.

"You ain't a-goin' to," she cried. "I've been promisin' Jane a visit for more'n two years; I've got the money now, and I mean to make it! I'll shut up the house, and send Joanny to her ma; and I'll stay a month, and nobody shall know where we are off to—there! I've done cryin' now—packin' up is what we've got to think about, and nothin' else whatsomever."

As soon as he reached home, Mr. Gresham dispatched a servant to Miss Stuart with a brief note, inclosing nine months' salary, the time for which she had been engaged. As he sat at dinner that evening, a letter was brought to him; he opened it, and some banknotes fell out. There were a few words written on the sheet of paper in which the bills were folded, simply stating that only five months' salary was due Miss Stuart; she refunded the rest of the money, which Mr. Gresham must have sent by mistake.

That night Mrs. Alderly wrote to her son, inclosing the lines which Elinor Stuart had written him. Her letter was full of motherly love and tenderness, but she could not spare him; try to soften the blow as she might, it must fall.

Four days later she received an answer from Kenneth; she read it slowly through, and sat holding it in her hand, while her thoughts ran thus:

"Going to Europe at once—the best thing possible! He must have a few months to himself, then Florence and I will join him. Hearts are always easiest caught at a rebound. It has all ended well—very well—I have saved my boy!"

END OF PART I.

BREAD-MAKING IN SPAIN.

The bread in the South of Spain is delicious; it is white as snow, close as cake, and yet very light; the flour is most admirable, for the wheat is good and pure, and the bread well kneaded. The way they make this bread is as follows: From large, long panniers, filled with wheat, they take out a handful at a time, sorting it most carefully and expeditiously, and throwing every imperfect grain into another basket. This done, the wheat is ground between two circular stones, as it was ground in Egypt two thousand years ago, the requisite rotary motion being given by a blindfolded mule, which paces around and around with untiring patience, a bell being attached to his neck, which, as long as he is in movement, tinkles on; and when it stops he is urged on to his duty by the shout of "Arra mula!" from some one within hearing. When ground, the wheat is sifted through three sieves, the last of these being so fine that only the pure flour can pass through it; this is of a pure apricot color. The bread is made in the evening. It is mixed with sufficient water, with a little salt in it, to make into dough. A very small quantity of leaven or yeast in one batch of household bread, as in Spain, would last a week for the six or eight donkey-loads of bread they send every day from their oven. The dough made, it is put into sacks and carried on donkeys' backs to the oven, in the centre of the village, to bake it immediately after kneading. On arriving there the dough is divided into portions weighing about three pounds each. Two long, narrow wooden tables on trestles are then placed down the room, and a curious sight may be seen. About twenty men, bakers, come in and range themselves on one side of the table. A lump of dough is handed to the nearest, which he begins kneading and knocking about with all his might for about three or four minutes, and then passes it on to his neighbor, who does the same, and so on successively, until all have kneaded it, when it becomes soft as new putty and ready for the oven. Of course, as soon as the first baker has handed the lump to his neighbor, another lump is given to him, and so on until the whole quantity of dough is kneaded by them all. The bakers' wives and daughters shape the loaves for the oven, and some of them are very small. They are baked immediately.

A distinguished German geographer is of opinion that the diamond district of Africa is the Ophir from which King Solomon drew such liberal supplies of gold and precious stones.

The bee is said to be a resident of any climate of the globe. It will prosper in hollow trees in Canada, where mercury will freeze in the open air, as well as at the equator.

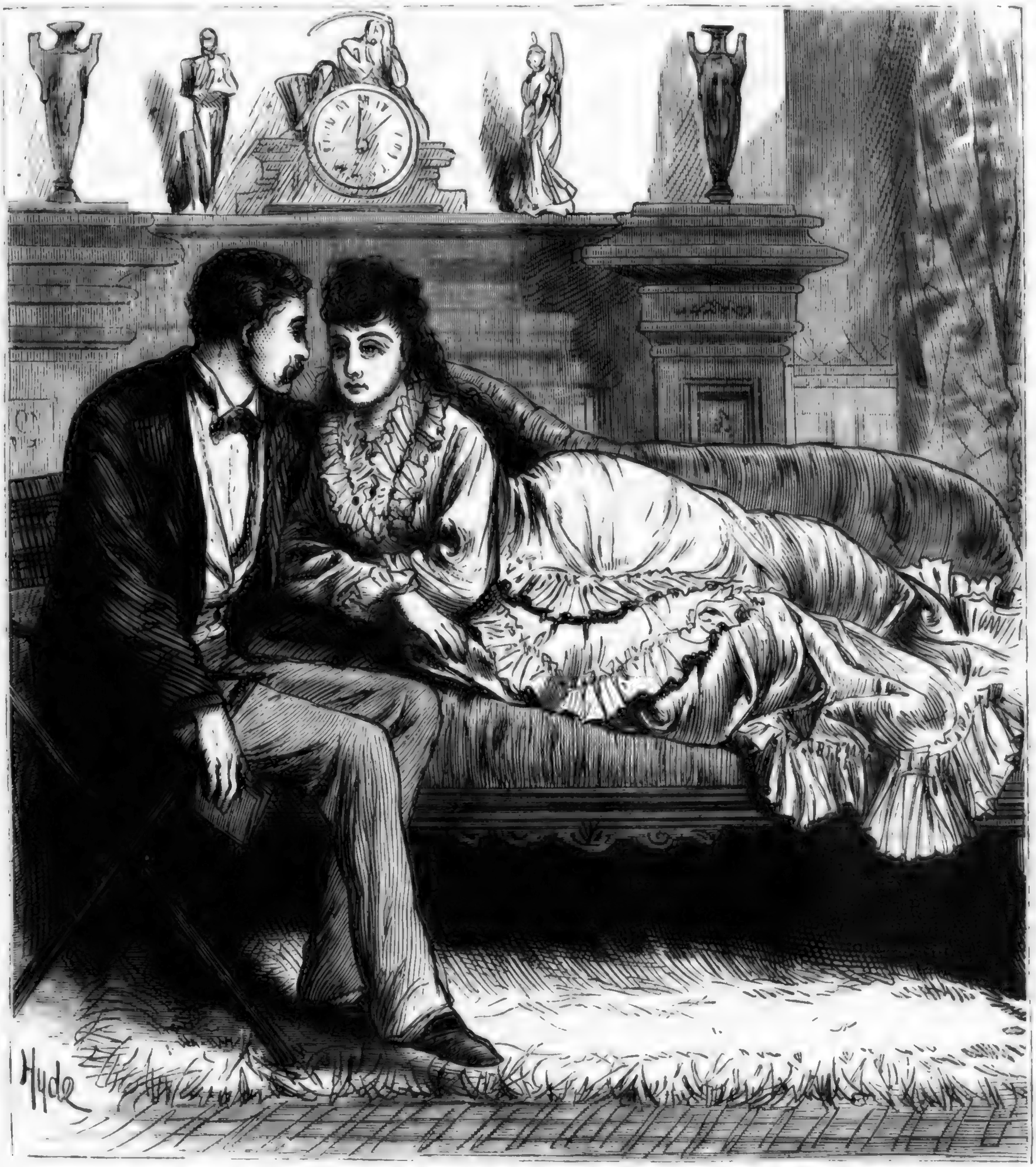
DONALD GRAY.

It was when the wild primroses
Made the woods a sheet of gold,
And the violets, through green mosses,
Were enchanting to behold;
When forget-me-nots, half hidden,
Venture forth their azure spray,
And the fields were blossom-ridden,
That you went from me away,
Donald Gray.

Soon the hours of Springtime vanished,
And the days of Summer came.
With sweet roses and fair lilies
Was the smiling earth aflame;
Yet my heart was closed to beauty,
Closed to scenes so bright and gay,
For it mourned that bitter evening,
When you went from me away,
Donald Gray!

Swallows now their flight are winging,
Far across the azure main,
And I bid them tell my Donald
Soon to hasten home again.

Promises are ofttimes broken,
So are hearts, yes, day by day,
And my own won't last much longer
If you cruelly keep away,
Donald Gray.



TRUE TO THE END.—"NEARER CAME THE FACE TO MINE, UNTIL HIS BREATH FANNED MY BURNING CHEEK."

TRUE TO THE END.

BY BEN. E. CORDELL.

CHAPTER I.

THE storm had been abroad with fearful violence. Not until the day was far spent did the elements cease their warring, when the sun went down below the horizon without a cloud, foretelling a quiet night, and a bright, clear morning beyond.

Symbolical, I thought, of her life, over whose inanimate body I was keeping lonely vigil.

All day I had watched beside her sick-bed, with an earnest prayer and despairing hope in my heart that she, my only real friend, would be spared to me. Unavailing prayer—disappointed hope!

Ere the twilight deepened into night, "life's fever" was followed by that sleep that knows no waking here, but full of promised rest hereafter for those who "die in the Lord."

Alone with my dead I spent the night. I was not strong enough to bear the gaze of the curious world, whose offers of condolence and assistance on the morrow I must accept. Neither did I desire that stranger hands should perform the last services we may give our departed ones.

With tender touch I draped the slight figure in the only color I had ever seen her wear—a silver-gray; parted the brown hair over the graceful brow, and folded the dear hands, so cold and still, across the pulseless heart—hands ever ready in life to serve and save those who, but for their strong help, must have sunk beneath many a burden of sorrow or shame.

Fear and physical repulsion, so often felt for the body after the soul has left it, I had none, but could have lain me down by her side, and slept as sweetly as when she took me to her arms a little homeless child. It was my loss, my isolated condition, that drove away the needful rest. I was now for the first time alone. Fatherless, motherless, without brother or sister, and the only heart that had taken me to itself, cold and still.

As may be imagined, this long night of suffering proved a strain greater than my delicate organization could bear. The morning found me delirious with fever, and for a fortnight all was a blank.

Soon as I was able to leave my bed for an easy-chair, I received a visit from my godmother's legal adviser, who informed me he was only waiting my convalescence for the reading of the will.

"Why wait for me?" I exclaimed, impatiently. "I do not care to be present when Elmwood and all its appurtenances are delivered over to the new master. It is enough that I know the place so long my home is to pass into stranger hands, without hearing it formally announced."

My godmother had long before informed me (probably to guard against any false hopes I would otherwise naturally have entertained of a fortune at her demise) that the vast estate she was enjoying had been accumulated during her husband's grandfather's life. He, being an Englishman, with an Englishman's love for home customs and manners, had been shocked and surprised by the want of this feeling on the part of Americans. Therefore, he so entailed the property that it should always be in the possession of the eldest male heir, thus preventing the home he had founded passing into other hands, or bearing other name than the one he left it, and the one he had borne.

"But the new master desires your presence, and has given orders that all business transactions be delayed until your presence is possible."

He thinks his aunt's ward is expecting a handsome legacy, and will be filled with mortification and chagrin when undeceived; he would see my humiliation.

These and similar thoughts came rapidly through my mind as the lawyer waited my reply.

"Convey to Mr. Elmwood the fact of my readiness to meet him at any time he shall suggest. I can certainly command strength sufficient to carry me to the library."

A few hours later a note containing Mr. Elmwood's compliments, and wishing to see Miss Gilford that evening, if the delicate state of her health would permit, roused me to think of my personal appearance.

For the first time since that fearful day and night I found myself wondering if my dress of mourning was becoming, and hesitated some minutes before deciding in which style I should arrange my hair.

"He shall admit I am both proud and handsome, although a penniless dependent," I said to my mind. And when the toilet was completed, and I saw my face and figure reflected in the mirror, I knew I had made no vain boast, but that my godmother's taste was unerring when she had fondly called me her beautiful queen—the pride of Elmwood.

On entering the library I found, not a haughty young master with all the requirements of a maiden's *beau ideal*, only a grave, quiet man, with dashes of silver through his abundant brown hair. Earnest expressions of sympathy for my late sorrow and sickness, and questions concerning my present condition, so unarmed me that the imperious part I had rehearsed an hour before for his benefit was forgotten. Moved by this unexpected solicitude and kindness, and with the force of habit strong upon me, I in return bade him welcome to Elmwood. No sooner had the words escaped my lips than I remembered his right to be there—and mine gone. With confusion and blushes I stammered out:

"I mean—I mean—I do not know what, only I did not intend to act as hostess in this house, where you are master, and I—an intruder."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, seizing my hand and gazing into my face with a questioning expression, "is it possible you were aware my aunt was powerless to leave you any part of her fortune! and you loved her truly and unselfishly—excuse my hesitancy in receiving this truth, but such devotion and attention as you gave her is seldom seen where there is only the remembrance of past benefits and recompense."

"Is one woman's friendship for another such an anomaly? I cannot understand among what people or in what country you have been living, to learn such skepticism regarding that which seems only natural, and as a matter of course to me."

"In the same world with yourself, child, and meeting the same people. Only I am half-way through the journey of life, and have learned to see my fellow-creature as he is. You are at the beginning of the road, looking at all things through the rose-tints, and with the sentimentalism of youth. When you stand where I do, worn and weary with disappointments and trials, and look back over the tedious path already trodden, you too will have grown cynical, and will wonder how it was possible you could have had the trusting nature I am now so pleasantly surprised by. But the road may not begin to wind up-hill for you as early in the journey as it did for me. I trust not. I am relieved, Miss Gilford, that I am not to see you disappointed at the reading of the will. By-the-way, I have a letter written by your friend a few days previous to her death, in which she informs me she has left her personal effects to you, her 'beloved ward,' whom she confides to my care and protection so long as the law requires for you a guardian, and ever after such assistance as you may need. Miss Gilford, I assure you I take pleasure in respecting this last will of my uncle's wife, and trust you will continue to call Elmwood home, and remain under its shelter with the same rights and privileges as during your godmother's lifetime."

CHAPTER II.

WEEKS passed. Although I wore robes of mourning, and kept warm in my heart the memory of the departed friend, I found I could be reasonably happy. Reasonably happy! ah! how happy the quiet weeks had been since the new master came, I did not appreciate until I was cruelly awakened from the beautiful dream.

One morning, being indisposed, I failed to fill my accustomed place in the breakfast-room. Evening came, and a quick knock at my door proclaimed the near presence of one who had come to be more dear to me than I dared admit to my innermost self.

"May I come in?"

Lying on a lounge, with morning-dress still on, and hair loosely flowing about my shoulders, I knew I was not prepared for a gentleman visitor; but a glance in the mirror opposite told me the crimson cashmere wrapper and disheveled hair only heightened the beauty my black dress could not conceal, and pride prompted me to be seen once in the bright color which suited so well my olive complexion, by this man I had come to love unconsciously.

"Yes, you may come."

A superfluous consent, for he had already found a seat on a low ottoman by my side.

"Do not try to rise," putting his cool hand on my hot brow. "You have too much fever in your veins for any unusual effort. I am lonely without you, and could not resist coming to you; but I will not talk—neither must you—will only sit near you and read, if you like, some little snatches from this collection," taking in his hand a book of miscellaneous poems which lay on the table near by.

One after another, he read pretty sentimental ballads, finding, in the meantime, one of my hot hands, which, under the spell of his voice and near presence, I allowed to remain, passive and quiet, in his delightfully cool one.

The hand, as some writer has told us, is, indeed, a medium of affection. Its warm embrace communicates the love we would often conceal, and sends a thrill of joy from heart to heart. This evening I felt the full force of this fact; with half-closed eyes, I enjoyed the touch so full of pleasure to me—listened to the low, musical voice, afraid to move, lest the spell should be broken, and the present happy hour interrupted—or gone.

"Oh, sad are they who know not love;
But, far from passions, tears, and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea, and pass
The silver coast of fairy isles!"

The soft tones faltered—paused, and a pair of dark eyes I felt now gazing into my face. I did not, by gesture or motion, notice the interruption, and the voice began reading the second verse of that inimitable Persian love-song. A trifle softer, a trifle lower, the tones:

"And sadder they, whose longing lips
Kiss empty air——"

Again a pause; this time the eyes looked into mine with an earnestness that made me think my innermost thoughts were being read. Near—nearer came the face to mine, until his breath fanned my burning cheek, and the voice once more resumed the broken song:

—"Whose longing lips
Kiss empty air, and never touch
The dear, warm mouth of those they love."

Again the tones are hushed, and the face close beside my own came nearer still, until his "longing lips" found my "warm mouth," and covered it with kisses, passionate yet tender—wild but loving. Did I start back, and try to escape these caresses? No! My arms were about his neck, and his face close to mine, as he finished our love-song.

The tiny clock on the mantel struck twelve, and still we enjoyed the knowledge of each other's love; few words were spoken, only a half-articulated name of endearment now and then, and caresses, that was all.

CHAPTER III.

I HAD finished a tardy toilet, one made with especial care, as was testified by the unusual number of crumpled neckties, collars, etc., thrown one side. Then I sat down to await my Philip's coming, and as I waited, my thoughts went back to the first days of my life in this house—recalled each incident, however trifling, during my godmother's time; reviewed the past week spent with my guardian, that grave, quiet man, whom I expected to dislike, whom I now loved.

Strangely it came to me then how little I knew of his life, positively nothing beyond the brief weeks spent at Elmwood. I remembered, too, that he had evaded the few questions I had asked concerning his past, though I had told my whole history to him.

I was interrupted in these thoughts by a rap at the door; only John the footman, with a letter for Miss Gilford, in my guardian's writing.

My hand trembled strangely in breaking the seal; an indefinable dread and fear seized me, as I opened the page, and I read:

"ELINOR:—Last night there came over me a glamour so strange, it completely enveloped and hid duty from sight, leaving passionate love to have its own way. The hand that so lately clasped yours was long ago given with my honor (not love) to another.

"Forgive me that, for a few happy hours, I forgot what was due to yourself and my wife.

"I make no excuses, but my sin I confess, and as far as it lies in my power I shall atone. I offer in slight palliation the fact that I dreamed not of peril for you, neither knew I that sorrow was involved, in my silence concerning myself; nor could I suppose my heart would play false, and, when I most needed strength, start into such strange and ungovernable emotions.

"But the danger I did not foresee is upon us; the one love nature gave me to give is with you; and, most cruel of all, the life of your life has, unknown to us both, come to rest upon me, whom to think of the world would call crime.

"Duty points plainly our paths, not lying together, but sadly apart, perhaps—vain hope, still a hope—some time in the future to cross again. Heaven only knows.

"I would seek you, to hear from your own lips the pardon and blessing without which I have not the courage to face my dark future; but counting your strength by my own, a meeting would only bring sorrow to both.

"In conclusion, I ask your acceptance of the instructions left with my lawyer. I would think of you always as mistress at Elmwood. This atonement is all I can make; do not, I beg you, deny it. And, further, I ask you to write me at least the one word forgive.

"I call you my darling once more, then farewell!

"PHILIP."

So ended the letter that wakened me from my beautiful dream. The room seemed to reel. All grew dark and uncertain before me, and a sensation as of a strong hand grasping at my throat stifled and choked me.

For days I knew not which feeling predominated—surprise, resentment, or despair; but, after my passionate nature had spent itself in violent demonstrations of grief, and I came to consider the subject calmly, I knew my guardian had unconsciously brought this anguish upon me. He had written truly when he told me the danger had come unforeseen. Instead of reproaches, I found myself respecting and thanking the consideration and wisdom which, as soon as the error was discerned, yielded no longer to temptation, but turned resolutely where duty pointed, while yet there was strength left to go. He still had one object in life. I, too, must have one.

I summoned courage to try, in an imperfect way, to fill my godmother's place, and soon found, by forgetting myself and becoming interested in the lives of those about me, my trouble was softened, and as weeks lengthened into months, and months into years, I was, if not a happy woman, at least a contented one.

* * * * * * *

On the table before me lies a little scrap of paper, which has fallen from the open letter in my hand—a little scrap, soiled and worn—on which I read the words traced six long years ago:

"PHILIP:—I forgive you. Be strong in the right, and should the time ever come when it is no longer a sin to accept it, return to my love, and your own ELINOR."

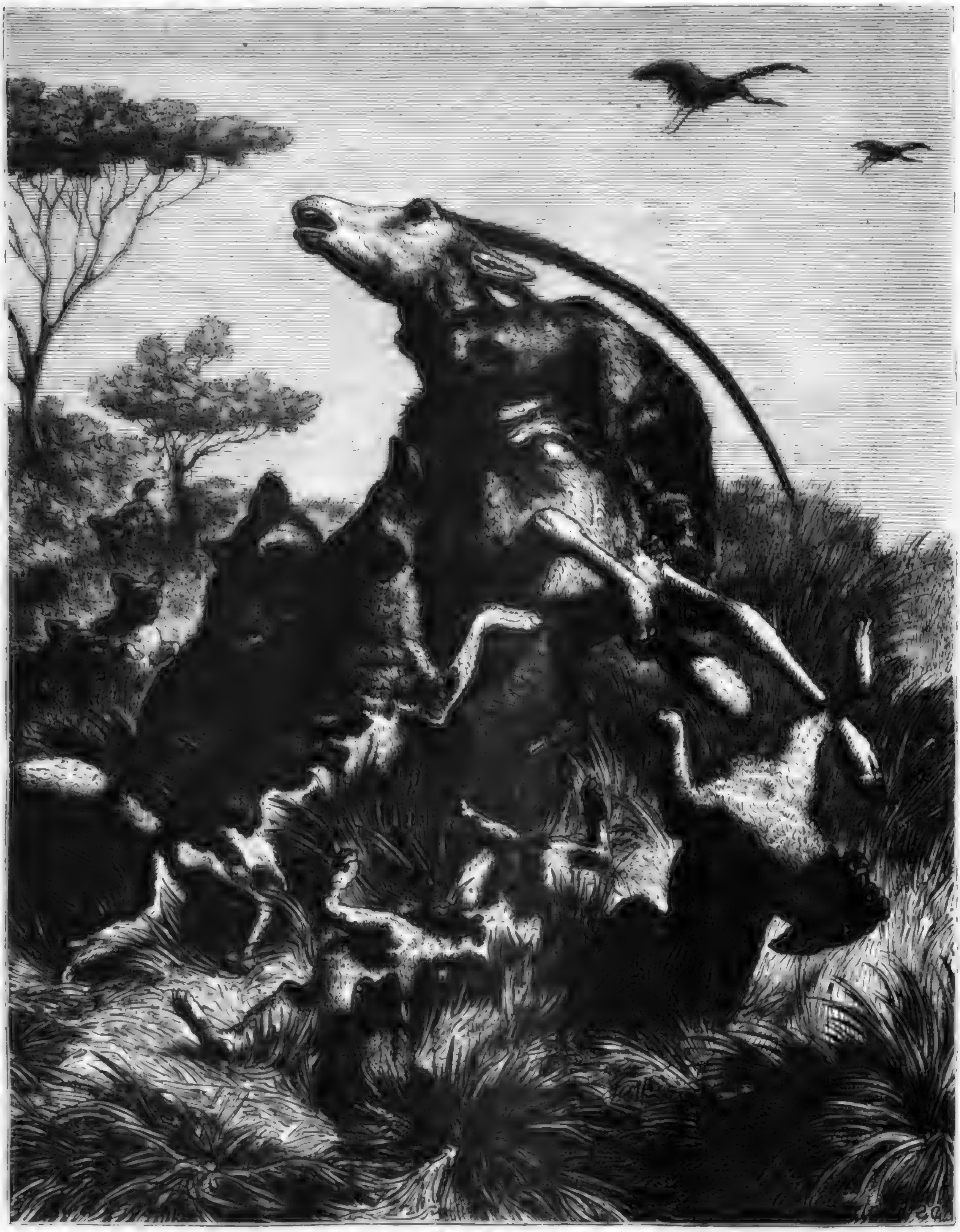
On the page in my hand I read:

"ELINOR:—The time has come when it is no longer a sin to accept it. I return to your love and my own Elinor. At this hour to-morrow be ready to greet your PHILIP."

THE HUNTER HYENA.

We have been informed, from the days of childhood, that hyenas are the most cruel, bloodthirsty and cowardly beasts under the sun, and the uninviting appearance of these creatures, seen in our menageries, seem to be in keeping with this notion. The truth is, that there are many different species of hyenas in the tropical countries, and that some of them will, indeed, attack persons walking or traveling alone, or kill animals inferior to them in size and strength, simply for sucking their blood, and sometimes dig up corpses from the graves.

This does not, however, refer to all hyenas; and in the prairies of Central Africa there lives the hunter hyena, which possesses some of the noblest qualities of the dog, and, in fact, forms a transition between the dog and the hyena tribe.



THE HUNTER HYENA.

This animal is called *mebbie*, in the basin of the Congo River, and is found through the whole of Southern Africa, as far as the grassy prairie extends, but never visits mounainous tracts or the sandy or rocky deserts. The mebbie is constantly in motion, and of a lively, mercurial disposition, lives in caves—at least in the period of gestation and breeding—and is not an exclusively nocturnal animal, like others.

The formation of the jaws and teeth is entirely that of the dog, but the head looks more like that of a hyena. Generally the face and mouth are black, the forehead and neck of an ochre color, while the rest of the body is variously tinged in brownish-yellow, grayish-white and black shades, and no two mebbies have ever been seen that were spotted in the same way. These diversified spots, in unison with the remarkably smooth-haired skin, give to the animal a rather attractive, if not beautiful, appearance, and to call it *painted hyena* would fully characterize the mebbies in their most striking peculiarity.

THE LITTLE MERMAID.

There is no instance on record where packs of them have attacked human beings, but they are much less afraid of man than lions and leopards. When roaming through the high grasses of the prairies, day or night, they are generally seen in packs or clusters of ten to sixty individuals.

When engaged in hunting game they always act on the coöperative principle, and their perseverance and assiduity is really admirable. A great help to them is the keenness of their olfactory organs.

They congregate near the water-springs and ponds, conceal themselves behind the shrubs and high grass-bunches, and lie in wait for the game, which, by thirst, is compelled to seek many times a day the refreshing element. They will assail cattle as well as antelopes or gazelles; the latter will succumb without exception, but not in all cases can the mebbie overpower a strong animal of the bovine class. Then they will at least inflict some bodily injury on the cattle, and cows or oxen which have not been corraled during the night will often, under the repeated, bold attacks of the furious pack, lose their tails. Mebbies falling in with a herd of fat-tailed sheep will kill indiscriminately as many of them as they can, but eat only the bowels of the slain, even if they are not disturbed in this bloody achievement.

The pursuit and "finishing up" of one of the large African antelopes by a pack of these restless dog-hyenas is one of the most thrilling and exciting spectacles that the human eye can witness. In a vivid picture our artist has represented the moment when the antelope, which is about a heifer's size, is attacked by a swarm of the insatiable canines; but the long chase which precedes the capture is not of minor interest to the spectator than the capture itself.

The noble game, aroused by the loud yells of the hyenas, fully realizes the impending peril, and is seeking safety in flight. With incomparable celerity the nimble legs carry the antelope through the high grass-stalks, and circuits are made in the line of flight, when the animal attempts to tire out its restless pursuers.

But the hyenas follow apace the swift game, howling, yelling, whining or emitting a voice which might appropriately be called jubilating, since its sounds are not unlike to a distant bell ringing. They observe in their pursuit a kind of order or discipline; for the foremost in the pack, when their breath commences to give out for having followed all the circuits, are relieved or supplanted by those of the rear, which have spared more of their energy by making short cuts and running in a more direct line. They gain the ascendant over the game through a long stretched, never-tiring gallop, which seems peculiar to them.

When the antelope's strength begins to fail she turns round and boldly faces her terrible antagonists. In despair she sweeps the ground with her mighty horns, and frequently succeeds in killing aggressors by one stroke; by powerful kicks of the hind-legs she dispatches others, or renders them quite unfit for further action.

But all this is only the beginning of the end. Suddenly one hyena, quicker or more experienced than the others, will seize the antelope's neck, and at the same moment almost the whole crowd spring upon the exhausted game and fasten their teeth in the throat or body of the victim.

Sometimes the noble animal can free itself once more from the deadly grasp of these dare-devils, and then another exciting race begins, which will end with the irrevocable slaughter of the victim; but, as a rule, the bloody act is achieved at the time of the first attack.

To get a share of the antelope's entrails, which is the only portion coveted, the hyenas then quarrel among themselves. They open the carcase by repeated bites, and empty it, but despise the flesh, and leave it on the fields to rot; and should they discover more game roaming in the vicinity, they will not eat at all, but after killing the first, start instantly in pursuit of a second prey.

In despoiling their victims they exhibit the truly cruel and bloodthirsty nature of their tribe, and accompany by continued howls their bloody work.

A FEW DAYS IN A QUAINT OLD ENGLISH CITY.

By J. E. Ruutz-Rees.

"Bring a collar and a tooth-brush, and come along," wrote my friend. So I went. He had been long settled at Chester, and was always overwhelming me with descriptions of the "quaintest old town in England, by Jove!" until he had fairly aroused as much curiosity as a well-regulated mind can evolve; and, armed with a mackintosh and umbrella in addition to such implements of civilization as he had suggested, I left Liverpool by the morning express, and reached the much-vaunted town at noon one Spring day. I had not specially enjoyed my journey. The atmosphere throughout had been disagreeable; what is known as a Scotch mist was falling—a hesitating, unchristian, penetrating species of fine rain, which blurred the landscape, and even penetrated the luxurious first-class carriage, where I was beguiling my weariness with a cigar, my legs comfortably extended on the cushions opposite.

Glad to hear the sound of "Chester!" as we reached the terminus, I quickly left my carriage, to be greeted by my friend.

"Glad to see you, old boy!" said he, holding out one well-gloved hand, and hoisting a dripping umbrella in the other. "Fine weather for the ducks. Got any traps?"

A sign to the guard, and my valise was given in charge of a porter, and we left the station.

"Thought we might as well tramp it," said Rivers; "give you an opportunity of seeing the town; never mind this confounded Scotch mist; it'll clear by-and-by."

So it might, but for the moment it was uncomfortable, and my first impressions of Chester were far from being as enthusiastic as they afterward became.

We tramped along accordingly in the mist, sheltered by umbrellas, until we reached the Rows, my companion eagerly talking all the while, and expatiating upon the resources and advantages of his favorite town.

"We can't die here, you know," he said; "the air is so salubrious; it's the lowest death-rate of any town in the United Kingdom. Only two-and-a-quarter per cent., and one can always be the quarter and get carried on. Good, that, isn't it?" added Rivers, with his usual delight in his own jests. "We're only twenty miles from the open sea, and besides that we have the river air; the beautiful River Dee, you know—you've heard of the Miller of Dee, of course? Jolly? why, of course he was jolly. Who could help it in Chester? We're all jolly here, I can tell you."

Here we turned down into another row, where, under shelter, my umbrella became less of a drawback in my enjoyment of the architectural peculiarities, upon which Rivers waxed eloquent. Still, it was so damp that I was not altogether sorry when he suddenly came to a halt, and ascending the steps of one of the quaintest houses in the street, exclaimed:

"Here we are, old boy! Welcome to Chester—welcome home!" and, as he opened the door with a pass-key, I found myself in a hall of fair dimensions, and face to face with a very handsome woman, who greeted me cordially as her husband's friend.

"Come in," she said. "I am so sorry that your first view of Chester should be in a Scotch mist; but, never mind—you'll have plenty of sunshine after a while. Let me introduce my daughter, Ella."

Then and there, all doubt as to the charms of Chester vanished from my mind. Whether it was because the Scotch mist had left me unprepared for any brightness, or whether the pungency of the boasted sea-air was already operating upon my system, I know not; but I do know that Chester—Chester, the quaintest city of Old England!—must be for ever cherished in my regard. How can I describe Ella? There, I won't attempt it! Rivers was always good-looking enough, and Mrs. Rivers was handsome; but Ella! Ah, well, she was divine!

She came forward, with a little blush; a pair of bright blue eyes were raised to mine, and as in a few hesitating words she bade me welcome, I surrendered at discretion.

Lunch awaited us, and before that most genial and unceremonious repast was ended, Mrs. Rivers's prophecy was realized—the mist had lifted, the sun came out bright and warm, the sky was blue, and the air full of the twittering of birds.

Rivers lost no opportunity of lauding his cherished Chester, but I placed more reliance on his daughter's description.

"Oh, yes," she said—"I like the queer old town well enough; it's not particularly exciting," she added, "but still it's endurable. We've got a croquet club, and tennis association, and we often get up picnics—that's one advantage of the legends and history of the old place. There's always an excuse for an excursion, if it's only to see where some stupid old monk was buried. But you'll have enough of it, with papa to lionize you—he's Chester mad."

"We'll have the carriage at three," said my host, "and drive round the walls—that'll give you some idea of the size of the place. It's the only town in England that still possesses its walls entire in their circuit of two miles; and the north and east gates are in exactly the same spots as the old Roman ones. You've no idea," he proceeded, "of the age of the city. Why, it must have been founded soon after Cæsar's time. That is making it quite modern, indeed, for old antiquarians declare that it was built by Japhet's grandson two hundred and forty years after the Flood. They don't say how he got here, and, as I haven't found his brass in the cathedral, they *may* be mistaken. But it is quite certain that the Romans had a colony here, and constructed the roads. It is identical with the Deva of the Roman Itineraries, and excavations have revealed any amount of remains.

"Now, papa," exclaimed Miss Ella, "stop. I assure you, Mr. White," she added, turning to me, "papa's worse than Murray, because you can't skip him; he will go over every bit of ground. Who cares about remains, I should like to know?" and she shook her pretty head and looked, oh, so delicious!

Rivers paid no more attention to her than if she had been a fly. He continued rapturously, while she made a comical *moue*.

"Absolutely, they excavated an altar with a Greek inscription—having a dedication by a physician named Hermogenes. I tell you, old fellow, it's a perfect education to be here; you're always learning something. A few days ago they pulled down a wretched old hotel here, and exposed a fine basilica, with Corinthian pillars, and baths, and all sorts of luxurious contrivances. I tell you, those old fellows knew a thing or two. Why, the very house we are in must be centuries old."

Here Miss Ella interposed with her sweet voice:

"I should think it *is* old, and worm-eaten, too. Horrid old shed! *it* ought to be pulled down. Why don't you, papa? You might find a particular old monk of your own, and have him potted."

Rivers shrugged his shoulders.

"The irreverence of this generation is appalling," he said, and then went on, calmly: "The old Welsh name of the city—Caerleon Vawr—means 'Great camp of the legions on the Dee'; or, as the Romans in their parlance called it, Cestria, no doubt the origin of its present name. But come, here is the carriage; let's go. Put on your hat, Ella."

And so we started, Miss Ella and I on the back seat, Rivers opposite to me, expatiating, exclaiming and explaining as we passed through the quaint old streets with their overlapping houses. The Rows, seen now without the overhanging mist, were picturesque in the extreme. They exist throughout the greater portion of the length of the four principal streets, and are best described as continuous galleries open to the roadway, the houses projecting out over and under them. They are formed, as it were, of the first floors of houses, reached by steps from the pavements.

We left the carriage and walked through one of the Rows. It is boarded and protected by a ceiling, so that a covered way is provided, which fronts the shops, and assumes the character of a promenade. These streets must have been excavated in very early times, and were originally sunk far below the surface. The covered ways enable one to make almost the entire circuit of the city under shelter, and they are generally alive with pedestrians. Many of the houses, like that of my friend, must have been built in the seventeenth century, and the more modern ones are built in the same style, so that the aspect of the entire city is picturesque; and most un-English.

Some of the basements of these more modern houses are still as they were built in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; one old chamber in Eastgate Street has a stone groined roof certainly dating four hundred years back.

"It's a shame," said Ella, "that they have destroyed the castle, and only left 'Cæsar's Building,' and filled up the space with that abominable jail. Papa will admire the architecture; I think it's hideous. Now, Mr. White, wouldn't the old castle, with its dilapidated walls and moats and ivy, and all that, you know, be much nicer than that horrid county hall and the law courts?"

I couldn't help agreeing, as I thought how we might have explored the ruined castle, and in imagination I saw myself tenderly helping my charming companion up and down old stairways, and halls of the forgotten past.

"There's the Town Hall," she continued. "Now, there's some sense in that. The first year we were here—I was quite a little girl, you know—the Prince of Wales came down to open that. They might manage another royal visit, I consider, and give me a chance of enjoying it, now I'm 'out.'"

Our drive round the city brought us to the Grosvenor Bridge, which spans the Dee and leads to Shrewsbury. It is a magnificent structure, the largest single span in Europe, excepting one over the Danube. The old bridge with its seven arches still remains a picturesque object in the distance.

"Now," said Rivers, "you must come and see the very oldest house in the city—Derby House; it was built in 1591, and I have a permission to go over it. Come along." And his enthusiasm increased at the prospect of feasting his eyes upon the relics of olden splendor. But he was not destined to carry out his intention upon this occasion, or to astonish my mind with those particular antiquities. Just as he gave the order to the coachman to turn down one of the narrower city streets, a drove of cattle entered at the other end, from the market-place. We had scarcely time to be aware of it before we were in their midst; a fact which would have had little of interest for me, but for Rivers's evident uneasiness.

"Forgot it was market day," he said; "it makes the mare fidgety." And he stood up in the carriage to give some direction to the coachman, while Ella laughingly pointed out the exertions of the drovers as the cattle ran hither and thither; and a flock of sheep, pouring in from a side street, added to the confusion. I was as diverted as she, never imagining any cause for alarm, until, to my surprise, my friend sprang over the back of the carriage to the coachman's side, and laid his hand on the reins with a "Steady, now," which, from the tone in which it was uttered, told me what to expect. The mare, already uneasy, became still more excited as the noisy drovers, running hither and thither, called their dogs; and the sheep, turning about in the indefinite manner peculiar to them, ran in a sort of circle in the roadway. In vain my friend raised his voice in tones of soothing and encouragement; the mare, as if possessed, started into a mad gallop, and Rivers, making a last frantic effort to hold her in, turned to me with a "Keep Ella still," as we dashed down the narrow street, scattering the frightened cattle and bewildered men, utterly at the mercy of the infuriated mare.

Our sudden peril, the unexpected turn our pleasant excursion had taken, threw down every barrier of reserve. I placed my arm round my frightened companion, and holding her firmly with one hand, clutched the side of the carriage with the other.

Our pace was so rapid that I could discern nothing but the horrified rush of the people to steer clear of us; but with a sudden jerk we had turned a corner, and the carriage striking against a stone wall, was overturned, most providentially not on the wall side. The mare, escaping from the broken traces, tore the reins wildly from the restraining hands of the coachman and his master, and before I had time to realize the catastrophe, I found myself sitting with my hat off in the middle of the road.

My first impulse was to turn to Ella, but she was already on her feet, bending over poor Rivers, who was lying beside the curb, apparently unconscious. A crowd quickly collected, but before I had time to be seriously alarmed my friend had opened his eyes, and attempted to rise.

"Thank God!" he murmured, as his eyes rested on Ella and myself. "I thought it was all over!"

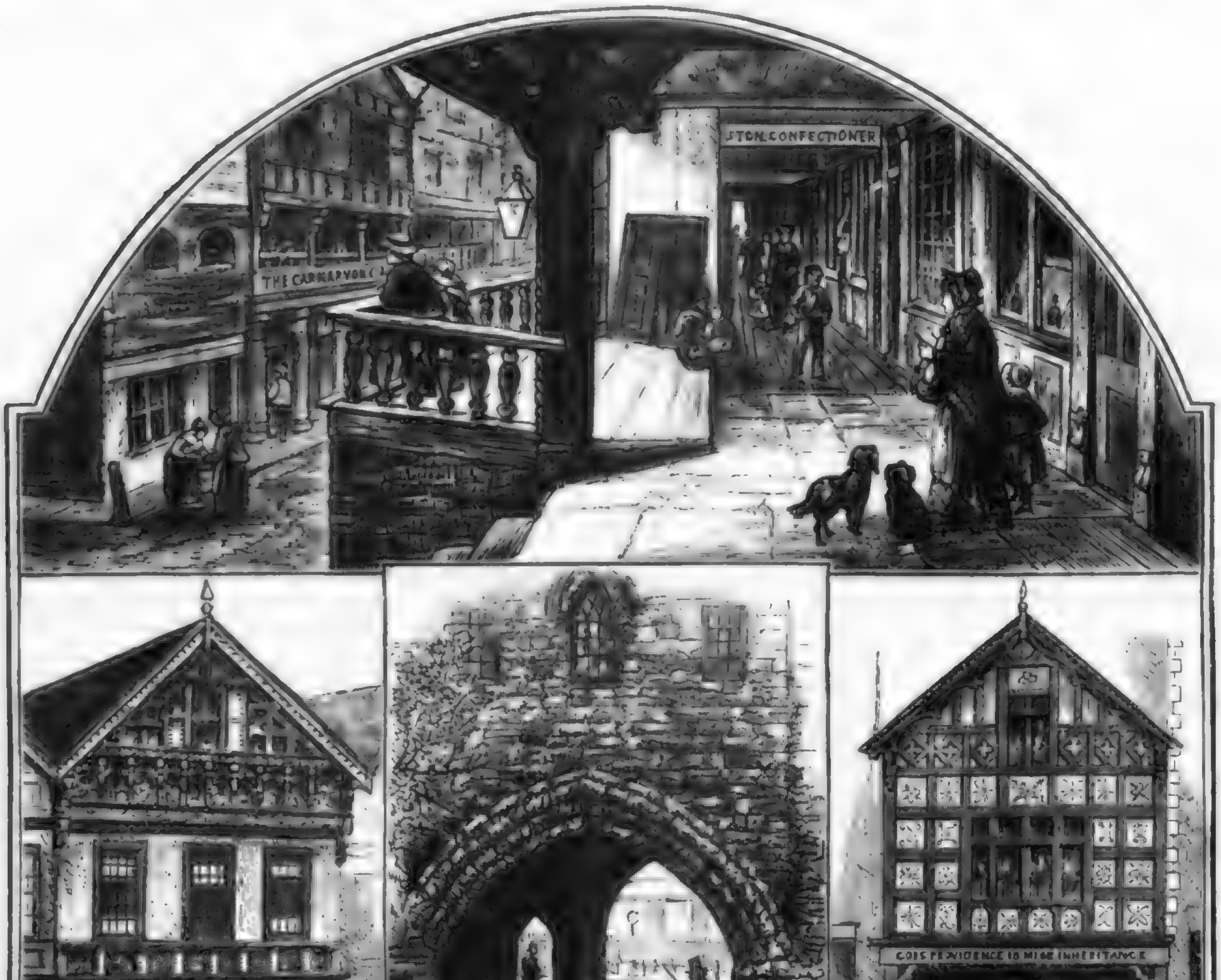
Our escape from permanent injury indeed seemed miraculous. Rivers alone appeared to have sustained any hurt, for, on attempting to rise, his leg caused him such pain that he almost fainted, and all our efforts were directed to getting him home.

In a very few moments the coachman appeared with his tale of disaster; the runaway mare had never stopped until in her mad career she had dashed against the stone buttresses of the city wall. Honest John shook his head as he told of the loss of the valuable creature, adding:

"But there, measter. I always telled ye how 'twould be. It were a most unmonageable brute anyway, her were."

This was little consolation to poor Rivers, whose one anxiety was to get home and anticipate the bad news with his wife. Many friendly offers of assistance were made by persons in the crowd, and the matter ended in Rivers being helped into the brougham of a neighbor and driven home, while I undertook to bring Miss Ella safely through the excited crowd to her father's hospitable door.

This adventure, disastrous as it appeared, had the happiest results for me. Rivers's injury turned out to be a severe sprain, and he was condemned to many days of inaction on the sofa. His superfluous energy was devoted to planning out excursions for me, in which Mrs. Rivers, being detained by her sympathetic attendance on her husband, could not join, and so it fell out that Miss Ella was my constant companion.

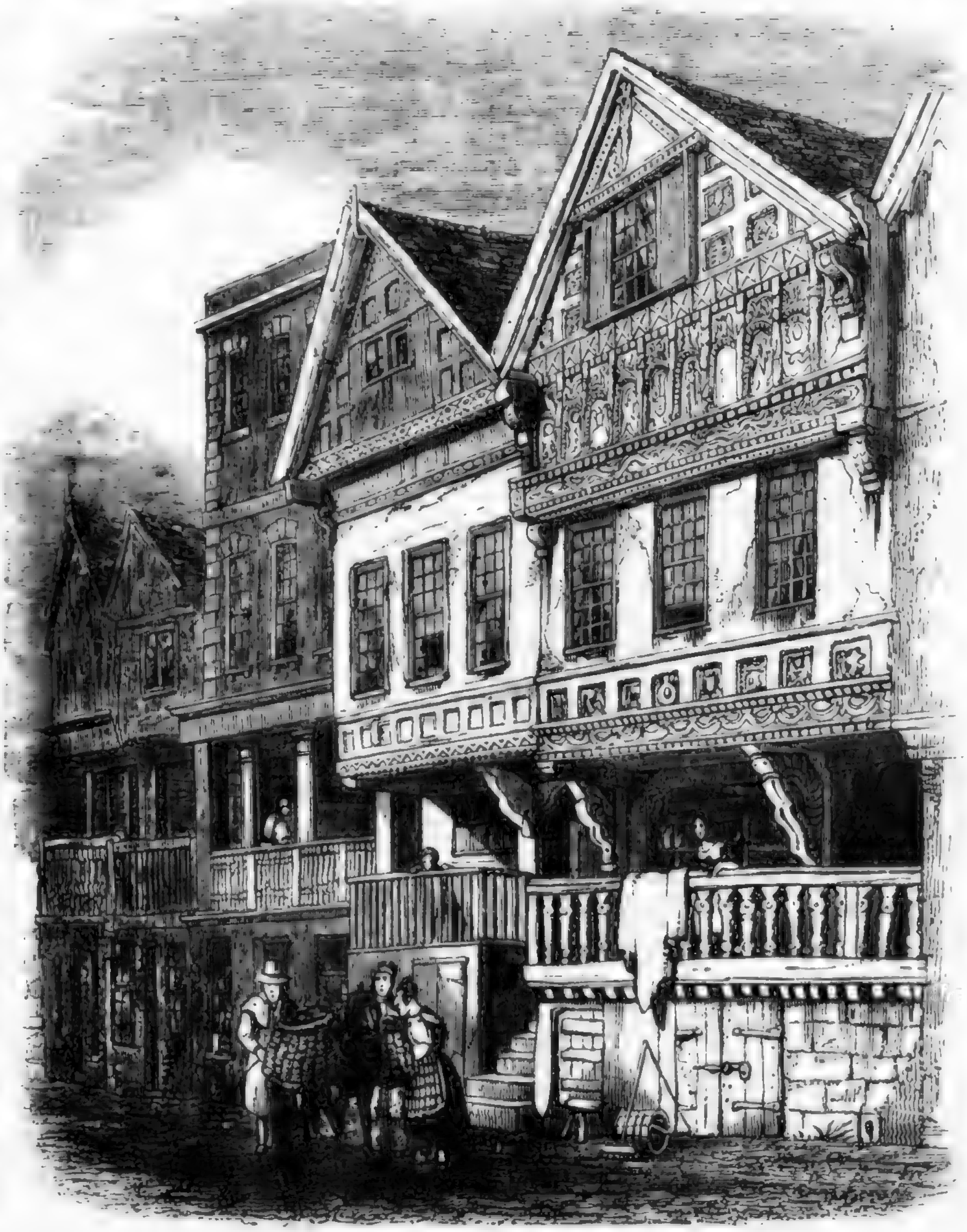


THE CITY OF CHESTER.—VIEW OF A STREET; A COVERED WAY; THE CITY GATE; QUAINT HOUSES; A RUINED ABBEY.

Is it to be wondered at that I look back to those few days at quaint old Chester with undying gratitude? nay, that I am at times inclined to thank Heaven for the accident that laid my too energetic friend on his back, and placed me at the mercy of his daughter's guidance?

XUM

Together we explored the cathedral, "crammed," as the dear girl said, with information before we started—information for which I have always been grateful, for I doubt if I should have acquired it on the spot. I positively declare that I was capable of losing my interest in the oldest brass or the most intricate carving if Ella only glanced at me. Her blue eyes were more to me than all the painted wonders in the vast cathedral pile, and the little attentions I was able to pay her far outweighed in importance the genealogical record or historical account to which I ought to have devoted my attention. We went to that cathedral a great many times. Rivers was delighted at my zeal; it never occurred to him what pleasant resting-places we found under the deep arches, or how cool the cloisters were in the growing heat of the early Summer. He never succeeded in making very particular inquiries, after all, for directly I suspected him of any such intention I turned the tables, and asked him a question—for example, as to the Shrine of St. Werburgh, now the bishop's throne, and so sent him off upon one of the antiquarian discourses in which his soul reveled, while Ella would lift her fringed eyelids and glance at me, to show how well she understood my hypocrisy. Ah! those were halcyon days—days never to be recalled. Dear, quaint old Chester, how much I owe thee!



OLD HOUSES IN CHESTER.

One morning we sauntered into the cathedral porch.

"Now," said I, "to-day I really must see some of these points of particular interest. Let us find Henry IV.'s tomb—at least, the tomb ascribed to Henry IV. of Germany."

Well, so we did; but somehow, when we reached it, we were tired. Ella sat down on one of the stone inclosures, and I stood beside her, watching the effect of the sun's ray through the colored window as it lighted up her golden hair. What did we care for the three coffin-lids with the wheel crosses, where the fat old abbots molder in their graves? or the early burial records of old Norman priests? Who of us two admired the quaint tapestry picture of Elymas the Sorcerer? A mightier sorcerer than Elymas was with us both!

Did Ella appreciate the beautiful pillars of the Chapter House? or care a brass button about the library? or find anything beautiful in the architecture of the cloisters? I did; but then, they were irradiated by the glory that surrounded my newly found queen!

We staid a long while in the old Norman chamber, it is true, but it was because our voices echoed and re-echoed so charmingly. There I whispered, "Ella," and she, shy little darling! first said, "Paul." Ah! that old vaulted room with its massive pillars held many a gleam of sunshine for my heart. Didn't we go together to the Abbey Gate, with its fifteenth-century arch, wandering past the city walls, and coming home in the sunset glow of the early Summer evening? Didn't we go together to that stumpy old Cæsar's Tower, and try to picture to ourselves what the castle must have been? Didn't we wander by the Dee, and watch its current, and talk of effects of light, and all that was proper? Didn't we cross over the Grosvenor Bridge and look back upon the city, and exclaim at the breadth of the Roodeye, or race-ground? Didn't I promise to come again and see the Chester Cup run for? In short, what was there in or out of the city walls that we did not visit together? I won't say explore, for I like to be honest; but, anyway, we went there—to one and all of the show places, and to every excursion; to Eaton Hall, belonging to the Duke of Westminster, one of the most beautiful seats in England, where I was possessed with a mad desire to call it mine, and dower the lovely Ella with its vast domains! I lavished a fortune in tickets to see it, and every other sight within miles; pointed out the most solitary nooks, and found more quiet corners than Rivers ever dreamed of in all his antiquarian research.

Ah, I felt for poor Rivers, laid by the heels; but after all, he had his wife, and the satisfaction of cramming me. I had visited and explored the whole city and its surroundings before he was well enough even to drive round with us. Poor fellow! I wasn't so inconsolable as I ought to have been, but I did dread saying good-by! I lingered on till Summer in all its glory was upon us; until every spot of the lovely country round was in its fullest Summer dress; until midday excursions were impossible, and the late evenings found us out upon the walls, or sauntering up one of the Rows, or loitering round the old-fashioned garden back of Rivers's house. I *could* not tear myself away.

My enthusiasm for Chester far exceeded for a while even that of my friend, and he was gratified beyond expression at my participation in his eulogies of his quaint old dwelling-house, with its carved mullions, deep porches and latticed windows. But he never quite forgave me, I honestly believe, when he found out at last that the charm I found in Chester lay not in intricate carvings or curious excavations, not even in the overhanging houses or magnificent cathedral, but in a pair of bright blue eyes, and shining locks whose golden meshes had entrapped my heart.

When he gave his winsome daughter into my keeping, it was with a half-reproachful remark that such a little, insignificant trifle as love should have been needed to illuminate the glories of that quaint old English city, Chester on the River Dee.

THE SCARLET TANAGER.

This is the brightest and most beautiful of our feathered visitors. Seen among the green foliage in his scarlet and black livery, he seems to glow like a living flame, and well deserves his name of "fire-bird," while the French style it the "cardinal." Unlike the majority of brilliantly-plumaged birds, the tanager is a musician, and, in addition to these good qualities, is very readily tamed, and makes a lively and affectionate pet. He is to be found chiefly in oak groves, situated near swamps. Here may be heard his warbling song, broken by a pensive call-note, sounding like the syllables *chip-churr*; and here he and his companions show their beautiful color and lively movements in their pursuit of insects, of which this bird destroys a great number. The nest is generally to be found in orchards and forests, particularly in oak groves, where the trees stand at some distance apart. It is so loosely constructed that the light shines through its interstices. The materials used in its construction are broken stalks of dried weeds, slender twigs of oak, fir, whortleberry-bushes, or like frail constituents, loosely framed, and bound together with pea-vine runners or grass. It is quite shallow, lined with slender pine-leaves, or the wiry brown stalks of the Canadian cistus, and contains, about the middle of May, usually four, sometimes three, seldom five eggs, of a dull, light-greenish blue color, spattered, more or less thickly, with purplish brown. The full-grown male tanager is a bright carmine, with clear black wings and tail. The female is olive green above, yellowish beneath, wings and tail-feathers brown, edged with olive-green. During the Autumn, the young males are colored like the females, except that a few red feathers make their appearance here and there. While as yet the eggs are unhatched, the birds are extremely wary, and appear very much distressed if approached; but after the young birds appear, the male bird takes his full share, like a dutiful husband and affectionate father, in caring for them, and becomes careless of being seen.

Indeed, his attachment to his young seems very strong, as is shown by the following account, taken from Wilson:

"Passing through an orchard, and seeing one of these young birds that had but lately left the nest, I carried it with me for about half a mile, to show it to my friend, Mr. William Barton, and having procured a cage, hung it up on one of the large pine-trees in the Botanic Garden, within a few feet of the nest of an orchard oriole, which also contained young, hoping that the charity and kindness of the orioles would induce them to supply the cravings of the stranger. But charity with them, as with too many of the human race, began and ended at home.

"The poor orphan was altogether neglected, notwithstanding his plaintive cries, and as it refused to be fed by me, I was about to return it to the place where I found it, when, toward the afternoon, a scarlet tanager, no doubt its own parent, was seen fluttering around the cage, endeavoring to get in. Finding this impracticable, he flew off, and soon returned with food in his bill, and continued to feed it till after sunset, taking up his lodgings on the higher branches of the same tree. In the morning, as soon as day broke, he was again seen most actively engaged in the same manner, and, notwithstanding the insolence of the orioles, he continued his benevolent offices the whole day, roosting at night as before.

"On the third or fourth day he seemed extremely solicitous for the liberation of his charge, using every expression of distressful anxiety, and every call and invitation that nature had put in his power, for him to come out. This was too much for the feelings of my friend. He procured a ladder, and mounting to the spot where the bird was suspended, opened the cage, took out his prisoner, and restored him to liberty and to his parent, who, with notes of great exultation, accompanied his flight to the woods."

THE LITTLE BEGUM.

By Jane G. Austin.

Wilberforce Blake, of the firm of Yerxa, Demetri & Blake, the great East Indian importers, was master, among his other possessions, of a handsome country-house in the village of Woodside, which village Mr. Blake and his friends were perhaps a little too much in the habit of regarding as a mere adjunct appanage to "Bagatelle," as the country-house was styled. But besides Bagatelle, Woodside boasted of another large house, although the two were several miles apart, and this was Athens House, the Select Family and Day School of the Misses Murray, dedicated especially to the education of young ladies from ten years old upward.

Nobody but the Misses Murray considered this school a very good one, taken from an educational point of view; but Athens House was a large and handsome building, the site healthy and picturesque, and the distance from any large town a recommendation to careful parents always looking out for ravening wolves in the shape of young men. Whether it was these considerations, or mere propinquity, and a desire to encourage home productions so far as a foreign merchant might, that swayed the mind of Mr. Blake, it is impossible now to say; but certain it is that when the Baboo Raj Moetal consigned to him, in a private letter inclosed in the schedule of a rich assorted cargo, his daughter Taza, to be educated "according to the fashion of young American noblewomen," with an added and obscure hint of matrimonial designs entertained by the Baboo upon a certain business friend of his own, native of the Great Republic, but resident in Calcutta, the busy merchant contented himself with asking his wife in an absent-minded sort of fashion :

"That school at Woodside is as good as any, I suppose ; isn't it ?"

"For Matilda !" exclaimed Mrs. Blake, shrilly, as she elevated her hands and eyebrows.

"No, no—for Taza Moctal. Oh, I have not told you, have I ?"

And in few words the facts already known to the reader were communicated to Mrs. Blake, with the added information that the *Jehangeer* was already signaled as outside the harbor, and would probably be at the wharf early in the morning.

"And the girl is on board ! Why did not her father send her overland ? But I suppose, traveling with only a servant, she was safer among the people who knew her and all about her," soliloquized Mrs. Blake. "Well, bring her out to Woodside to-morrow night, and we will see. She might, perhaps, go back to Madame Devine's with Matilda in September, if——"

"Of course, that is the best plan !" exclaimed the merchant, much relieved. "I never thought of that."

"I said *if*, Mr. Blake," replied his wife, astutely. "I cannot tell until I see the girl. She may not be a suitable companion for Matilda."

"Well, we shall see to-morrow night."

The next afternoon, at the time when the carriage should return from the train, Mrs. Blake, carefully dressed, seated herself upon the veranda, in some little flutter of curiosity, while Matilda, a girl of fifteen, pale, lank, flaxen, blue-eyed, and in the weedy condition of figure incident to her years, lay upon a sofa just within the open window, reading a novel.

"There comes the carriage !" exclaimed Mrs. Blake, eagerly. "I see your father ; a dark woman and a man on the front seat—her servants, no doubt ; and—— Yes, now I see her. Humph ! She will go to Woodside, I have a fancy."

Matilda, if she heard, made no reply, but her lips curled in unfilial scorn, and, without changing her attitude, she attentively regarded, first her own reflection in the great mirror opposite her couch, and then the light, girlish figure seated in the barouche, now drawing up at the foot of the steps. A charming figure, fairy-like in its proportions, yet rounded with a promise of fuller and more luxuriant curves in the future ; a small, proud head, crowned with masses of silky black hair ; a skin colorless, yet glowing with a certain white light of life and health ; a mouth that might have been too tempting but for a certain curve of proud purity not to be disregarded by even the most ardent ; arched eyebrows, clear and fine ; and beneath them, eyes—ah, such eyes ! Oriental in their dark fire and softness, large and steady, proud and tender—such eyes as never opened first upon a Northern sky, never failed to move the inmost heart of Northern man.

"Poor mamma ! She never will let that face be seen beside mine when she can help it," murmured Matilda Blake, with the half-sad, half-scornful smile familiar to her pale lips ; and then, as her father and his guest came up the stairs, the daughter of the house went forth to meet them with the cold and somewhat careless manner which deceived so many of those who thought her a mere child, or else the formal, selfish and heartless puppet of her mother's teachings.

This composure was destined to be slightly discomposed on this occasion, however, for the East Indian no sooner found that this young girl was the daughter of her guardian, than, throwing her arms about her, she pressed her to her heart, kissing her upon cheek and brow and lips, murmuring the while :

"My sister in a strange land, you are very dear to poor Taza ! And you will try to love her as she will you, will you not, O friend of my new life ?"

"Thank you, I—I——" stammered Matilda, looking cross and awkward, as proud and bashful persons always do under similar circumstances ; and Mrs. Blake smoothly came to the rescue with :

"These people are your servants, I suppose, my dear ? I will send them to the housekeeper's room for the present."

"Oh, Sooltan and Aisha !" replied Taza, withdrawing from Matilda's cold embrace with a pained expression upon her sensitive face. "Yes—Sooltan is my *kitmudgar*, and Aisha my *ayah*—nurse, you call it in English, I believe."

"And what are the man's duties, my dear ?"

"Why, to wait upon me at the table, madame, and to take care of the dishes and silver that I use," replied the girl, surprised. "He has them all packed in that basket, and Aisha has my dressing-case. But the most of the luggage is still on board the *Jehangeer*."

Mrs. Blake looked at her husband, looked at her daughter, and made no reply except to invite her guest to enter the house, and to go to her own chamber ; but leaving her there, she returned to the drawing-room to announce :

"The girl goes to Woodside to-morrow, or, rather, as soon as the school opens again, and her man-servant may return to Calcutta in the same vessel that brought him here. As for the woman, she may take care of my lady's clothes, for I suppose she is far too fine to be able to do it for herself."

"She is as she was born and brought up, my dear," replied Mr. Blake, philosophically. "Potato-vines do not bear passion-flowers."

"Passion-flowers, indeed !" muttered Mrs. Blake ; "and potatoes, forsooth !" added she, turning toward Matilda ; but further speech was cut short by her husband, who briefly announced :

"Julian Yerxa is coming out to-morrow to spend two or three days, perhaps longer."

"Julian Yerxa ! and you never told me until now—and this girl here and all !" exclaimed the lady, a flush of excitement staining her withered cheek.

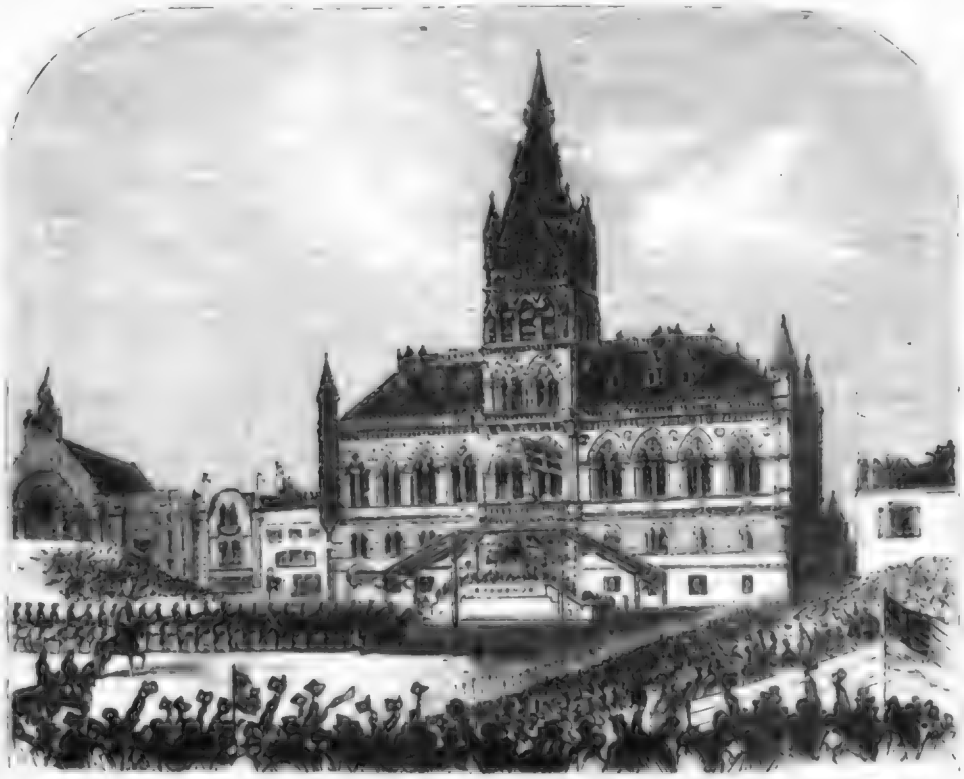
"It is just on account of 'this girl,' as you call her—and, by-the-way, her name is Taza, or, if you prefer, Miss Moctal—it is to see her that Yerxa is coming just now. He went on board with me, and was rather taken with her beauty and foreign manner."

"Oh, was he, indeed ? And you encouraged him, I suppose, and invited him out here to meet her," suggested Mrs. Blake, in a tone of such fierce sarcasm that her husband looked up in astonishment, exclaiming :

"Well, of all the unaccountable women ! Have not you been teasing me for months to bring this young man out here ?"

"And why ?" replied the lady in her former tone. "Because he is the only son of the head of your firm, and will inherit one of the largest fortunes in America ; and because he is handsome, and gay, and impressible, and likes to hear Matilda sing, and——"

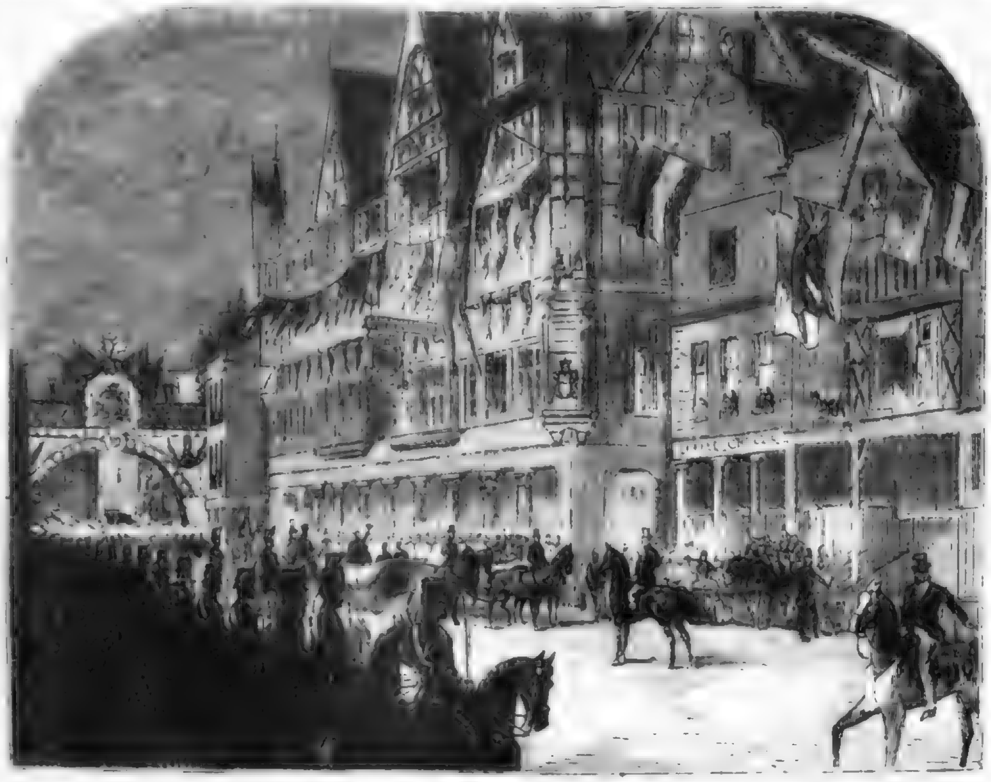
"Oh, it was a trap, was it ? and I was the tame elephant that was to lure the wild one inside, was I ? Thankye, my dear, but that sort of thing is not at all in my way—and I wouldn't try to make it so, if I were you. Besides, Matilda's too young for market yet, and veal never brings so good a price as beef."



A FEW DAYS IN A QUAINT OLD ENGLISH CITY.—THE NEW TOWN HALL, CHESTER. SEE PAGE 86.

"Coarse! vulgar! unfeeling!" muttered Mrs. Blake, but so low that the subject of these epithets was not obliged to hear them, and did not appear to; and just then poor Taza came gliding down the stairs, so lovely in her fresh dress of embroidered India muslin, and her quaint ornaments of yellow Delhi gold, that the heart of her hostess hardened more than ever toward her, and Matilda's sallow cheeks reddened with envy.

The next day, Julian Yerxa came—a fine, tall, dark young fellow, with all the beauty of his Greek father and American mother, and just enough of the Oriental romance tempering the Western energy of his nature to make him the most ardent of admirers, the most passionate of lovers. He had already been an occasional guest at Bagatelle, and, in spite of the youth of both parties—for Yerxa, just out of college, had barely passed his twenty-second birthday—Mrs. Blake had already settled in her own mind that the business connection of the fathers was to be cemented as soon as possible by a more tender association of the children, and to this end many of her schemes during the last year had tended.



GROSVENOR HOTEL, CHESTER.

All this taken into account, must we not pardon the somewhat venomous expression of the lady's face as she watched her destined son-in-law's open devotion to the new star, and marked the shy light in Taza's eyes as she listened to his half-murmured speeches, or received at his hands the symbolical bouquets he delighted to arrange for her?—pardon, too, the sharp, cold tone of her voice as she addressed her husband's ward, and the withering sarcasm of her manner as she congratulated that luckless man at bedtime upon the success of his operations?

"But I shall manage matters a little better to-morrow, I promise you, and in a few days—well, we shall see."

"We sha'n't see any mortification or distress come to the stranger child confided to my care, Mrs. Blake, and that I can promise you," replied her husband, sternly, and the weaker vessel prudently held her tongue, and revolved her schemes in her own busy brain.

Just how it was effected no one but herself could tell, but during his remaining stay at Bagatelle, Julian Yerxa found few or no opportunities for private conversation with Taza, and when he left the house it was under pledge to meet Mrs. Blake "and the rest of us," as that lady worded her invitation, at the seaside hotel where they had taken rooms, one of which could now be spared for him.

When the guest had fairly departed, Mrs. Blake proceeded to unfold the second part of her scheme, which was that Miss Moctal, with her *ayah* for company, should be safely established at Athens House a few days before the departure of the rest of the family for Seatown.

Various and excellent were the reasons assigned for this arrangement by the wily dame who made it. Taza, dear child, was not yet accustomed to American manners or customs, and would be the subject of remark, perhaps of gossip, among the idle and fashionable people she would meet with them.

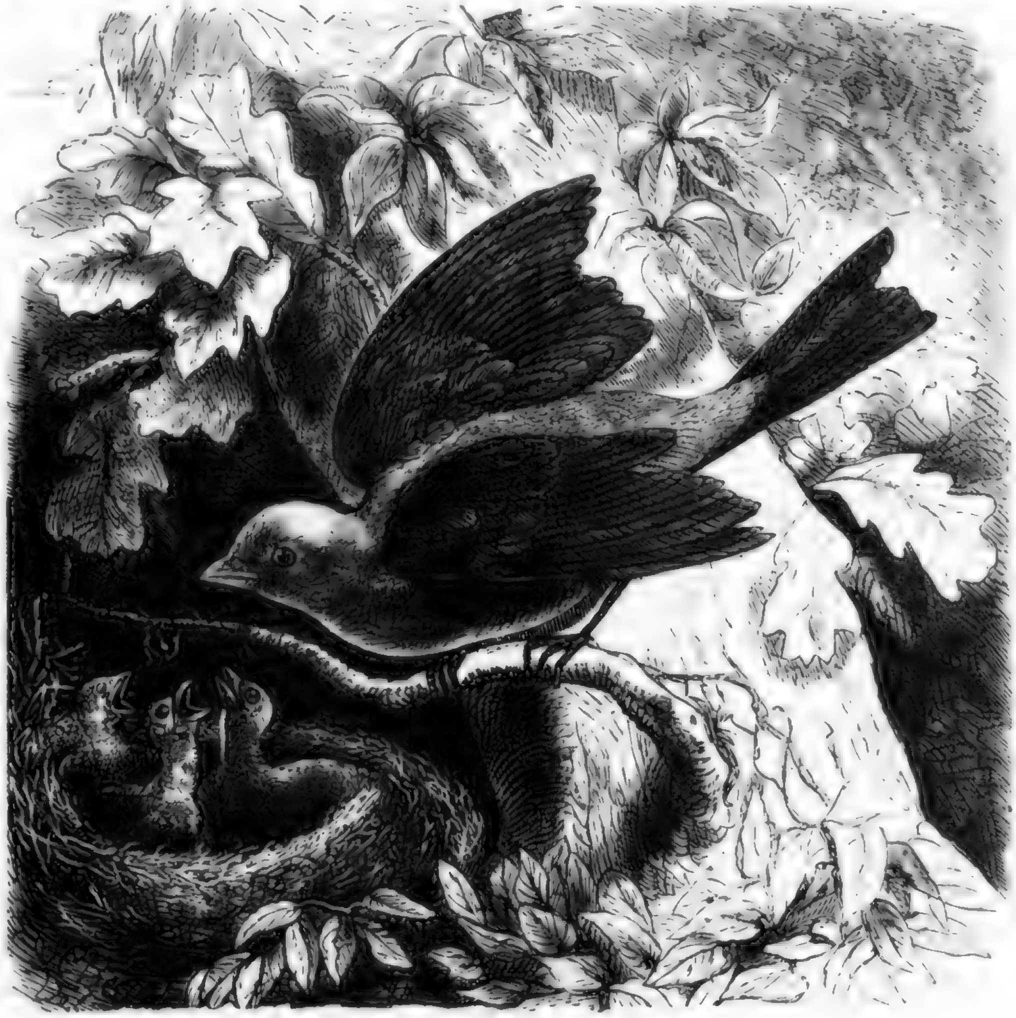
Her health, too, would be more benefited just now by the sweet, clear air of the country than by the sea-breezes she had lived among for the last three months; again, she would have time, before the school recommenced, to learn something of its ways and requirements, and thus to escape some of the wonder, and, perhaps, ridicule of her future companions. In fact, the flood of eloquence prevailed, and when Julian Yerxa, flushed with anticipated delight, stood ready to hand his friends from the stage-coach completing the journey to Seatown, the one face he cared to see among them was not there, and all Mrs. Blake's smooth explanations failed to comfort or to satisfy him.

It was about a week from that day that Miss Murray, entering the dormitory which her solitary pupil forlornly occupied, found her lying listlessly upon the bed, while Aisha, crouched upon the floor close at hand, watched her young mistress with gloomy eyes, assuming a look of contemptuous dislike as the little dried and formal figure of the school-mistress entered the room, and asked, suspiciously:

"Miss Moctal, is Mr. Julian Yerxa a friend of Mrs. Blake's, and did she give you permission to receive him here?"

Taza sprang from the bed, and her beautiful, languid eyes lighted as Miss Murray had never yet seen them.

"Of course, of course!" replied she, rapidly. "Mr. Yerxa was at Mrs. Blake's until I came away, and he was with them at the shore of the sea. He will have a message for me to come to them down there, it may be."



THE SCARLET TANAGER.— SEE PAGE 90.

"Well," replied the lady of Athens House, after a sour and doubtful pause, "he is in the drawing-room, and you may go down to see him. Until school begins, I suppose you do not come under its rules; but after that time no visitors are admitted for the young ladies, unless bringing a written order from parents or guardians."

But Taza, scarcely waiting for Aisha to nimbly arrange her disordered hair and dress a little, was already gliding toward the door with that peculiar rapid yet repressed movement so peculiar to her race, and in another moment appeared a vision of youth and grace and beauty before the delighted eyes of the young man, who sprang forward to meet her with both hands extended, and his lips tingling with the desire to add a yet more significant warmth to his greeting.

"You were not with them at Seatown!" were his first reproachful words, and she innocently answered:

"I did so want to go, and you promised to take me to so many pretty drives."

"And why did not you come, when you knew that it was only to meet you that I went there?" asked Julian, so eagerly that a bright, beautiful blush mounted to the clear, pale cheek as Taza said:

"I was not allowed. Madame Blake said I did not know enough of the world yet, and was better here until I learned to behave myself as the young ladies should."

"If the other young ladies could learn to behave and look like you, Taza, this world would be Paradise already," murmured the lover; and Taza's shy eyes answered for her without words.

A rapid hour flew by, and then Miss Murray entered the room, made a few formal remarks, and soon frightened away the guest, who, in departing, said, however:

"I am very sorry I forgot the book to-day, Miss Moctal, but with Miss Murray's permission I will send or bring it to-morrow."

"A book sent to Miss Moctal by Miss Blake, I presume?" suggested Miss Murray, icily; but as Mr. Yerxa only replied by a hurried bow, and proceeded at once to his leave-taking, the mind of the preceptress remained unsatisfied; and when with the morrow came Julian, armed with the last new novel and a charming bouquet, he was received by teacher as well as pupil, and had not the chance for one private word with the latter.

But Love, who laughs at locksmiths, holds school-ma'ams in especial derision, and that very evening Taza received from her smiling *ayah* a little note, saying:

> "Tabitha spoiled my visit to-day, but you will not be angry if I meet you in the course of the daily walk, which Aisha, who is uncommonly companionable for a person speaking no English, tells me that you take under no guardianship but hers. I have much to say to you, and shall be sorely disappointed if you do not give me the opportunity."

Who does not say that Taza should have sternly refused the rendezvous thus solicited—should have torn up the note, reproved Aisha, and banished Julian Yerxa from her memory and affections?

Of course you, well-educated and strongly principled daughter of a Puritan ancestry, would have done so without hesitation, in spite of the popular slur upon ministers' sons and deacons' daughters; but my poor Taza had no Puritan ancestry, no education in particular, no training in any school except that of her own will and pleasure, for her mother had long been dead, and to her father she was simply an idolized plaything or petted tyrant; and Aisha—upon whose judgment she relied with the faith that every child tacitly gives to the woman most closely associated with its infancy—Aisha calmly said:

"Why not meet the Burra Sahib, little lady? He good, he handsome, he rich. Aisha like him much."

And so Taza consented; and this, the first stolen meeting, was not the last, until, like a thunderbolt upon a defenseless steeple—like a tornado upon a quiet country, like a wolf upon a trembling sheep—Mrs. Blake, one fine morning, descended upon Miss Murray, demanded a private interview, and with merciless inquisition extorted from that weeping little woman every particular of Julian Yerxa's first two visits, and the circumstantial evidence of the stolen meetings.

"Very fine, very creditable, Miss Murray!" was the lady's comment, when all was told. "Careful mothers will be very likely to place their daughters under your charge when they hear this account of your faithfulness."

"Oh, ma'am! oh, Mrs. Blake!" cried the unfortunate little woman thus addressed; "must it, need it be known? Will not you mercifully keep the secret? It will ruin me, utterly ruin me, should it become public! Anything I can do or say, anything in the world to make amends, I shall be most happy."

Anything! The word was suggestive; and Mrs. Blake sat for some moments coldly regarding the weeping woman. At last she said, very slowly:

"To be sure, it seems a pity to ruin your school, as I am afraid I should in telling this story; for, of course, I must defend my own faithfulness, and the responsibility would all rest upon you."

"Oh, madame, be merciful! be merciful!"

"I should be glad to be, if—— And, after all, the principal thing is to divide these two young persons and keep them apart. Are you good at imitating a handwriting, Miss Murray?"

The Principal of Athens House hastily raised her tear-stained face, and a sudden fire burned upon her whitened cheek; but meeting those cold gray eyes, her own fell, and the indignant words that had risen to her lips died there unspoken.

In the course of the next week several important events took place among the little society we have introduced to the reader.

Mr. Julian Yerxa, still remaining in town to attend to the important business which had so suddenly summoned him from Seatown, received a note in the same childish characters as the two little missives he had already received from Taza, and it said:

"I am so sorry, I knew it was wrong, but I did not think until yesterday, when I received a letter from papa"—the Calcutta mail had actually arrived, as Mrs. Blake was aware, and had brought a letter from the Baboo to his daughter—"but I should have told you long ago that I am regularly betrothed to a gentleman in Calcutta, a New Orleans gentleman, ever so rich, and connected in business with papa. I shall have to marry him, I suppose, but it was such fun to hear you talk, and you looked so romantic in the moonlight; but it was naughty, and I hope you'll forgive my not telling you sooner. If you really think it's no harm, now that you know it never can be anything but nonsense, I had just as lieve meet you at the old place, to-morrow evening, as not. Send a little note to tell me if you will come.

"TAZA."

There was no need to feign the answer, and the conspirators allowed poor Taza to receive it just as it was sent, for it was only these cruel words:

"Excuse me if I do not meet you to-night, and if I am unable to do myself the honor of visiting Woodside again this year. I am going to look for a wife among my own honorable and high-minded countrywomen.

YERXA."

Oh, the tornado, the wasting, desolating tempest of wrath and shame and scorn that swept through and through that loving, passionate heart, and shook that slender frame, and blazed in those dark eyes, when the daughter of Raj Moctal read this cruel note, and thought herself the mock and scorn of the man she had so truly loved.

"He thought, because I was alone in this horrible country, because I had no father, no brother near me, and because I frankly told my love, and went to meet him when he asked me—he thought he could trifle with me as long as suited his pleasure, and then cast me aside and go to seek his wife among his honorable countrywomen. Honorable! Does he dare say that my father's child is less than honorable?"

And the poor broken-hearted child hid her head upon the brown bosom of her *ayah*, and wept such scalding tears as sear a channel in the brain never quite to be obliterated.

Aisha waited until the first burst of passion was over, and then she said:

"Go home, little lady, go home to Sahib Papa, tell him all story; and he send and catchee bad man, and bring him in ship, and give him to the tigers in the jungle. Mahmoud carry him out in jungle, and lose him quick."

Taza smiled and raised her head. Even her few weeks of American life had taught her that Indian justice was not easily applied to citizens of the Great Republic; but, aside from this, the *ayah's* words had suggested two soothing ideas to the smarting spirit of the proud girl.

Home! Revenge!

She sat long in silence, and then her resolve was formed. Of money she possessed an almost unstinted store, and her quick wit and alert powers of observation had already taught her how money matters are arranged in this country.

Before sunset that day the Atlantic Cable Company had received by mail, and were already transmitting by wire, a message to the Baboo Raj Moctal, Calcutta:

"I am sick and unhappy. May I come home? I shall die if I do not.

TAZA."

Then she went to bed and remained there, ill enough to make good her plea of inability to rise until the answer came.

"Come home in *Jehangeer*, and bring two American lady teachers, first quality. T. L. impatient."

The message was sent from the telegraph-office to the office of Yerxa, Demetri & Blake, as directed, inclosed with another for the firm, and Julian opened the envelope, read both, and bitterly smiled as he whispered to himself:

"T. L. is the bridegroom, no doubt, and they have sent for her to complete the nuptials."

So he went no more to Bagatelle or to the Athens House, and poor little Taza, half hoping in the depths of her loving heart that when he knew she was going home he would report and offer some excuse, some apology, beg for the pardon she could not have withheld, saw the days slip swiftly by and bring no sign, until at last the *Jehangeer* was ready for sea, and the daughter of her owner came down to take possession of her stately cabin, accompanied by Sooltan and Aisha, and the two "first quality" lady teachers provided by the generous merchant in duplicate, in case one should die of the climate before she had become acclimated to its fervor.

With her came also Mr. and Mrs. Blake, and Matilda: he kind, but abstracted and unobservant; she full of kindly and motherly suggestions as to the physical comfort of the lovely girl whose heart she had deliberately slain, but of whose property and comfort and proper service she took the most unbounded care.

As for Matilda, she remained pale, silent and suspicious; she knew that Taza was the victim of one of her mother's intrigues, but what this might be she knew not, nor greatly cared to learn; for one of the mournful results of this young girl's training in the school of duplicity and pretense had been to cultivate a cynical indifference to the suffering of those whom she daily saw suffer beneath these weapons, and an equally cynical contempt both for her mother's course and for those who did not see through it.

Suddenly Taza, languidly reclining upon the extension-chair placed beneath an awning for her, started upright, and while the color flushed into her white cheeks, fixed her eyes upon the doorway of a warehouse near the head of the wharf, while her trembling lips plaintively whispered, "Julian!"

Mrs. Blake, who sat close beside, caught the look, the motion and the word, and also the vanishing figure of the poor self-tormented fellow, who had been hanging about, ever since Taza drove down the quay, catching glimpses of the girl whose departure tore the very heart from his breast, and yet whom he regarded as the falsest and least trustworthy of her sex.

Mrs. Blake turned pale, but only for a moment, and then she smiled and easily said:

"There is Julian Yerxa. I wonder he don't come down to bid you good-by; but perhaps the silly fellow fancies Matilda might be jealous."

The poor victim did not speak, but the great feverish eyes, the quivering mouth, asked the question she could not put in words, and her tormentor, gayly patting the thin cheek, so round a few short weeks before, answered with a meaning smile:

"Yes, dear, we hope that our dear young friend Julian will in time become our yet dearer son. We do not talk much about it, because both are so young, but I thought Matilda would have told you while you were at Bagatelle."

Even Mrs. Blake's hard and worldly heart was not proof against the piteous look slowly replacing the inquiry in the great dark eyes, or the ghastly pallor stealing over the pale pure cheek, and hastily rising, she said:

"I will take one look more at your stateroom, love, to be sure that the flowers are properly placed, and everything as comfortable as possible; and then ——"

But like a black electric cloud the tall form of the *ayah* brushed past the stately dame, and ran to Taza's side, muttering in Hindoostanee:

"Old witch! What is it you have said now to hurt my poor little lady? May the Destroyer devour you!"

For Taza had swooned—with the heat, Mrs. Blake said; but when she recovered she would not hear of postponing the sailing of the *Jehangeer*, as the complaisant captain offered to do, and Mrs. Blake urged. No, Taza said, she should be better afloat; it was this horrible, stifling American air that was killing her; she only wanted the blue water, and to know that she was going home, home, home!

She murmured the sweet word again and again, and the great tears came sliding from under the fringes of her closed eyes, and she turned her face so decidedly to the wall, that even Mrs. Blake was fain to give up the attempt at sympathy and consolation, and withdrew to the outer cabin until the word was given for "friends to go ashore," and then she was told that Taza slept, and must not be disturbed. So, leaving all sorts of tender messages with the brace of lady teachers, she departed, and with her the rest; and as the great ship moved heavily from the wharf, with all sail set to catch the favoring breeze, the tried heart gave way, and with none but the *ayah* to pity and console, the child went through such a paroxysm of grief and passion, and trampled, forlorn, yet all-powerful love, as made the weeping nurse tremble lest life itself should yield before such a mighty power.

But life is very hard to touch by grief while the body is young and strong and untired, and, a few days out, Taza was on deck, quiet and very sad, but well, and, as she hated to feel, growing hourly better as she inhaled the strong salt breeze, and felt the free sunny air all about her like a bath.

And the *Jehangeer* was prospered beyond all precedent in her voyage, and at its close the Baboo Raj Moctal received to his loving arms a fair, stately maiden, with a face graver than that of the child he had sent forth, indeed, but immeasurably more beautiful; and as he kissed her again and again, he whispered:

"Yes, my own, my beautiful; the good young American lord, Theodore Lemonye, is impatient for his bride."

"Oh, my father, speak not to me of these things! Have not I brought these ladies who are to teach me all that I went to America to learn?" replied Taza, serenely, and the old Indian recognized in the ring of the clear, sweet voice a tone that had guided his life until he laid his fair young American wife in her foreign grave, and he sighed and said:

"You, like your mother, O core of my heart, do with me as you will. You are not like the daughters of the East, who say, 'To hear is to obey,' and then deceive."

And Taza, well contented, smiled and patted the thin brown cheek, and smiled into the kind eyes of the father whom she loved, and foresaw that she should guide to her own will; and both were satisfied.

But now that the way was smoothed, and all was so prosperously arranged, Julian Yerxa himself quietly and unconsciously defeated all Mrs. Blake's fine schemes of transforming him to a son-in-law, by wandering away, no one quite knew whither—to California first, and then, perhaps, to the Pacific Islands; perhaps round the world; no one could tell whither, least of all himself. So he announced in his farewell visit at Bagatelle a few weeks after the sailing of the *Jehangeer*, and his smiling hostess could have throttled him with her own white and jeweled fingers.

"If you go to Calcutta, you must try to be there for Taza Moctal's wedding," said she, venturously. "The natives use very strange and grotesque ceremonies upon these occasions, and it will be quite a show, I suppose. To fancy a half-American girl willing to become one of a seraglio full of wives! Isn't it a little repulsive, Mr. Yerxa?"

"Perhaps," replied her guest, rising to take leave; "but the scheming, the pretense, the open bargaining with which our wholly American girls are disposed of by their parents is, to my mind, still more repulsive."

So Julian Yerxa passed out of Mrs. Blake's scheme of life, greatly to her displeasure, and the secret mortification of the silent Matilda, who had fancied him, and who soon after this announced to her mother that any future plots in her behalf would be useless, as she should never marry; and, in fact, she never did, but became in due course of time first a wonderfully learned but silent young lady, and finally a still more learned and talkative spinster, and a great light among the stronger-minded of her sex, with whom she managed to identify herself without becoming ridiculous—a most remarkable result.

And Julian! Restless as all men pursued by the gadfly of an unquiet heart, and, unhappily, exempt from the daily labor which is salvation, he wandered up and down through the waste places of the earth, for ever circling around the land where dwelt the fairest and falsest of her sex, as he so often styled her, yet never directly approaching her, until of a sudden the horrible Indian Mutiny broke forth, and all the civilized world shuddered at the atrocities by which a nation of slaves sought to avenge the cruelties of a century, and thus riveted their chains anew.

BY THE SEASIDE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 99.

Yerxa was in Persia when he heard the news, and by an impulse for which he did not try to account, he hurried at once into Hindoostan, meaning to make his way down toward Calcutta, and—— But at that "and" he always paused, for, if Taza was now the wife of an Indian, she was safe; if the wife of an American, amply protected, if indeed the tide of revolt swept down so far as the city. But still in the hill-country, traveling with his own servants, in whom he had implicit confidence, the traveler one evening heard some shots fired over his head, succeeded by a few desperate yells, and then felt his *palkee* rudely dropped, and heard the pattering feet of his bearers running down the road at desperate speed.

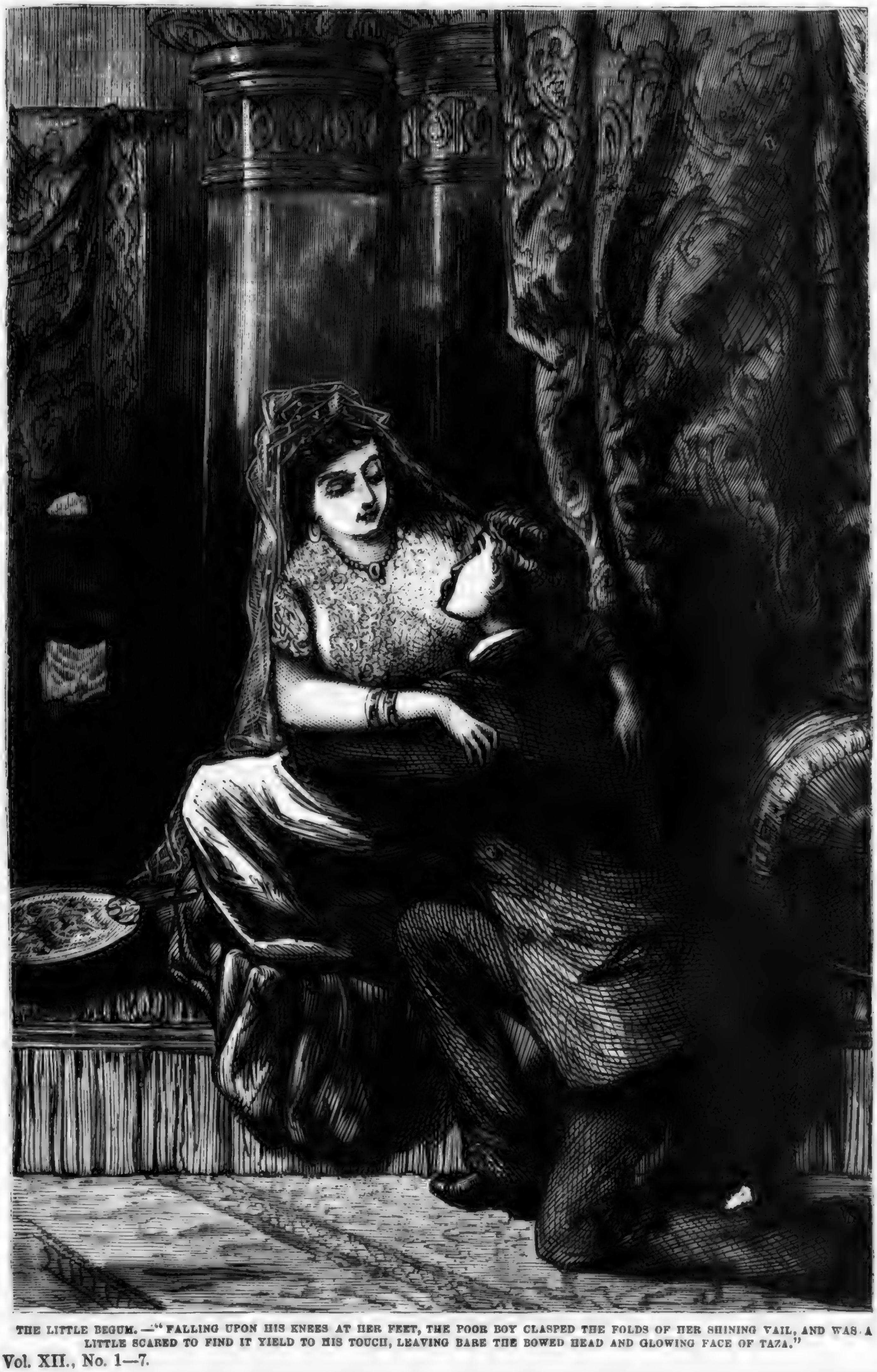
By this time he had torn aside the curtains and thrust out his head, nearly bringing it in contact with one just lowered to thrust in.

Both started back, and then stared silently into each other's eyes, the one reading murder, robbery, cruelty, in the fierce, bloodshotten, dark orbs fixed upon him; the other, a firm purpose of resistance, which made him turn slightly to look over his shoulder for assistance.

In that instant Julian sprang, and, clasping both his slender but sinewy hands about the neck of the marauder, threw himself out of the *palkee* upon his crouching figure, and bore it to the earth; but at the gurgling cry of the choking man a cloud of his companions, abandoning the luggage from which they had driven the porters, precipitated themselves upon the solitary white man, and, in spite of a valiant resistance, presently struck him to the earth, bleeding from a dozen wounds.

As his reeling senses left him, his last impression was of flying white figures, lights, a monotonous cry, and something filling and hiding the long white road as it approached. Then all was darkness; but the white figures, who were the *syces* or running footmen, always preceding the equipage of an Indian grandee; the lights which they carried; the monotonous cry with which they warned all common clay to avoid the road while the Begum passed; the richly decorated and curtained *palkee*—all came on, and, meeting the obstruction of Julian's broken *palkee* and disemboweled boxes, halted perforce.

"What is this?" exclaimed a woman's voice in the native dialect; and, slightly pulling aside the drapery, a beautiful, haughty face—a face which we all know—appeared, and looked inquiringly about.



THE LITTLE BEGUM.—"FALLING UPON HIS KNEES AT HER FEET, THE POOR BOY CLASPED THE FOLDS OF HER SHINING VAIL, AND WAS A LITTLE SCARED TO FIND IT YIELD TO HIS TOUCH, LEAVING BARE THE BOWED HEAD AND GLOWING FACE OF TAZA."

The grave, elderly man who appeared in charge of the cavalcade approached the *palkee* with a profound salaam.

"O mighty Begum, it is our brothers who deal justice upon a white man. They will remove themselves and him with all speed."

"But what white man? An English officer, or an inoffensive traveler?" demanded the Begum. "You know well, O Sooltan, that I have forbidden that any of my people should offend the Feringhees except to redress wrongs that they have suffered at the hands of him whom they attack. Go and ask who this may be, and order them to wait where they are until my further pleasure."

Sooltan went, and presently returned with a face of wonder, mingled with delight.

"O most powerful and illustrious of ladies, it is not our enemy, but yours, whom Siva has delivered into our hands this night!" said he, in the humbly confidential voice of a trusted slave. "It is he whom Aisha has bid me slay whenever and wherever I should meet him."

An instant of profound silence followed, and then, in a low and choking voice, the mistress gave her order:

"Carry him to the palace safely. Let not a hair of his head be injured. Let my own physician attend him. I reserve him for my own vengeance. On your head be it, Sooltan!"

"He shall be made strong to bear whatever vengeance your highness will permit your slaves to inflict before the sun sets and rises thrice, O my mistress!" replied Sooltan, with a sinister light in his glaring eyes; and, as the Begum disappeared behind her curtains, he went to tear the booty from the hands of the robbers, who were all subjects of the Little Begum, as Taza, heiress of her father's vast possessions, was now called.

The third day, Yerxa, still languid and weak, but with his wounds fast healing under the wonderful leechcraft of the East, received his daily morning visit from Sooltan, and impatiently demanded:

"Well, sirrah, are you ready yet to tell me where I am, and to bring me to your master or your mistress, that I may make my acknowledgments and my adieux?"

"I have come to take the Sahib to my mistress. The Little Begum will tell him her name for herself, if she chooses."

And Sooltan gravely led the way, a subtle smile overspreading his dark face as he glanced at two horrible-looking mutes, standing in a side passage opening into the lofty hall which formed the first of the suite of private apartments devoted to the Begum.

Drawing aside a curtain, stiff with golden embroidery, at the upper end of this hall, the slave motioned his captive to enter, and, following him in, stood with folded arms and bowed head, an image of patient endurance, close to the entrance, while Julian, after a moment's pause, advanced boldly toward a female figure, seated upon a pile of cushions in the Oriental fashion.

Her dress was that of the country, and a vail of close, silver-threaded gauze hid her head and face effectually, but the hand with which she signed a welcome was white and delicate, and the *pose* of the reclining figure was youthful and full of grace.

Bowing profoundly, and throwing himself upon the cushions pointed out to him by that little hand, Julian began his little speech, said all that the utmost courtesy could suggest, and paused.

"You are welcome, sir, to all the hospitality I can offer," replied a low, sweet voice, but so broken and choked that the listening Sooltan failed to recognize it for that of his mistress. "But you must remain here till the country is quiet. Where were you trying to go?"

"To Calcutta, madam. I have friends there for whose safety I am anxious, and I fear that I must hasten on in spite of your kind invitation, for I am very doubtful of their security."

"In Calcutta? Who are they, if I may ask? I live there myself, except now, in the hot season, when I come to the hills. Perhaps I know your friends."

"It is the Baboo Raj Moctal and—and those of his household, for whom I would inquire," demanded Julian, eagerly.

A brief pause ensued, and then the low voice sadly answered:

"The good Baboo died more than a year ago."

"And Taza, his daughter? She is married, is she not?"

"No. She inherited his estates, and will never marry. But, Englishman, how could you know the daughter of Raj Moctal?"

"She was in my country. I am not English, but American, and—oh, lady, you are kind, you are young and fair. I cannot doubt you have power, and you can help me if you will. Taza is not married, you tell me, and I—ah, madam! may you be loved as fondly, as truly as I love Taza—have ever loved her!"

And, falling upon his knees at the feet of the Little Begum, the poor boy clasped the folds of her shining vail, and was a little scared to find it yield to his touch, and glide gently to the floor, leaving bare the bowed head, the glowing face, the loving, luminous, down-drooped eyes, the face, the form of Taza, more beautiful than he had ever beheld her; and while Sooltan, thinking the crisis had arrived, awaited, with one sinewy leg bent, the signal to spring upon the blinded victim, what was his astonishment at seeing the Begum's stately head sink upon her enemy's shoulder, and her arm go creeping about the neck doomed, as the slave had hoped, to a bowstring.

The explanations of the lovers were brief and satisfactory. They were far too happy to be rancorous, and even Mrs. Blake was forgiven, or, at least, forgotten.

The chaplain of a neighboring station was summoned to consecrate their union, and, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," Julian Yerxa spent his honeymoon in a dream of bliss, upon the estates of his Little Begum, and later returned with her to Calcutta, to assume the fortune and the position of the Baboo Raj Moctal, deceased; and two people, at least, are happy in that hothouse of crime and woe called India.

THE way they start a railway train in Germany is thus described: When all is ready, a bell rings. Then another bell rings. Then the engine whistles, or rather she toot-toot-toots generally. Then the conductor tells the station-master that all is ready. Then the station-master looks placidly around and says, "So?" Then the conductor shouts "Fertig?" interrogatively. Then the station-master shouts "Fertig!" positively. The conductor blows a horn; the engine whistles, the bell rings, the other bell rings, the station-master says "So?"—the passengers swear in various tongues—and the train starts. That is, unless a belated fat man comes, then they do it all over again.

HUSBAND and wife should no more struggle to get the last word than they should struggle for the possession of a lighted bombshell. Married people should study each other's weak points, as skaters look after the weak points of the ice, in order to keep off them. By attention to this apparently small matter, the course of wedded life would run more smoothly, and thus insure happiness.

STANZAS BY THE SEASIDE.

Beautiful Ocean, how I loved thy face
When mine was fresh and sparkling as thine own—
When my bold footstep took its toppling place,
To see thee rise upon thy rock-piled throne.

Oh! how I loved thee, when I bent mine ear
To listen to the rosy sea-shell's hum,
And stood in ecstasy of joyous fear,
Daring thy broad and bursting wave to come.

When my wild breast beat high to see thee leap
In stormy wrath around the beacon light,
And my eye danced to see thee swell and sweep,
Like a blind lion, wasting all thy might.

I loved thee when, upon the shingle stones,
I heard thy glassy ripples steal and drip,
With the soft gush and gently murmur'd tones
That dwell upon an infant's gurgling lip.

I loved thee with a childish, dreaming zeal,
That gazed in rapture and adored with soul;
And my proud heart, that stood like temper'd steel
Before harsh words, melted beneath thy roll.

Thou wert a part of God; and I could find
Almighty tidings in thy mystic speech:
Thou couldst subdue my strangely wayward mind,
And tune the string no other hand could reach.

Eloquent Ocean, how I worshiped thee,
Ere my young breath knew what it was to sigh;
Ere I had proved one cherish'd flower to be
A thing of brightness, nurtured but to die.

Years have gone by since those light-footed days,
And done their work, as years will ever do;
Setting their thorny barriers in life's maze,
And burying hope's gems of rarest hue.

THE ISLANDS OF THE BAY STATE.

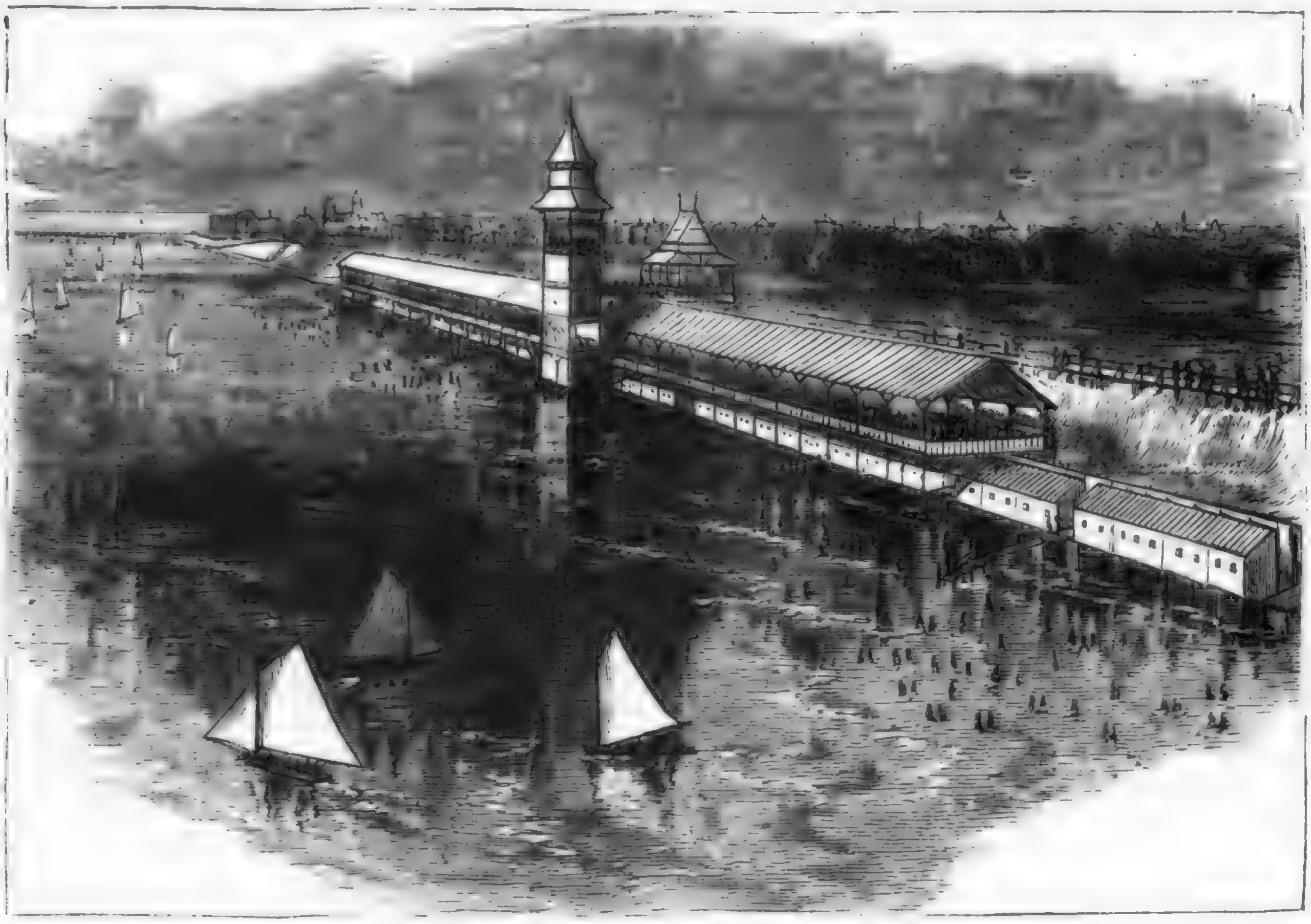
By N. Robinson.

Martha's Vineyard! the very name possesses a quaint fascination all its own—a coquettish Puritanism—a ring of the *Mayflower* that could only attach itself to some bright little isle where the treetops glisten white in the glory of the dayshine, and the birds paint the skies with their songs. Passing Fall River, dashing by dimpled hills and drowsy dells, skirting cunning inlets with glittering green water flecked with purple shadows as the fleecy clouds roll onward; past hooded homesteads and sleepy little towns that wink in the glowing sunlight—we finally, after a journey of three hours, reach Hood's Hole; and opposite, a little to the left, across the Vineyard Sound, lies the Mecca of our pilgrimage, hidden behind the shoulder of a sandy bluff, as innocent of vegetation as a newly turned billiard-ball.

A throbbing steamer awaits us and our *impedimenta*—and what a display of modern model baggage! Saratoga trunks, buffalo boxes, valises, their scarlet morocco swathed in closely fitting wraps—regular canvas-back ducks; Russia leather portmanteaus mounted in nickel; solid black cases beneath the weight of which brawny porters quiver as if ague-stricken; perky hand-bags of curious design; and dressing-cases respectable in their grim antiquity. Coignes of vantage having been dexterously secured, we prepare for our view of the Vineyard, taking our seats very much as we would at a theatre, and anxiously awaiting the ringing up of the curtain.

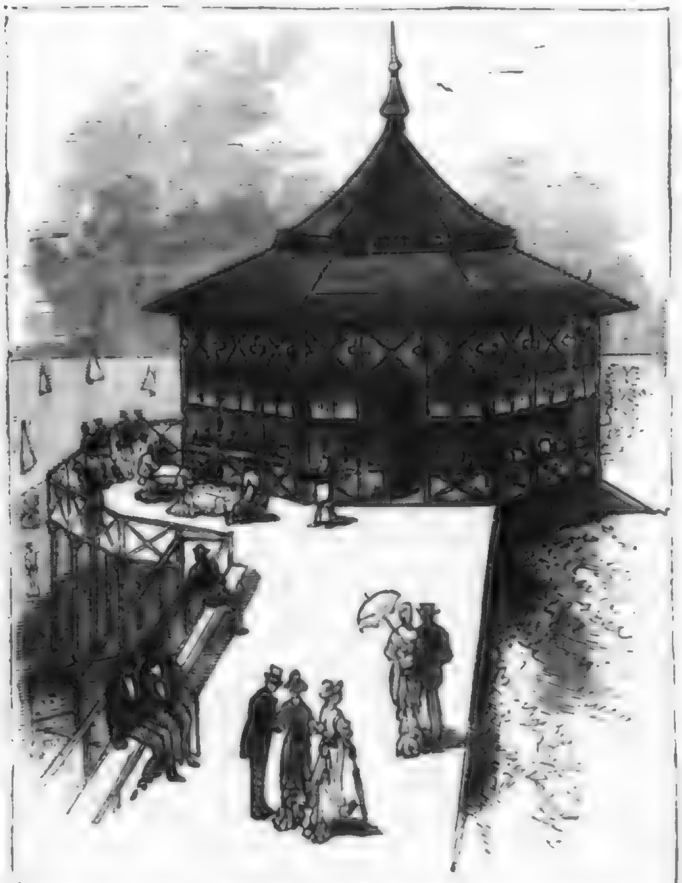
The village of Hood's Hole, or Holl, is muchly frequented by the cultured citizens of the Hub, one of whom, Hon. Joseph Story Fay, boldly asserts, in a lucubration entitled "The Track of the Norsemen," that the name should be written "Hood's Holl," as derived from the Norsemen, who nine hundred years ago are said to have visited this coast. The Holl—we bow to the Norse tradition—is charmingly situated, commanding superb glimpses of Vineyard Sound, as thickly crowded with craft as the English Channel, 60,000 passing the "cottage city" annually, and "an uninterrupted view of over the way." Right opposite, on Naushon Island, stands the residence of Hon. J. M. Forbes, beneath the red tiles of which President Grant, in 1874, spent a long and lovely Summer's day. In the Sound the view is perfectly entrancing, and all that the most ardent lover of the poetry of sea, sky and land could exact. The Vineyard hills form the background, sloping gently to the shore, and stretching away to the west the rainbow-tinted cliffs of Gay Head, while the vista discloses an endless billowy plain of the deep and dark blue ocean, speckled with sails as white as the driven snow. On our left stands the old town of Falmouth, east of which lie the Falmouth Heights, and, more east still, the mushroom watering-place, as yet scarce four seasons old, of Menauhant; while away in the dim distance, "the heel" of Cape Cod can be distinctly traced against the sky line. A man-of-war lies at anchor opposite the bluffs, like a great dozing watch-dog, ready at a second's notice to wake into an alarming vitality. A few isolated cottages, bearing a close resemblance to bathing-boxes, stand upon the edge of the bluff—and, while still engaged in speculating upon the occupation, habits, and several characteristics of their inhabitants, we round the cliff of the Highlands, and Martha's Vineyard steals into view.

An elevated background of stunted foliage, very thick, very green, interspersed with cardboard-looking houses, white as snowflakes. A tiny lake in the immediate foreground—a sort of mirror for this strange little city to gaze into and admire her own peculiar style of beauty. On the extreme left, Sea View House and Oak Bluff Dock. On the extreme right, the Highland pier. In the semicircle, hundreds of cottages, minarets, pagodas, an enormous gospel-tent, hotels with bunting floating gayly everywhere, and everything basking in the dazzling sheen of the brightest and whitest of sunlight. Was it a toy? Was it a picture painted in those vivid colors with which the younger school of French art loves to illuminate the walls of the Salon? We had visited Pessages, that quaintest of all quaint old Spanish towns; we had inspected more than one Moorish "schaykah"; we had seen the booths in Donnybrook Fair—but anything like this we had never beheld, and we gazed from the deck of the slowing steamer, amused, fascinated, incredulous. Everything looked so small, everything looked so strange, everything looked so bright. Where did the inhabitants reside? Not in those sentry-boxes, those card-houses, those Lilliputian edifices —was this the island of Lilliput, and was Gulliver not drawing upon his imagination, after all? Where do the 4,000 people dwell?—and where, oh, where, do the 25,000 who sometimes swarm upon the island contrive to pitch their tents?

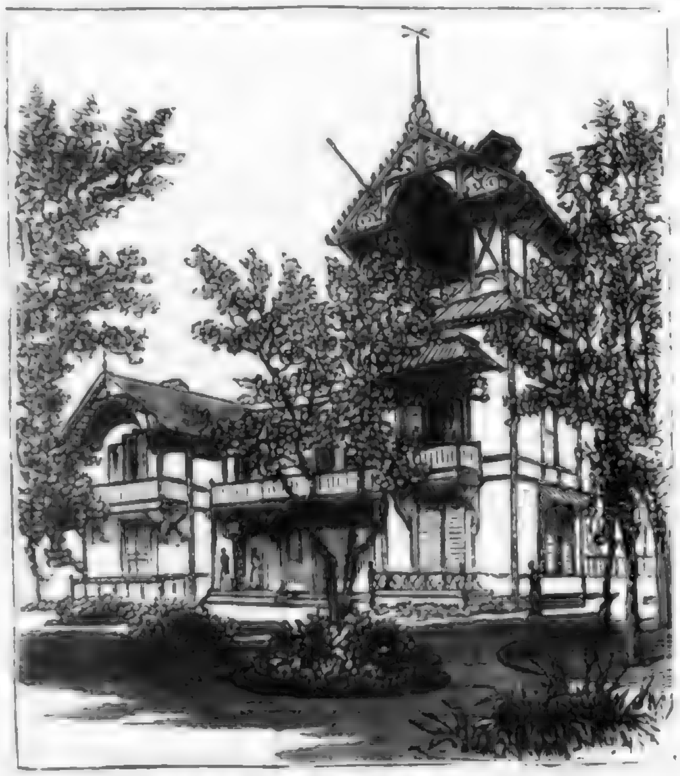


THE BATHING PAVILION, MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

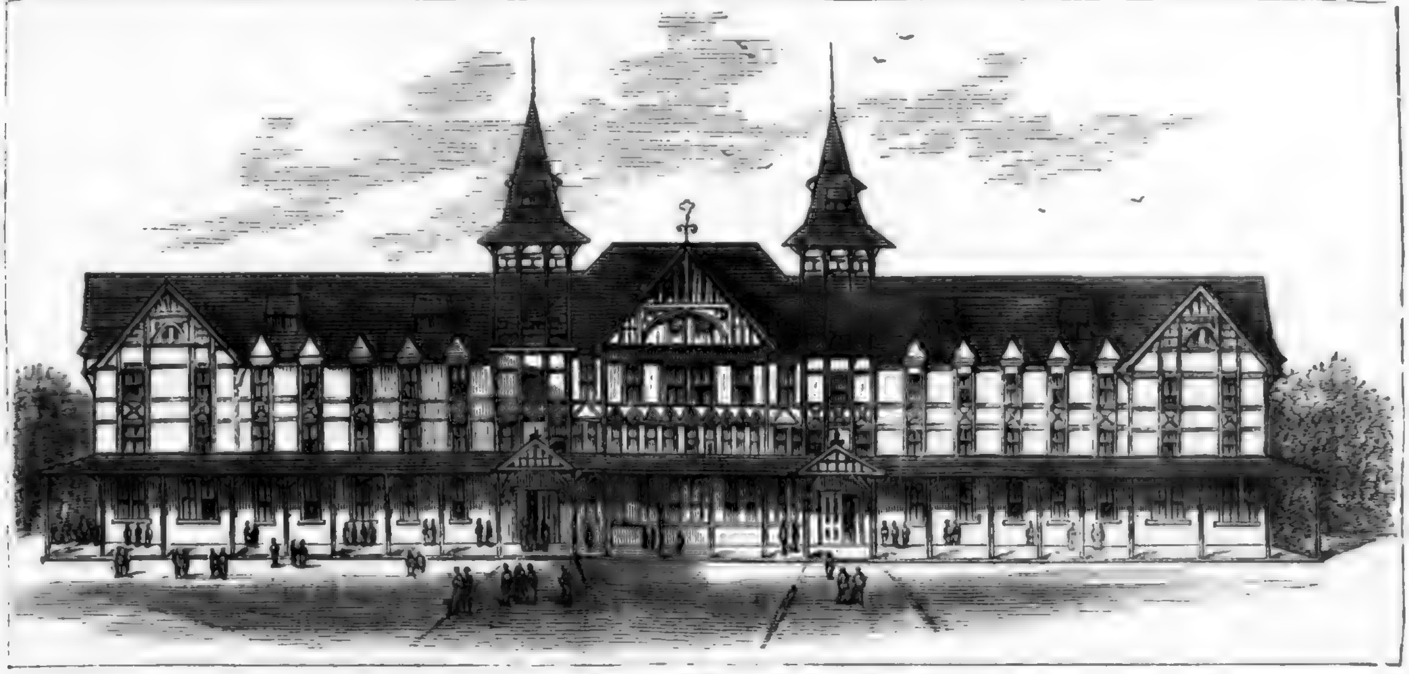
Martha's Vineyard is the largest island in New England, its extreme length being twenty miles, its average width five miles, while at one point it is ten miles wide. It boasts a range of hills, the highest of which is two hundred and ninety-eight feet in height. From this point the view fills the mind to a brimming satisfaction. Around and beneath stretch plains clad in green that vies with the fern for hue and freshness; white farmhouses peep from behind luxuriant foliage, and gray granite boulders break this ocean of emerald-like islands. Lakes glitter as mirrors, and on the south a great fringe of golden sand is flecked by the ever-pulsating surf. The woods in the Vineyard are miniature—algæ, little mimic trees of exquisite variety, with leaves of a deep rich hue, and possessing a polished gloss rarely to be met with elsewhere.



THE PAGODA, MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

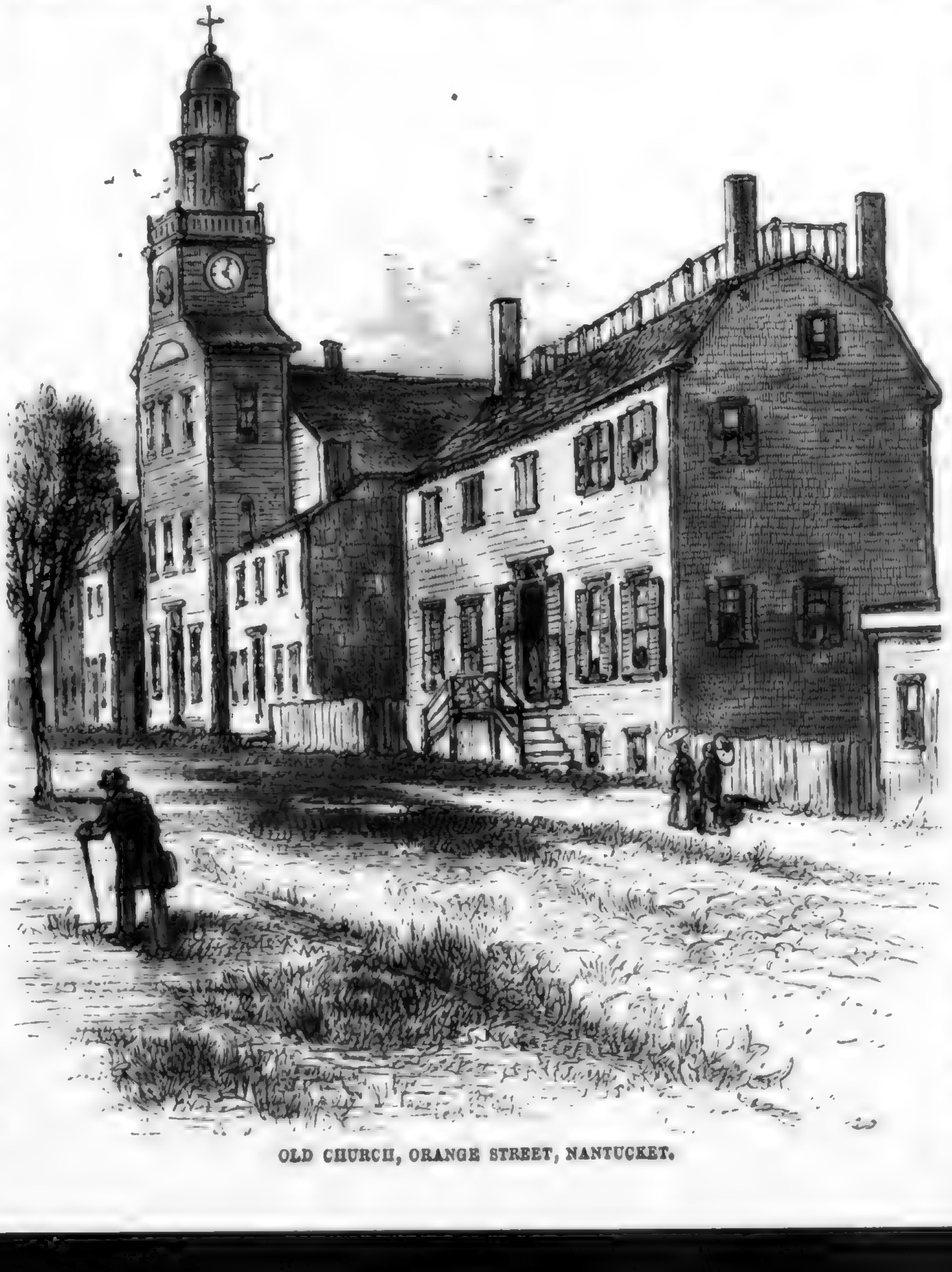


STYLE OF VINEYARD COTTAGES.



SUMMER INSTITUTE, MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

The island has been compared to the garden-isle of England—the Isle of Wight—the details being strangely similar, the rainbow-tinted cliffs of Gay Head closely resembling the yellow, red and white sands at Olive Bay. The hand of time will doubtless produce a replica of the older and more finished picture. There are four towns upon the island—Edgarton, Tisbury, Chilmark and Gay Head. Edgarton is the metropolis of the island. Within its bailiwick we have the camp-ground and the Summer resorts of Oak Bluffs, Katerna and the Vineyard Highland; we have three churches, a bank, Masonic lodge, custom house, court house and jail. It publishes the *Vineyard Gazette*, which has reached Vol. XXXI. Hotels and boarding-houses flourish beneath its fostering care, and in 1875 a population of 1,707 souls lived in marine rural felicity within the circumference of its invisible walls. Tisbury is famous for its woodland rambles, Chilmark for its rocking-stone, and Gay Head for its superb sea-views. Gosnold, which was incorporated as a town in 1874, consists of thirteen islands, Naushon being one of them, celebrated for its gigantic beeches, and its annual deer-hunt.



OLD CHURCH, ORANGE STREET, NANTUCKET.

Martha's Vineyard was discovered in 1602 by one Bartholomew Gosnold, "a right sturdie" mariner, who might have served in the destruction of the Armada under good Queen Bess. To him is due the name, fame and distinction of building the first house and commencing the first settlement in New England. Captain Gosnold's good ship *Concord* sailed from England on Friday, March 26th, 1602, with him thirty-two persons, eight of whom were versed in the mysteries of

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reefing and steering. He had sailed with Sir Walter Raleigh, and resolved upon essaying a straight course across the Atlantic. He made land upon Friday, the 10th of May, having saved "the better part of a thousand leagues," and upon Saturday, the 11th, he cast anchor in fifteen fathoms, "took great store of codfish," and gratefully named the headland Cape Cod, a name which it retains unto the present hour of writing. Again upon a Friday, May 21st, Gosnold beheld "a disinhabited island," which he named Martha's Vineyard—a name subsequently applied to the larger island. Upon Friday—always Friday—May 28th, he took up his "abode and plantation" upon "a rocky islet containing near an acre of ground full of wood," where "we built our house and covered it with sedge, in building which we spent three weeks and more." On Friday—evidently the intrepid navigator's lucky day—June 18th, he, with his entire company, set sail for England, where he arrived on Friday, July 23d, 1602, with a cargo of sassafras, cedars, furs, skins and other kindred commodities. Sassafras at that date in England was estimated as being worth £336, or $1,680, a ton, but, as Gosnold quaintly says, "we were informed before our going forth that a ton was sufficient to cloy England." The rocky islet upon which Gosnold built his house was "the first spot in New England occupied by Europeans, and the only one inhabited by them in the glorious days of Queen Bess."

In 1797 the Rev. Dr. Belknap visited the islet, and writes: "We had the supreme satisfaction to find the cellar of Gosnold's storehouse." In 1817 Hon. Francis Gray, Judge Davis and five others spent some time in exploring the remains of the house and fort; and in 1848 another party "examined the locality described with minute exactness in the journal of Gosnold's voyage, and the outlines of their works were distinctly visible." The *North American Review* for September, 1817, says, in recording the doings of the expedition: "Every feature of the scene reminded us of the narrative of its discoverers. The trees, indeed, have fallen and left no trace of their existence except the term "Copicut" (shady)—the appellation of a lofty promontory extending from the centre of the island toward the north—but the soil is still fertile; the beach, the lake, the islet, are unaltered, and are rendered by their natural beauties, no less than by the recollections with which they are associated, well worthy of the attention of a poet. The gigantic rocks near the western coast of the island, against which the waves dash with the foam and the fury and the deafening noise of a cataract, would form as grand a picture, in an epic poem, as Acroceraunia or Charybdis.

In 1641, Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard and the Elizabeth Islands were purchased by Thomas Mayhew, whose son was the first who undertook to evangelize the natives. In 1664 the Merrie Monarch, Charles II., who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one, by charter caused these islands to become a part of New York, and thus they remained until William and Mary enrolled them, in 1692, within the limits of the Province of Massachusetts Bay.

Passing the Highland Landing, the steamer reaches that of Oak Bluffs, about a mile further on, where we disembarked upon a dock as lively with fashionably attired daughters of Eve, lounging mankind and howling hotel touts as the quay at Calais or the pier at Pera. The imposing and picturesque-looking Sea View House stands right over the wharf, its piazzas thronged with tourists, to whom the arrival of a boat from anywhere is a subject fraught with the deepest importance and interest; and even the tiny steam-cars that run to Katama would seem to have stopped suddenly for the purpose of gazing at us from out their own open windows. Sea View House receives us with a smile of welcome and a "thrilling" *menu*, the very reminiscences of which, even while we write, are laden with epicurean flavor.

From the hotel balconies the views are varied, extensive, matchless. Its piazza, where tourists "most do congregate," hangs right over the ocean, the waves plashing musically at its base. The house accommodates 300 guests, containing, in addition to "the usual" billiard-rooms, an elevator; gas, too, may be enumerated amongst its manifold comforts. A plank walk, lined with seats, extends south of the hotel along the bluff for several hundred feet. This is *the* promenade of the Vineyard, and here the "Bluffers," *i.e.*, the less serious and more showy portion of the community, disport themselves, especially at dewy eve. Edwin and Angelina gaze out to sea at the silvery reflection of the scimetar-shaped young moon, and—— But why repeat the old, old story?

Beneath this promenade is the bathing-place, some few boxes being erected on the sands, while the larger number are perched high in air, from out of which grimly cloaked females mysteriously and stealthily emerge, as if to do some deed of dreadful note. In justice to the fair sex at the Vineyard, we must declare that, when divested of the assassin-shaped cloak, their bathing-costume is much more sightly than that which is the *mode* upon our surf-beaten shores. Colors are introduced, dainty little hats and bonnets—ay, and ribbons, to suit the complexion of the wearer—are worn, and the shape, while still protecting "shrinking modesty," is much more graceful than anything we have hitherto beheld. We hail this innovation with sincere pleasure, and bear our humble testimony in favor of a dress becoming, appropriate, which, devoid of puritanism, is equally free from fastness or vulgarity. The waters of Vineyard Sound are considerably warmer than those of Massachusetts Bay, the temperature north of Cape Cod varying from 47 to 62 degrees, while south it varies from 72 to 79 degrees.

Those remarkable specimens of architectural skill called cottages may be rented for the season at from $150 to $500, according to size and situation. They are mostly uniform as to shape—a gaping entrance, wide as a church-door and Gothic in form, a railed balcony and a pointed window over the door. Upon the stoop or piazza dwell the inhabitants. It is no figure of speech to say that they keep open house in the Vineyard. The door yawns, exhibiting the interior in its entirety; the whole front opens like a doll's house. The cottages are nothing better than wooden booths; privacy is unknown. Everybody can tell what everybody else is doing. The economy of space is as carefully studied as on board a twenty-ton yacht. We were intensely amused at reading "Rooms to Let," pasted upon edifices apparently consisting of but one apartment already more than fully occupied. Beds, bedding, and all the accessories are visible to the naked eye. The occupants while enjoying their meals might as well be in Madison Square as far as privacy is concerned. There is a calm indifference as to public scrutiny that mounts to the sublime. The single room is gayly decorated with cheap oleographs, flimsy *bric-à-brac*, gaudy worsted-work and many-colored flowers. A lace curtain drapes a second yawning door after the fashion of a set scene in a comedy. This curtain is adorned with cunning and elaborate devices, constructed out of the sad-colored leaves of last Autumn.

At night dramatic effect is studied, and the ladies *pose* in the dimly lighted interiors. Lamps are placed with due regard to effect, sometimes behind banks of flowers, sometimes artfully concealed so as to throw the light full

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on the occupants. Young ladies read in languid positions. Men recline on sofas to the display of gorgeous slippers. Upon the stoops families are placed as if sitting for their photographs. Grouping seems thoroughly well understood, and attitude is everything. Visitors stare into the cottages as they would into cages at zoological gardens—approaching as closely as the bars will permit—while the inhabitants return the stare with stoic indifference. "Here we are! Come and look at us. We have nothing to conceal," is written over every portal. Some elderly, sour, grim-visaged females met our wondering gaze with a puritanical frown, as much as to say, "Man, go thy ways; this wanton prying but ill beseemeth thee!"

There are a few conventionally constructed villas fronting the ocean, but, as a rule, the cottages look as if set in the grove for the purpose of growing big and of being transplanted when arrived at maturity to Newport or Cape May. The first cottage was erected in 1859.

We wandered up through Clinton Avenue and got entangled amongst the trees. This avenue is inhabited almost solely by New Englanders, New York claiming six handsome villas only. We turned, and found ourselves lost again. Asking the way, we followed the directions given us, with the attention we would have bestowed upon an experiment in dynamite, only to find ourself hopelessly wandering like an overgrown babe in an undergrown wood. We appealed to a lamplighter, whose lamp does not reach much higher than his waist, and who sits upon what is vulgarly termed his "hunkers" for the purpose of trimming it. The illuminating power of his directions but served to light us into a maze as intricate as that at Hampton Court. What a chance for a modern Henry to establish a Rosamond in this oaken bower! He could defy a dozen Eleanors! The furniture in the cottages must have been introduced piecemeal, as no ordinary article could pass the trunks of the oaks, so close, so defiant, and so aggressive. Narrow paths neatly asphalted indicate the existence of a roadway. A wheelbarrow is a dangerous object to meet in one of them, and the nearest cottage must be invaded in order to clear the road. Mr. Barnum should hire this quaint little city and exhibit it in the Central Park, New York.

The illumination of Clinton Avenue is the sensation of the Cottage City. The Sunday preceding the "great revival" is termed "Big Sunday," from the enormous number of excursionists who come to the Vineyard to witness the spectacle. Hotels ruthlessly turn away innumerable panic-stricken applicants. The rooms in cottages are rented at Centennial figures; tents are crammed, bathing-houses utilized, even the harmless necessary umbrella is taken into confidence and compelled a double debt to pay. Itinerant musicians are to be found at every corner, but jugglers—forbid it, heaven! All Sunday the city is literally blocked; all Monday the crush increases, and when the hour comes for the signal-match to be struck, the sight-seers are wedged together like sardines in a box. Ten years ago Clinton Avenue was illuminated for the first time. The effect was so striking, so like the revival of an "Arabian Nights Entertainment," that it has since continued to be repeated, with an increasing attractiveness and *élan*.

Each succeeding season the cottagers decide to make their feast of lanterns one that for tasteful conception and brilliancy of effect will surpass any attempts of previous years. And they usually succeed beyond their most daring expectations. The *mise-en-scène* has been compared to a succession of gigantic Christmas-trees. Every cottage hangs out its transparencies in kaleidoscopic colors. Every branch of every oak is alive with fiery birds. Chinese lanterns are suspended from every available twig, while flags and bunting reflect back their gayest colors. Such the sight that met the gaze of Aladdin as he entered the geni's cave—a handsome vista of glowing rubies and sapphires and emeralds.

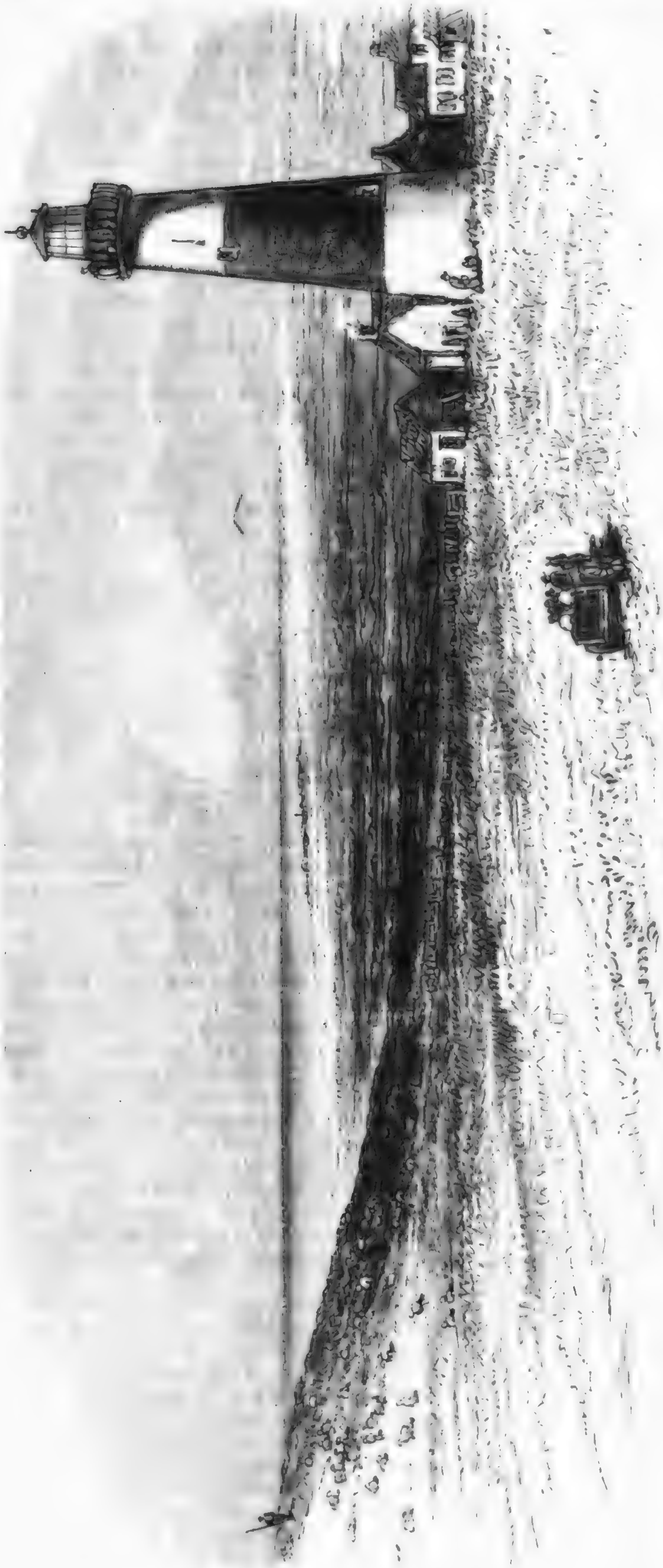
Martha's Vineyard has been termed "a pleasant, healthful Christian watering-place," and one "not wholly fallen from grace." The first camp-meeting was held in August, 1835, nine tents only representing the week's residences in the woods of the followers, and, with the exception of the year 1845, meetings have been annually held ever since. "The occupation being temporary," says the admirable *brochure* of Messrs. Rockwell and Churchill, "the comforts of home were not expected." Straw was provided in large quantities, and thickly strewn about the tents. On this, with a coverlet or blanket or two, the occupants took their nightly rest. A curtain stretched at night across the tent formed it into separate apartments for men and women. The hour of retiring was announced by the blast of a trumpet or conch-shell; a watch was set; and then, after "family worship," the dwellers in the woods sought repose on their "beds of straw." In 1857 the tents numbered 320. When the cottages burst into existence a new order of things commenced, and families began to anticipate the camp-meeting by a month or six weeks, and to remain after it had terminated about the same length of time. Gradually "a season" came into being, which is now supposed to last until the middle of September. To some of the residents the camp-meetings are but religious picnics; to the excursionists, a thing to see, and talk about in the long Winter nights; to the earnest, a source of refreshment and light, as

> "——day laborers all,
> Early or late, or first or last,
> At the gate in the vineyard wall."

The camp-meeting at Martha's Vineyard is one of the sights of the world. A distinguished writer, in referring to his having attended one, says that, although he saw the hanging gardens of a Chinese prince, the city of canvas at Melbourne in 1853, the French, Russian, Turkish and Sardinian camps in the Crimea, the Bedouin encampments, those of the Ladrone pirates and the Sepoys, the Turkish villages of tents, and an emigrants' corral at Omaha, he has never beheld anything like the Martha's Vineyard camp-meeting. In August, 1875, the Baptists resolved upon holding camp-meetings, selecting an oak grove on the lands of the Vineland Grove Company. The meeting was advertised, proved an immense success; similar annual meetings were arranged, and an organization effected, under the name of "The Baptist Vineyard Association," incorporated under the general laws of Massachusetts. The mingling of the hymns from both camps in the stillness of the Summer's eve produces a solemn and harmonious effect that should be experienced in order to be realized.

A horse-car runs around the Cottage City, and cut along the glassy little Lake Anthony, on to Highland Landing. A walk through the street, or *cul-de-sac*, is intensely amusing. The stores are open in front like Oriental bazaars, as are the restaurants. Stereoscopic views of the city are for sale on all sides. Mr. Brown's cottage from the front, from the rear, from the roof, from the street, from the corner, from the other corner, from next door, from over the way, from the top of the telegraph-post, from the main sewer, confronts you wheresoever you turn; also, Mr. Jones's pump, the handle lowered, raised, at an angle of forty-five, water flowing, dry; and Mr. Robinson's clothes-line—stretched, limp, adorned with the household

XUM

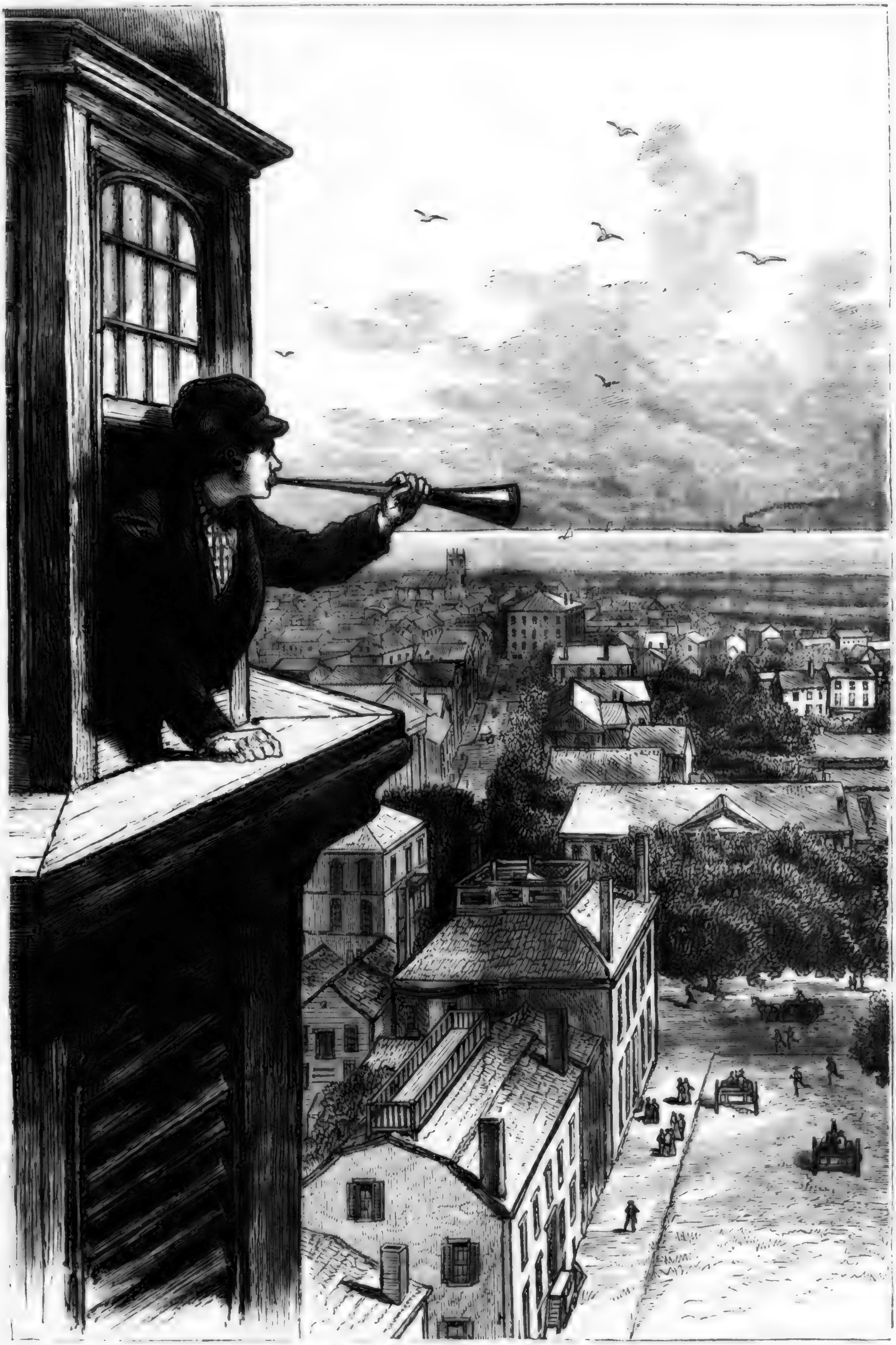


SANCOTA HEAD LIGHTHOUSE, NANTUCKET.

underwear, or bare as a telegraph-wire. The likeness of a hideous-looking old crone, clasping a numerous-looking progeny of hens and ducks in her lean and skinny arms, is also popular. This interesting old person is known as Nancy Luce, who resides in the upper part of the island, a semi-idiotic hen-wife, who celebrates the deaths of her poultry in affecting lines "In Memoriam." For want of better to do, visitors ride eight miles for the purpose of interviewing Nancy in her ill-favored hovel. *Chacun à son goût!* Tourists *will* buy photographs—it is part of their amusement—and *will* insist in spending whole hours in dreary little stores, pouring over stereoscopic slides till their eyes ache. The guests of Martha's Vineyard are afflicted as their brethern elsewhere, and photography flourishes here as at the foot of the great pyramid of Cheops. Hiring a buggy attached to a horse—evidently a regular attendant at the camp-meetings, inasmuch as he endeavored to drop upon his knees at every turn of the road—we proceeded to explore the island.

The promontory of Gay Head is well worthy a visit, the drive being simply "immense." To the lovers of natural scenery the views are grand, majestic, imposing; to geologists an excursion means a thing to remember, in the best sense of the term. "A section across Gay Head," says Professor Hitchcock, "four-fifths of a mile long, displays twenty-three bright-colored bands of clay, sand, conglomerate, lignite and iron ore. The sands are white, yellow and green. The conglomerates contain fragments of bones and teeth, cemented with stones." Here is a chance not to be thrown away—a chance of "all sorts of fossils, from petrified quabags as big as your thumb-nail to the skeletons of monsters that might have swallowed the whale that swallowed Jonah." One of the finest, if not the finest, of lighthouses on our coasts adorns Gay Head. It is forty-five feet high, built upon a cliff one hundred and thirty feet in height.

Vineyard Haven should be visited, the drive over the hill to the harbor being very fine. Katama can best be reached by rail. This budding sea-plant promises well. It is but seven years old, and already commences "to square up" to localities along the coast of twice its age, size and weight. Cape Cod can be reached by the morning boats of the Old Colony line. The quaint old town of Falmouth is well worthy a dreamy, indolent visit, while a sail in the steam-yacht that communicates with Menauhant is in itself a sensation. Quissett is prescribed to those who yearn for absolute quiet, and the



THE STEAMER'S COMING! A NANTUCKET SIGNAL.

seductions of barb and bait—its harbor, situated on Buzzard's Bay, being completely land-locked. A charming trip, too, is the sail around the Elizabeth Islands to New Bedford, Hood's Hole and Falmouth Heights; and a day trip to Nantucket, leaving Oak Bluffs at nine o'clock and returning at four, should on no account be missed. There is no better "outing," as the Yorkshire folks say, than a trip to Martha's Vineyard. Leaving New York by a floating palace at five P.M., the Vineyard can be reached at nine o'clock upon the following morning. Intense variety, exquisite scenery and a new sensation can be obtained by a trip to this very peculiar and thoroughly charming "bit of an island."

Nantucket, the whaling station of fifty years ago, with its world-famed fleet of cruisers, is slowly giving way to a transformation at the inspiration of that adventuresome, erratic, leisure-loving and purse-free being known as the American tourist; and places that year after year attract, during their idle season, the wealthy workers in large cities, attain in time a reputation that is quite congenial to that vast class who are able not only to visit but to stay at one place for months. Let fashion and beauty pause over night in the tracks of the bachelor pioneers, and a popular Summer resort is quite likely to spring up. Then, as in the case of Coney Island with its beach-side cities, the masses will wonder why capital did not create the charming caravansaries long ago.

Distance is conveniently annihilated. Even the White Mountains are close to our doors. Fashion, surfeited with the bewilderments of the leading resorts, seeks new fields and waters, and when the fancy is pleased, Fashion rests.

It is difficult for one who has not mingled with the remnants of the old fishing families at 'Sconset and Polpis—who has not conversed with the oracles of Tuckenuck, Muskejet and Gravel—to understand the alarm which the proposition to construct a narrow-gauge railway along the south shore, from Surfside to 'Sconset, excited.

Such changes the old families believe will destroy the character of the island; they certainly will change it vastly, yet the crowds of Summer pleasure-seekers demand the accommodations; and are there not many bags of shekels behind the demand? So, in truth, Nantucket changes daily, and is destined to be the subject of change for years. The old landmarks are passing away; but few are now preserved. The people point with pride to the North Church, which was built in 1711, and is still in use, and the small house on Centre Street which was built as long ago as 1682; and then, reverting to the new order of things, show the visitor the monument erected as a memorial of the war, and bearing the inscription, "Eternal honor to the sons of Nantucket who, by land and sea, gave their lives to preserve a United Country, 1861-1865." The Sancota Head lighthouse, a little more than a mile from 'Sconset, the southeastern extremity of the island, is a local attraction very dear to the fishermen, and well it may be, as it has one of the finest Fresnal lights on the entire eastern coast.

From Sancota Head the traveler's attention will be directed to Sesacacha Pond, of pure, sweet water, abounding with fish, and he will be dolefully told how a village was built on the site of the pond in 1676, how it was peopled for one hundred and forty years, and why the last house was razed in 1820. The traveler is captivated with the Nantucket of to-day; the native lives still in the whaling excitement of two generations ago. The old and the new are brought together at every turn. The bustle of fashionable life has overmatched the bustle of a deplored business. Fishing, once followed as a profitable industry alone, is now to a great extent pursued for pleasure; or, at least, the places of the professional fishermen are being gradually taken by the amateur and city sportsmen. But with all the mutations of time, life hangs easy, the lengthening hours of the day are enjoyed by native and visitor alike to their fullest extent, and the Nantucket of marvelous whaling fame is on the inevitable drift toward the full-fledged Summer watering-place, with all the belongings that wealth, fashion and beauty bring.

We have contrasted the Nantucket of the old whaling days with the Nantucket on which fashion has set her imprint. While the island is overflowing with attractions, it may be that the contrasts of a few years really form the most delightful feature of a sojourn. With a few steps the tourist passes from the Summer hotels to little clusters of ancient-looking, weather-beaten buildings, where the typical fisherman passes to and fro. Though he will tell you sadly that he never expects a return of the grand whaling enterprises of 1844, he still indulges in little fishing speculations. Save a certain sharpness in bargaining with the pleasure-seeker in search of facilities for fishing, he appears to take little interest in the steady development of the new order of things.

At the village of Siasconset—if village it may be called, which consists merely of a dozen or more quaint and ancient cottages, set down hap-hazard on the very edge of a steep cliff overhanging a narrow, sandy beach—the native quickens into considerable excitement when the mail-deliverer makes his periodical appearance. But once satisfied with the market success of his last venture, he relaxes into the apparently listless creature, caring naught for the toyings and glitter and extravagance of fashionable life. A little hotel brings yearly a few visitors to this sleepiest and most ancient hamlet, which lies about seven miles from Nantucket, at the southeast extremity of the island; and very delightful to lovers of antiquity are the queer cottages, with their one or two "low-studded" rooms, their little grassy dooryards, and the old figureheads—relics of whaling ships long since gone down—which stand conspicuously before nearly every door. If a stronger contrast of the past and present of Nantucket life is desired, let the visitor betake himself to the old mill, and witness the original method of getting the huge fans into the current of the wind. Everything here looks ancient, even to the horse which slowly drags the long pole until the wind begins to attain a purchase on the fans, and slowly sets the venerable mechanism in motion.

From such spectacles relief may be obtained in the fine bathing-places on the western shore, under what is called the Cliff; or on the south shore, where the dangers of the surf and the tremendous undertow forbid bathing even to the most daring. Then, too, the Squantum should receive attention—that curious picnic on the level prairie-like plain, near the shore, with suitable provisions from the hotels and stores, but also with fish just out of the pond or sea, and with clams dug from the clean, gravelly sand. In the Athenæum, besides a worthy library, will be found a large number of curiosities deposited by the owners or masters of whaling vessels, and relics associated with the past history of the island.

Whether in exploring the crooked, narrow streets of the town, or in straying over the pathless downs that lie beyond it, the days in Nantucket are only too quickly passed. Relic-hunters are made happy by such a surplus of old china and antique furniture as seldom meets the eye of dwellers on the mainland. Every shop has a corner of its window given up to "willow-pattern" wedgwood, and heaven knows what besides of the perishable, yet so lasting, ware; whilst almost every private house is open to callers with an eye to trade in brass candlesticks, old clocks, and the like. Unfortunately the owners of these treasures are only too well "up" in their market value, and the delicious, trembling excitement of bagging a veritable bargain is not to be had. For the last four or five years this brisk yearly trade has been going on, yet the stock of china appears to suffer no diminution, and Summer visitors are still made happy with marvelous teapots, lovely cracked sugar-bowls, and meat-dishes of gigantic size, which, in the strange revolution of things, may come from furnishing a Nantucket dinner-table to adorning the wall of a New York drawing-room.

No description of Nantucket, such as we have given during the Summer season, would be complete without a mention of the best-known person on the island. He is a man of vast importance, who does all sorts of public duties, and has greater responsibilities resting upon him than any other resident. The steeple of the old church on Orange Street is his favorite rendezvous when not engaged in his many vocations on the ground. If a fire breaks out, he rushes to the lookout and sounds an alarm; whenever a mail-steamer with tourists from New Bedford, touching at Martha's Vineyard, appears in sight, he ascends to his post and announces the intelligence by lusty blasts on a huge horn. In the Winter, when communication is had with the island only once in two days, his signal of the arrival of the mail is eagerly listened for, and produces for a time quite an excitement.

The old houses at Nantucket are built in a quaint style, with platforms on the roofs, whence, in her days of whaling prosperity, the approach of the fleets could be watched by the families of the whalers. Old residents, deploring the decay and almost total abandonment of this industry, still cling to their long-observed habit, and the housetops generally present a curious scene about the time the excursion steamboats are expected.

AILSIE'S SHILLING.

A PATCH of wild heath, dotted with gorse and furze, where the fox and the moor-hen had their cover, and a few goats pastured; a chilly landscape, marked by ranges of bleak Irish hills, and wastes of quaking bog, where the bittern boomed, and the snipe and heron moped together over the black peat-water.

The sun had set. Daylight was fast fading from the sky, and earth and heaven wore the same gray tint of desolation, unrelieved except by one single flash of color high up among the gorse and furze, and which, in its flutterings and flauntings, might have been a scarlet banner or a lost sunset-cloud, but was only the colleen who sat there on a druid's stone watching the goats.

This heath was but a bit of west-country near the borders of Connaught—that Connaught of which, as a last earthly refuge, the Orangemen had a lively appreciation when they wrote their fatal warning on the doors of the Armagh weavers:

"To hell! Connaught will not receive you—fire and fagot!"

If Connaught would not receive them, their case was hopeless. The dry thatch, a flame beneath the midnight sky, and the foul ditch-water reddened by midnight in the lonely gullies, told the rest.

Fresh from the loughs and hillsides of Galway the winds came swooping down through the skeleton thorn-bushes, wailing like a banshee. Even the little colleen was fain to huddle closer under her red cloak, shivering as she sat with her face turned toward the darkening west.

A lovely face it was, tinted like the dawn. The eyes were true Milesian, large, almond-shaped and gray in color, with thick black lashes, curling at the tips. The hair that matched these eyes streamed far below the girl's waist, blue-black and fine as floss, and tangled into massive braids, coquettishly tied with a bit of scarlet ribbon.

There was a yellow shepherd-dog lying in the furze a few yards distant. As the last cloud settled down the tallest crow's peak to westward, the girl started up, half frightened at the darkness, and called to him loudly:

"Wolf! Wolf!"

The dog came, passing her with a rough caress, and snarling at the goats as he drove them pell-mell down the path. Directly the snarl deepened into a growl. The girl, hurrying after him with bare feet through the heather, dashed the wind-blown cloak from her eyes and looked up.

Close at her side, weird and uncanny in the gathering dusk, she saw a horseman.

He had dismounted, and was standing in the zigzag path, with his bridle flung across his arm. A tall, careless figure, not without a trifle of soldierly dash, and a fair, patrician face, with eyes like flax-flowers. The gauntlet was drawn from his right hand; the hand itself lay, white as snow, on the mane of his jaded and drooping horse, and on the little finger sparkled one fiery jewel, like a drop of blood.

"Halloo!" sharply called out this apparition.

The girl recoiled a step, holding her growling dog with both hands.

"And who be ye?" she answered.

He stared at her—a bold, bright admiration leaping into his blue eyes.

"*Ma foi!* a belated babe of the woods! And here is a genuine Irish fairy! Can you tell me the way to the Reeks, my pretty lass? I have lost my way among these cursed moors and bogs."

"The Reeks!" repeated the girl, scanning him closely. "Sure, thin, ye're one o' the gintle folks goin' to dance there at the ball this night?"

"Maybe," he answered, smiling.

She turned her beautiful face westward.

"Whist! whist!" she cried, patting the still rebellious dog. "Look yonder, your honor—a good bit beyond the mill. Ye can see the clump of black towers over the thorn-trees."

He peered after the slender brown hand pointing away through the gloom.

"I see nothing," he said.

"Shure it's there, and the post-road winds just outside the lodge-gates."

He shrugged his handsome shoulders.

"Bah! I was fool enough to set out at noon from Hogarth, without a guide, and have been wandering ever since upon these heaths. What if I get stuck fast in one of your black bog-pits? There'll be no ball at the Reeks this night."

She looked at him gravely.

"I can go wid ye as far as the lodge-gates. Ye must lead the horse through these brakes o' furze. See! the night's fast settling down."

"Are you not afraid?" he asked, carelessly.

She fastened her scarlet cloak under her chin.

"An' what should make me afraid, your honor?"

"The night—the bogs—myself, perhaps," he laughed.

"Nay, nay," answered the girl, curtly.

"Then, lead on, my dear, by all means. I will follow."

Outlined for a moment against the lurid twilight, he watched her—this wild Irish girl—sending off the dog in full retreat on the track of the goats, already lost to view in the windings of the path. Captain Arthur Beaumont, with all the elegant languor of a London drawing-room still clinging about him, could scarcely repress a whistle of astonishment as he followed his new guide adown the long, heathery, darkening hillside.

"Jove! what a face! She's a thousand times handsomer than Lady Flora! Do they raise many such girls in Connaught, I wonder?"

"Mind ye now!" called the clear, vibrant voice of his guide, a yard or two in advance; "the beast will stumble here. Look to him till ye come to the boreen."

Then she was off again. Mockingly that scarlet rag of a cloak flaunted out in the stiff west wind. Beaumont, striving in vain to keep pace with the bare, dancing feet, fell to watching her, at last, in a sort of fascination. It was like following some will-o'-wisp in its native bog. Presently he called aloud:

"Here, there!—that is, if it's all the same to you—I'd be glad to have you stop a moment. So there's to be a ball to-night at the old rookery yonder?"

She was far ahead then, but she heard him and stopped.

"Ay," she answered; "the new master has come. It's many a year since the Reeks had a master, yer honor."

"Indeed! and all the great O's and Mac's for miles around are coming, I dare say, to dance a reel with him?"

"That they be," said the girl, heaving a little sigh. "An' the ladies in satin gowns an' necklaces, an illegent shoes, like the snow. Holy Virgin! what a fine sight it will be!"

Beaumont laughed.

"And the new master—who is he?"

"Troth, it's little I know, yer honor. He's an English lord from o'er the water. The last master was a Rossmore, an' the Orangemen murdered him by night in the great round tower—rest his sowl!"

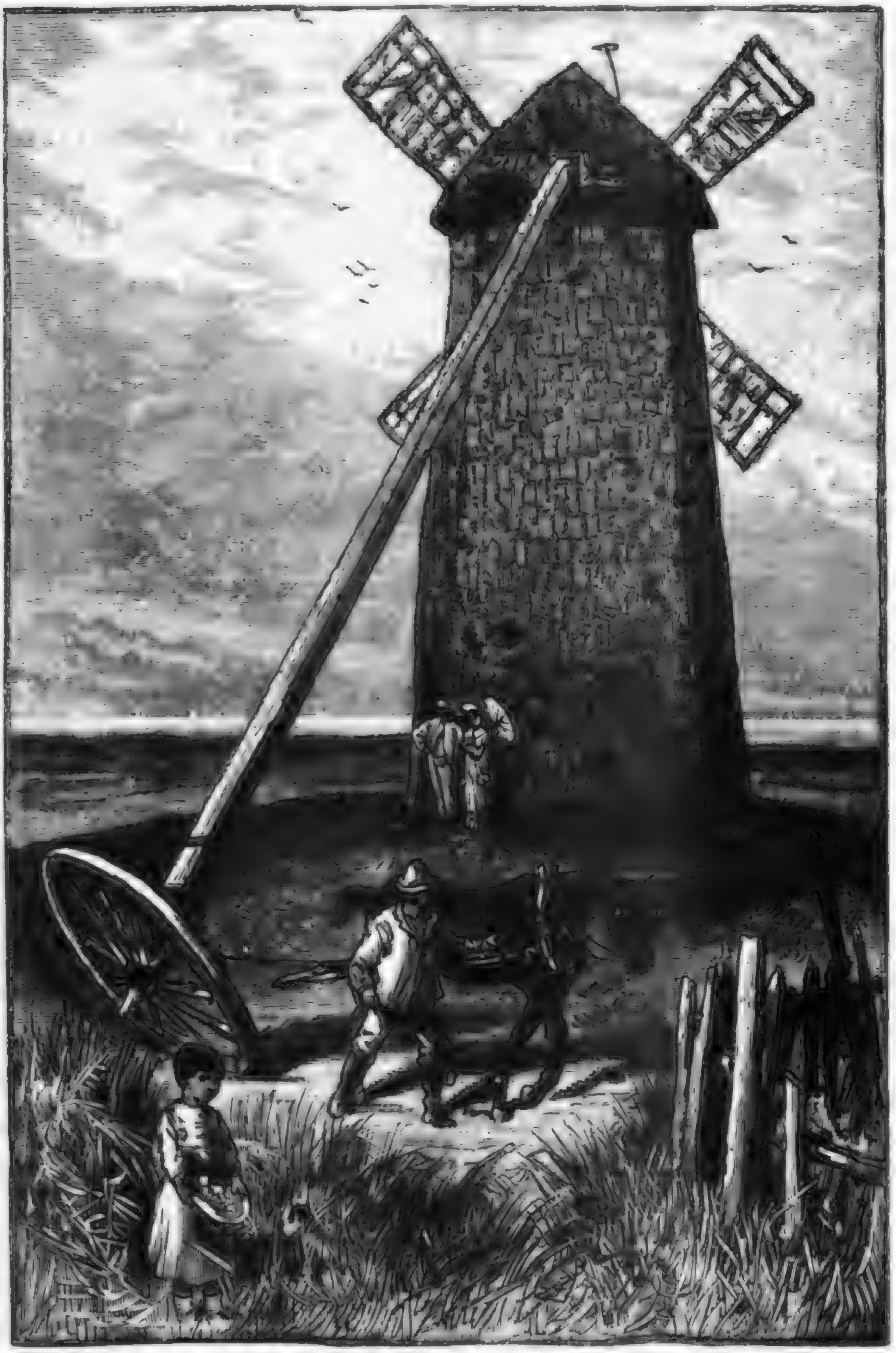
"Ugh!" shivered Beaumont, struck by the cold wind from the hills.

"But that was years ago, yer honor. Nobody will think o' it this night."

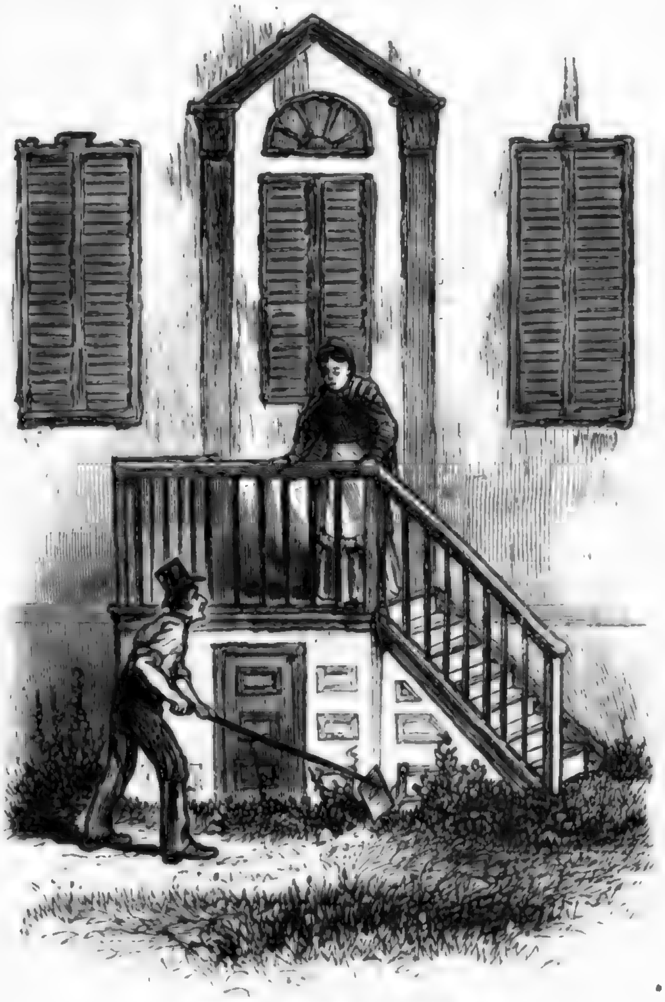
Captain Beaumont twirled his blonde mustache, smiling.

"I dare say, my dear, you would like to come across to the Reeks an hour or two hence, and see the grand gathering?"

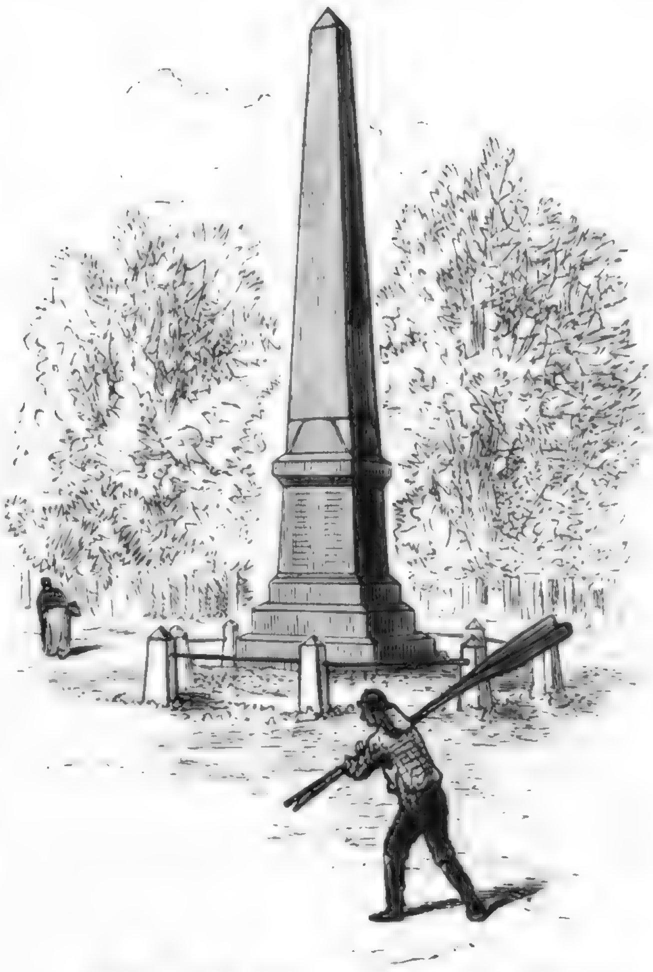
The blood ran into her soft brown cheeks, red as the dawn. She



THE ISLANDS OF THE BAY STATE.—THE OLD MILL, NANTUCKET.—SEE PAGE 99.



SPRING WORK, NANTUCKET.



SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT, NANTUCKET.

lifted her black lashes in a startled way. "Ah, indeed I wud, yer honor."

"And dance at the ball, too?"

"Do ye mane it?" wistfully.

"Yes."

"What wud I do among the gintlefolks? Who o' thim wud dance wid me?"

"Who?" he laughed; "why, I will, to be sure."

"I'll come," said the girl.

Perhaps her earnestness startled him a little. He opened his cold blue eyes to their utmost. Nevertheless, the words were not recalled. Just then an arrowy beam of red, like a little bale-fire, flared out through the trees not a dozen yards distant, straight across their way. His guide stopped short at sight of it.

"Look!" she said; "yon light is from the keeper's lodge. There's the black tower beyond. I'll be afther turning back now."

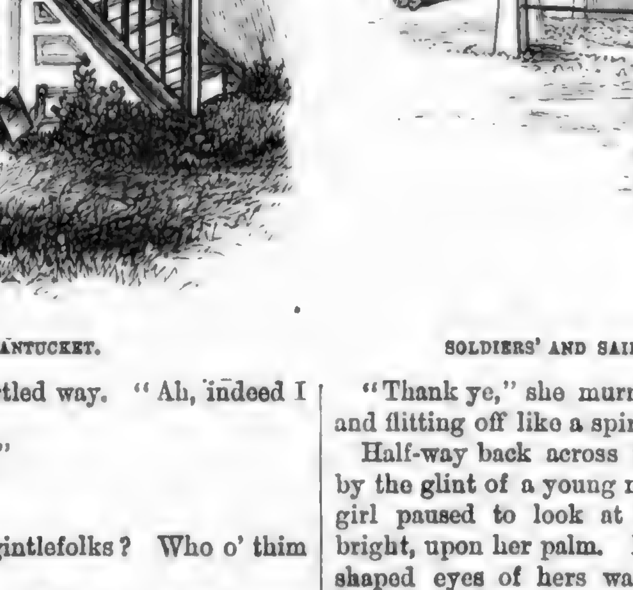
"Wait, my lass," said Beaumont, carelessly. "What is your name?"

She flushed faintly under his quizzical blue eyes.

"Ailsie," she faltered—"Ailsie O'Shane, yer honor."

"Well, Ailsie, there's a shilling for you," he said.

She dropped him a courtesy in the grass.



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN NANTUCKET.

"Thank ye," she murmured, turning the next moment and flitting off like a spirit.

Half-way back across the bog, touched here and there by the glint of a young moon just rising in the west, the girl paused to look at the coin reposing, round and bright, upon her palm. Instinctively those great, almond-shaped eyes of hers wandered back toward the Reeks. Dropping on the wet earth like some devotee, Ailsie drew from her neck a cord, with a tiny wooden cross attached, and slipping the shilling upon it, side by side with the holy symbol, thrust both back into her bosom, and ran breathlessly on again. Surely Captain Beaumont's blue eyes had served him a good turn this night.

Past the little patch of oats growing under the hill almost at the door of Mistress O'Shane's cabin, the girl stumbled over some one lying in wait—a sturdy, long-legged fellow, in frieze and small-clothes, with a well-seasoned black-thorn stick at his side.

"Ailsie!" he called, eagerly scrambling up; "Ailsie, is it ye, avourneen?"

The girl gave a little, scornful cry.

"It's yerself should know me, Larry O'Shane, whin ye sees me."

"Thrue for ye," sighed Larry, "for there's not your likes in all the parish, asthore." She only gave her flossy, blue-black tresses a toss.

"Be aisy wid yer swate words. Are the goats come home ?"

"Faix they have," blubbered the great, hulking fellow. "How can I be aisy, me darlint, when ye charm the heart from me body wid the blinking o' yer eyes ?"

"Whisht ! whisht !" cried Ailsie.

He edged toward the door she was trying to reach.

"Bide a bit, avourneen," he entreated ; "it's crazy I'm getting wid the thought o' ye. Jist hear me spake me mind."

But Ailsie only shook her lovely head.

"I'll not hear ye, and I'll not have ye !" she flouted, over the cabin threshold.

Within, on the earthen hearth, a peat fire burned with a quick, white flame. The potatoes in their iron pot above were sizzling merrily, and a wooden bowl of new goat's milk waited on the dresser in the corner. Mistress O'Shane herself, wrinkled and leathery, and with a flapping white cap-border, sat knitting by the light of the burning peat, as the girl entered.

"So ye are come at last," she said, sharply ; "where have ye been trampin' all this while ?"

Ailsie advanced, flushed and shy.

"A bit across the bog, grandmither, to show some gintlefolks the way to the Reeks."

"The Reeks, oho ! an' the new master's there ! Well, it's not long that he'll stay. Ye silly lass, must ye be forever quarrelin' wid that love-sick Larry ?"

Ailsie answered nothing, but went to the oaken dresser and ate her frugal supper in silence.

Directly Larry came stalking in, and sat sullenly down by the fire, opposite the withered grand-dame.

"Ah, worra, worra !" began the old woman ; "Ailsie, ye foolish hussy, is not a likely lad like this good enough for ye ? Are ye not brothers' children ? What lark's flight have yer silly wits taken now ?"

Ailsie, in no way disturbed, munched her potatoes.

"I'll not have Larry, grandmither," she answered, stoutly. The old woman's cap-border set up a flapping.

"Lass, lass, the lad's weak heart is set on ye !—ye'll niver find a betther—ye niver will—it's God's truth !"

"Thin, sure, I'll have none," said Ailsie.

Mistress O'Shane, in a sudden paroxysm, flung her kerchief above her head and rocked back and forth upon the settle.

"Mother o' God !" she murmured, bitterly, "the heart o' me will break !"

"Faith, an' I'm thinkin' it's the same wid me," muttered Larry.

The wicked author of this mischief stood leaning with downcast eyes against the dresser, sorrowful, but unbending.

"How can I wed Larry, grandmither, whin I've no likin' for him ? There be finer lasses in the parish that'll come at his biddin'."

"It's yerself I want," groaned Larry.

Mistress O'Shane shook her kerchief suddenly from her face.

"Whisht !" she cried ; "spake no more, lad. It's the will o' God. There's a master at the Reeks to-night—think o' that, now ! An English lord in the place o' the Rossmores."

Ailsie, seeing that the storm was passing, drew a stool to the cabin door, and in the shade of its moldy thatch, sat down, looking westward toward the towers of the Reeks, and the ghastly young moon already slipping away behind the hills.

"Ailsie, ye idle lass, git yer knitting," said the grandmother, sharply.

The girl obeyed, but returned at once to her former position. All that Larry could see of her now was the long, braided hair, tied with ribbon, and a little pink ear like a sea-shell. One thing, however, was plain—she was not knitting.

"'Tis fifteen years ago this very night," cried the old woman, shaking in her seat with sudden palsy—"fifteen years since the bloody Orangemen murdered Rossmore in the round tower. It's meself as remembers it well, for I was sarving at the Reeks thin."

The peat fire, deepening slowly to a blinding crimson glow, cast a vague shadow along the cabin rafters and the door where that still figure sat, half wild to don her Sunday bodice and steal off across the bog. Mistress O'Shane, happily unconscious of the girl's thoughts, went breathlessly, bitterly on :

"Rossmore had been in Dublin a good bit, an' he'd lost his sweet young wife there—rest her soul !—an' a hard and wicked man he'd grown to be, an' a cruel landlord ; but he was e'er a kind master to me. Ah, many's the time he'd been warned o' throuble ! Three times the gray banshee in the blue cloak had wailed under the round tower —three times, when the wind was blowin' an' the moon behind a cloud—three times, and yet he'd not be warned !"

She was talking to herself now—not to either of her auditors.

"God kape me heart from thinking o' that night ! They broke the great door wid their pikes and axes, an' they rushed upon him at the head o' the stair. Holy Virgin ! how he fought for his life ! An' they cut and hacked him—e'en his own butler an' the footman he brought from Dublin—till he fell, an' the blood dripped from his dead heart, down, down, into the hall below. It were the cries an' curses that roused me in me bed. Dead wid fear I was, for I could hear the bloody villains smashin' the great doors, and staling the plate and arms and red gould, an' I knew the thaving butler would be like to kill me, too. But I ran to the room where the master's child lay, all asleep in its bed o' lace an' silk an' finest linen, an' I caught it in me arms—the pretty darlint ! an' fled for its life an' mine out into the bog, under a midnight sky that had niver a blink o' moon nor star."

Larry stretched his long, loutish legs to the blaze of the fire, quite undisturbed, but the quick, impatient sigh of the girl behind him in the doorway could not be repressed. Would the old woman never have done ? Would she never take herself off to rest ? Surely, surely, the dance in the great hall had already begun !

"Wid the child in me arms," went on Mistress O'Shane, faintly, "I hid me up yonder on the hillside, among the heather, till the gray day dawned. An' the Orangemen wud fain have fired the ould towers, only the sojers from the barracks were on the tramp, an' thimselves dared stay no longer. So, for all these years the squall-crow and the starling have had the Reeks, an' now, for the first time, the foot o' a stranger treads thim this night."

"Faix, now," said Larry, "who may the new master be ?"

"But a far distant English kin o' the great house. May the divil fly away wid him !" cried Mistress O'Shane, fiercely. "Does the thaving upstart think to have the Reeks ? I'll see ! None but a Rossmore can rule in the round tower !"

"Whisht, now !" cried Larry, in amaze, "ye're turned light-headed intirely."

With that, Mistress O'Shane bristled.

"Away wid ye, Larry O'Shane! get ye home now. I'll not have ye listening longer to an old woman's tales. An', Ailsie, avourneen, come in from the doorway. Ye're but an idle lass—ye've not touched the knitting!"

Docile but reluctant, Larry arose.

"Ye might say good-night, asthore," he murmured in the girl's pink ears.

"Good-night, and good luck to ye!" said Ailsie, tossing her head.

So, shillalah in hand, he went out into the moonlight.

With her lean jaw dropped, and her hands clasped about her knees, for a long time after Larry's departure, Mistress O'Shane sat huddled in a corner of the settle. Presently she clutched Ailsie's dress, and drawing the girl toward her, kissed the folds of coarse homespun as reverently as if they had been a crucifix.

"So, so! ye'll not have my Larry? An' I've fed ye, an' housed ye, an' loved ye like me own, an' all the time me heart's been set on Larry and ye! Wud ye but wed my lad, Ailsie, I'd make ye a fine lady. Well, well! God's will be done."

Whereupon Mistress O'Shane rose, feebly, as if a weight of years had all at once fallen upon her, and betook herself to bed.

The cabin-door was wide open, and the path beyond stretched clear toward the Reeks.

Noiselessly and with deft fingers Ailsie laced her Sunday bodice. To this she had nothing to add in the way of finery but the scarlet stockings her own hands had knitted, her Sunday shoes, and a ribbon Larry O'Shane had bought her at Ballynabrog fair. But that flossy hair of hers had somehow got free from its braids, and now all about her shoulders it clung in a feathery torrent of rings and curls, through the mazes of which Larry's ribbon flared out, scarlet and bright, like a tongue of fire.

Suddenly the old woman, sleeping near by, turned uneasily, and muttered, as in a dream:

"Rossmore! Rossmore!"

Turning from the bit of cracked looking-glass, stuck in a corner of the dresser, Ailsie caught up her tattered cloak and stole out—out from under the moldy thatch into the night. She ran swiftly through the patch of whispering oats and across the bog, straight toward the Reeks. The heart within her was all aflame now.

"Ailsie! Ailsie!" called out a sudden voice.

There was a clatter of brogues behind her, where a streak of waning moonlight still lay upon the path.

"Ailsie! Ailsie!" cried Larry O'Shane.

He had been lurking about the cabin, then, instead of going home—poor, silly, love-sick Larry! The girl was fairly caught.

"Ailsie, avourneen, come back!"

Instead of obeying this injunction, she dropped her cloak and ran—away, away, like a wild thing, over the black, quaking bog, fear lending her wings. Her heart was in her throat, her breath came in gasps. Behind her, on the wet earth, like some cast-off fairy mantle, lay the cloak—a patch of ragged scarlet to frighten the strutting magpies and the moping herons.

Ailsie had seen the last of it; and, though he little knew it, Larry O'Shane, in that far, flying figure, had seen, too, the last of his pretty sweetheart.

At the lodge-gates she ventured to look back. He had not followed—all was quite still. Still quaking, she went up the broad drive among the thorn-trees and laurels to the hall-door, standing wide open beyond.

What with the lights, and the carriages, and the bustle, the servants in livery running about, and the bursts of music, Ailsie stood for a moment quite dazed.

The ball had begun, sure enough. She walked straight up to the hall-door, and peered in.

"God! what is that?" said a man in white stockings and a coat all green and scarlet, advancing hastily toward Ailsie.

The girl stood now on the threshold, plain and uncovered to all eyes.

"Who are you?" said the man, sharply, "and what do you want here?"

"Please, sir," answered Ailsie, dropping a courtesy. "I've come to dance at the ball."

The man was dumb for a moment, then he laughed, scornfully.

"Oho! It's Molly O'Shane's pretty granddaughter. She's dazed. Go home, my lass; this is a party of quality. You can't come in here."

"Nay," answered Ailsie; "it's one o' yer fine gintlefolks that axed me, sir. I'll not go home for the like o' ye."

"Barney," grimly called he of the green coat to one of the footmen, "just speak to the master."

A quick step crossed the great hall, with a loud burst of music following after through an open door.

Ailsie, held at bay by the green coat, flashed a frightened glance upward, and met the blue eyes of Captain Arthur Beaumont.

"I've come," she said, her cheeks flushing like the dawn.

He might have been annoyed, provoked, perhaps, only the amazing beauty of the girl, as she stood there in the light of the lustres, was such as to disarm all feeling save that of blank and unreasoning admiration.

"I've come to dance wid yer honor," she repeated, timidly.

"And dance you shall, by all the gods!" muttered Beaumont, through his teeth. "Miss Ailsie, come with me."

The group of servants stared at each other in mute amaze, and the butler in the green coat shivered with rage and scorn.

"Is it *ye* that's master o' the Reeks?" said the girl, wondering. "Shure, ye didn't tell me that."

For an answer, he took her slender brown hand and led her straight into the ballroom.

Ah, what a sight was there! From far and near the gentry had flocked to the young heir's ball. Flowers, and lights, and music; satins rustling and fans waving everywhere! There were the grand ladies from Hogarth, with enormous trains and feathers, and jewels without number on their skinny arms and bosoms; there were young beauties in lace and pearls, and old dowagers, hideous exceedingly, in lace and pearls likewise; and there, into the very midst of the light, and the crowd, and the dancers, the heir of the Reeks led that wild Irish girl, in her homespun dress and scarlet stockings, and placed her at the head of the set just forming in the centre of the room.

Had a thunderbolt burst suddenly over the round tower where Rossmore was murdered, the consternation succeeding could scarcely have excelled that which followed this extraordinary turn of affairs.

First there was an ominous hush. Everybody looked at everybody—everybody stared hard at Ailsie. Instantly a wicked buzz filled the room.

"What is it?"

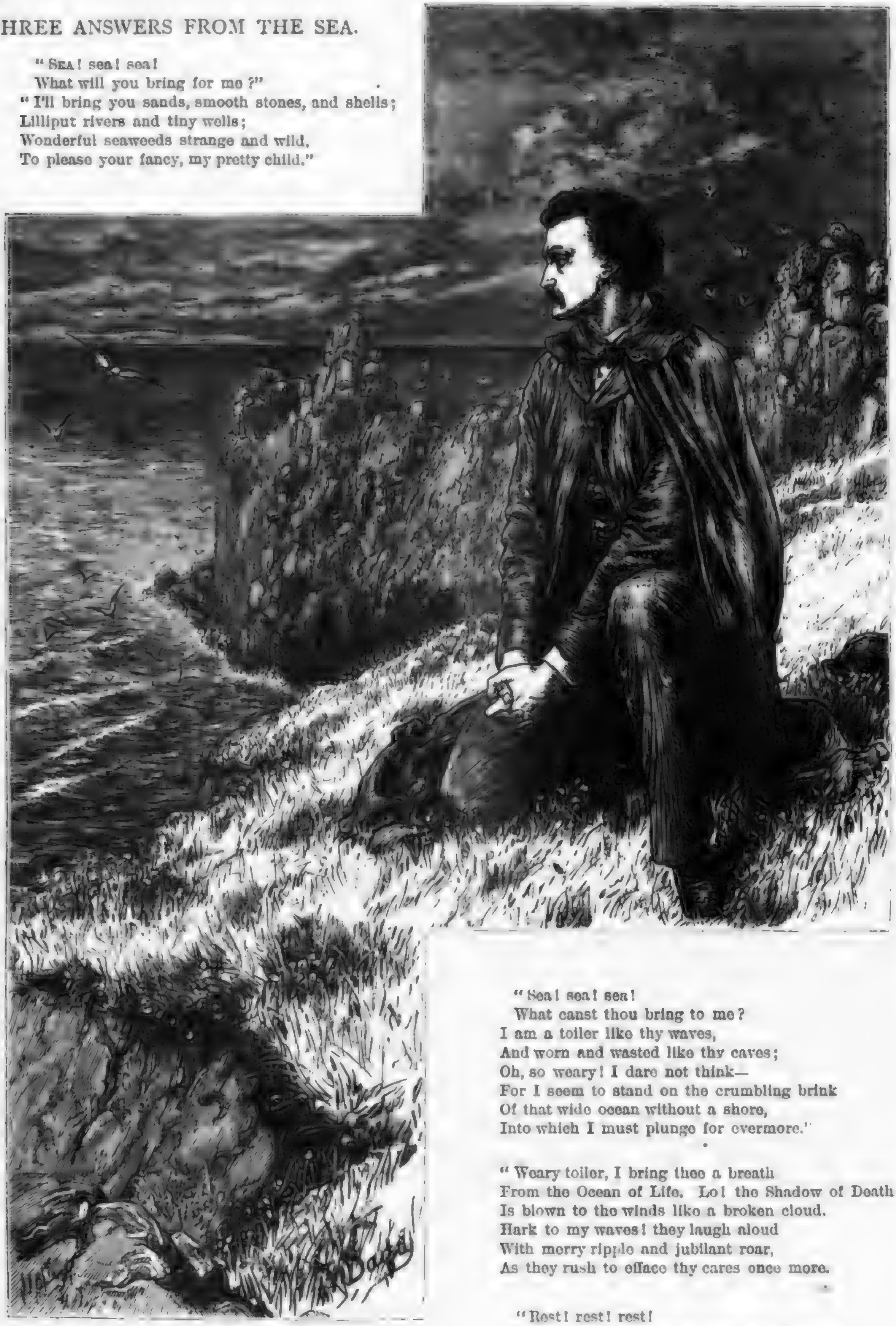
"Where did it come from?"

"He is really going to dance with her!"

The while the heir of the Reeks, delightfully cool and serene, had got his arm about that lithe little figure, and was already moving with her down the room.

THREE ANSWERS FROM THE SEA.

"Sea! sea! sea!
What will you bring for me?"
"I'll bring you sands, smooth stones, and shells;
Lilliput rivers and tiny wells;
Wonderful seaweeds strange and wild,
To please your fancy, my pretty child."

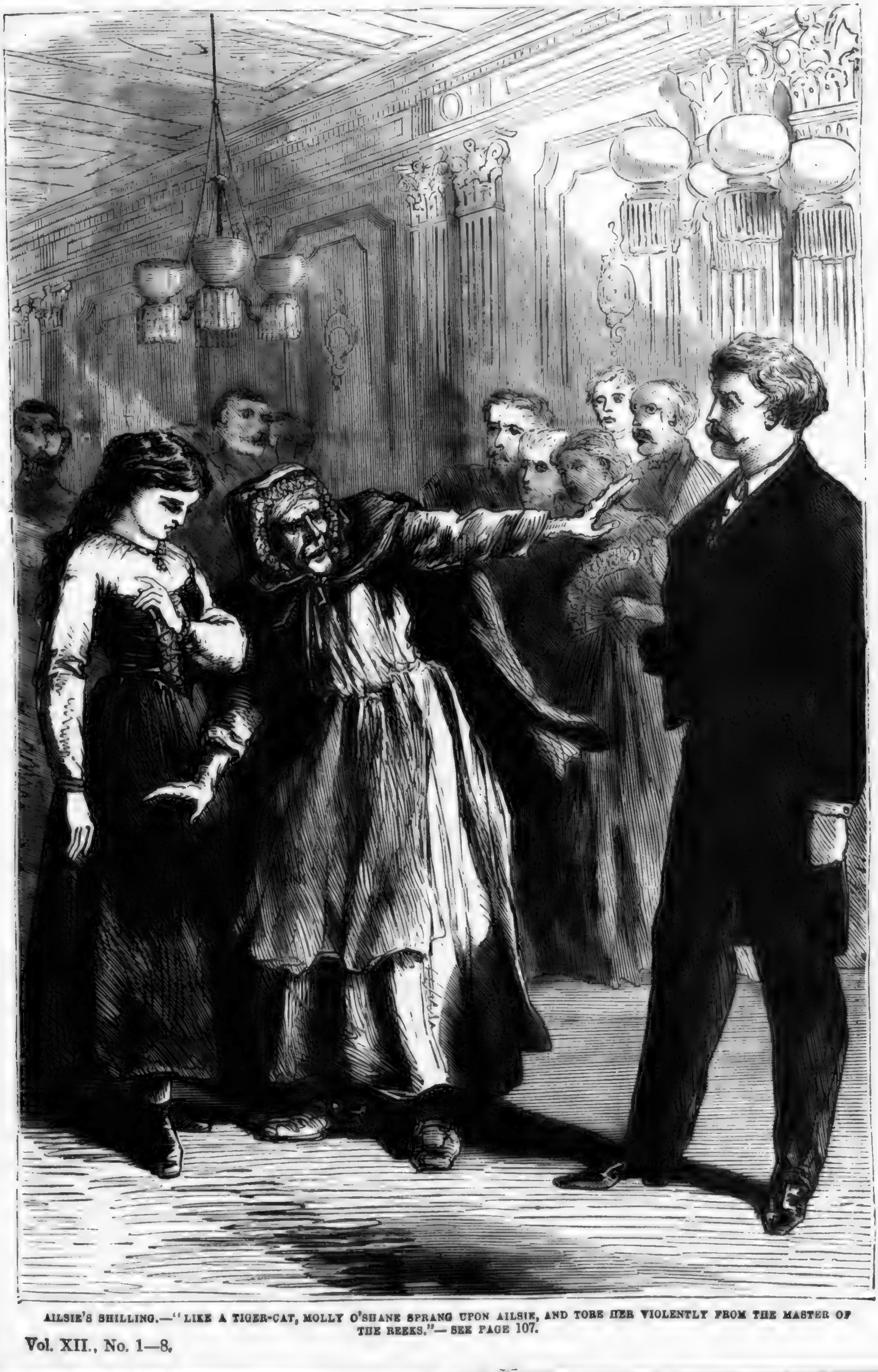


"Sea! sea! sea!
What will you bring to me?"
"Star-lighted glances by moonlit waters;
Dreams of Eden for Eve's fair daughters;
Morning sunshine, sweet evening's shade,
To bless and gladden thee, gentle maid."

"Sea! sea! sea!
What canst thou bring to me?
I am a toiler like thy waves,
And worn and wasted like thy caves;
Oh, so weary! I dare not think—
For I seem to stand on the crumbling brink
Of that wide ocean without a shore,
Into which I must plunge for evermore."

"Weary toiler, I bring thee a breath
From the Ocean of Life. Lo! the Shadow of Death
Is blown to the winds like a broken cloud.
Hark to my waves! they laugh aloud
With merry ripple and jubilant roar,
As they rush to efface thy cares once more.

"Rest! rest! rest!
Fling thyself down on thy mother's breast;
Touch the earth, like the Titan of old,
And arise with strength renewed and bold;
Draw a deep breath of my pure sweet air,
And thy heart shall expand to do and dare—
Yes—to do and dare thy highest and best,
Till the calmer ocean brings perfect rest."



AILSIE'S SHILLING.—"LIKE A TIGER-CAT, MOLLY O'SHANE SPRANG UPON AILSIE, AND TORE HER VIOLENTLY FROM THE MASTER OF THE REEKS."—SEE PAGE 107.

XUM

"Don't look about you," he whispered, "or you'll be turned to stone by evil eyes. Look at me instead."

She tried to obey, but the black lashes drooped. He could feel her heart fluttering affrighted against his side. The grand Hogarth ladies were standing stock still in the set, with feathers bristling and eyeglasses raised.

"Maybe," faltered the girl, faintly, "one o' thim be your honor's sweetheart ?"

"No, thank you ! I have no sweetheart, Miss Ailsie."

In a twinkling, the whole set was falling apart. It did not matter. All the scorn and amaze of the goodly company seemed lost upon the master of the Reeks. He only smiled, and signed to the musicians, and the next moment was leading off his lovely partner to the scattering measures of an Irish reel.

It was time for the old dowagers to fling up their eyes to the ceiling, and hold their indignant breath. Such a reel as that was never before danced in the hall of the dead Rossmore. The girl was uncanny. They could swear her feet did not touch the floor. Nevertheless, the high heels of the Sunday shoes kept up a tapping, faint and fine, like the *cluricaun's* hammer on the sunny side of a peat-stack.

What with the face of the girl, her wild grace and flashing black tresses, and the way the heir of the Reeks gazed at her in their giddy, tantalizing whirls, that crowd of gentry stood upon either side looking on, as dumb and motionless as if they were each and all under the influence of a spell.

Suddenly a great uproar was heard at the door of entrance. The music was pealing its maddest and merriest, and nobody had time to turn and look—not until a wild, gray, disheveled figure came flying into the midst, hurling the great folks right and left from the way. Then, like a tiger-cat, Molly O'Shane sprang upon Ailsie, and clutching her bony hand in the girl's black tresses, tore her violently from the arms of the master of the Reeks.

"So ye thought to stale away, an' I not know !" she cried, her hand on the terrified girl, her glaring eyes on Beaumont. "Faix ! ye've come to a fine gatherin' ! Does yon yellow-haired upstart think to dance wid such as ye ? 'Tis time for my lass to have her own."

She pushed the pale, shrinking Ailsie into the open space cleared for the dancers, laughing bitterly.

"Look," she cried, "look well at her, all ye gintlefolks that knew the house o' Rossmore ! Good blood, ye say, will show. Who but a Rossmore ever had such hair as this ? Who but a Rossmore ever looked at ye wid that blinking o' the eye ? MacSillian, o' the Cross-post, ye knew her father well. Spake ! is she not like him ?"

Not waiting for any answer, Molly O'Shane went on, wildly :

"It were these two arms, yer honors, that carried her into the bog, the night Rossmore was murdered at the head o' the stair—whin yer honors, ivery soul o' ye, thought her murdered, too. Safe and sound I meant to kape her from her father's inimies—shure, an' I've done that same ; an' had she but wed wid Larry—oh, had she but wed my lad, I'd have made her lady o' the Reeks long ago !"

The old woman turned furiously on Beaumont.

"An' ye !" she cried, "git ye out o' this place ! its hers now. Do ye think ye've heard but an idle tale ? Hearken, thin, to his riverence—he'll tell ye o' the oath I swore to him, that when the stranger entered here, my lass should have her own."

Through the uproar and confusion abounding now on every side, Beaumont, like one in a dream, saw the grave figure of a parish priest advancing toward the spot where the old woman stood, hostile and implacable, betwixt him and the daughter of the Rossmores.

"My friends," said the reverend father, lifting his calm voice above the noise of the crowd, "the story you have heard is no idle tale—it is a solemn and singular truth. This young girl is not the grandchild of Mary O'Shane, but the daughter of Dermot Rossmore, killed, as you all know, in this house, fifteen years ago."

For one little moment Beaumont's gaze fell upon Ailsie. Their eyes met—his softening into something like tenderness, hers wild and dilated, and darkening to utter midnight with the terror that filled her.

"Yer honor," she cried, turning to him, grasping wildly at his arm, "spake, spake ! Is it thrue ?"

"My child, I think—I am sure that it is."

She gasped for breath.

"And ye—God o' heaven !—what will ye do ?"

"I shall depart at once."

She flung up her hands. Then the slender figure, all limp and lifeless, slipped away from his arm—away from Molly O'Shane's outstretched hands—away from the astonished eyes all bent upon her, and fell, a silent and senseless thing, to the floor.

* * * * * *

There was a grand ball at Dublin Castle one night late in the Autumn.

The lord-lieutenant was about to depart for England, and this was his farewell reception. In point of crowds and magnificence, and all those things which go to make up the sum total of a grand ball, the occasion had seldom or never been surpassed.

His excellency, blonde, rotund and good-humored, was moving among his guests, dispensing hospitality with a right good will. Rich dresses and fair faces abounded ; so did the uniforms. In one group near a window a half-score were gathered together, deep in ballroom gossip.

"Of all the lovely women I ever saw," Captain Rutherford was saying, pensively, "this west-country heiress is the loveliest. It is impossible that a woman with such a pair of eyes *can* be heartless."

"Faith," answered O'Rourke of the dragoons, "you can't but own, my lad, that's she's deaf, blind and dumb to-night to the whole handsome lot of us."

"That's because Lord Villiers's mother monopolizes her," grumbled Colonel Arundel. "She has just brought her back from Paris, you see, and the old dame is an inveterate match-maker. Jove ! she intends Miss Rossmore, with her Irish bogs and foreign securities, for her precious son."

"Bah ! Villiers will never carry off a girl like that," sneered Rutherford. "Have you seen her, Beaumont ?"

Captain Arthur Beaumont, standing near by, quite pale and *distrait*, answered by a negative gesture.

"She's handsomer to-night than ever — not a jewel about her, either, but that curious bracelet which she always wears."

"Hist !" whispered Arundel, under his breath ; "here she comes with his excellency himself."

Beaumont, stepping quickly forward, looked at the advancing couple.

There she was, just as he had expected to see her, a regal, self-possessed woman, with the air of a duchess—her slender figure draped in point lace and satin—taller, older, a thousand times lovelier, yet Ailsie still. As she came sweeping toward him, he saw that, as Rutherford had said, she wore no jewels, save an odd bracelet of golden coin, clasped with a heart of fiery topaz, on one rounded, snow-white arm.

He held his breath. Would she see him—would she know him after five long, changeful years? She drew nearer—she looked up—looked straight in his face. Over her own swept something that was not a blush, but a white lightning-heat, dying out as quickly as it came. Then her dark eyes dropped. She went on a few paces, and disengaging her arm from the lord-lieutenant's, sank into a seat near Lady Villiers.

A few moments afterward Lady Villiers was beckoning graciously to Beaumont with her Spanish fan. He crossed to her side.

"My dear Arthur," she said, not without a touch of malice, "is it possible you do not recognize Miss Rossmore? One would think you two had cause to remember each other."

Miss Rossmore gave him her hand.

"Remember!" he murmured in her ear; "as if I could ever forget!"

She answered nothing. She was pale and cold as a snow-wreath. Only the nervous manner in which she plucked at the bracelet of coin on her wrist betrayed her agitation.

"My love," said Lady Villiers, beginning to frown, "here is your fan. Lord John is coming to dance with you."

Beaumont's eyes looked full into Miss Rossmore's.

"Ailsie!" he murmured, daringly.

With a sudden snap the heart of topaz clasping Miss Rossmore's bracelet parted under her nervous fingers. Something concealed therein rolled out and fell to the floor.

The young heiress started up.

"Pray—pray help me to find it!" she said to Lady Villiers.

"My love, what have you lost?"

"What have you lost?" repeated Beaumont.

"Something that is very, very precious to me," she faltered.

Beaumont was down on the floor in a twinkling. When he arose, his face was luminous. He was holding in his hand a silver shilling, one end perforated as if for a cord.

"My dear," cried Lady Villiers, aghast, "*that* is not what you hide so closely in your bracelet?"

"A friend gave it to me long ago," murmured Miss Rossmore.

"And you have kept it all this time!" Arthur Beaumont said, in an impassioned whisper. "Ailsie, Ailsie, you will not dance with Lord John Villiers—you will dance with me?"

"Give me back my shilling," she faltered, smiling. Something in his eyes made her own fall before them.

"Give me back that which you have had in keeping ever since the night you won your shilling. Ailsie, Ailsie, give me back my heart!"

In the very face and eyes of Lady Villiers he caught her slender white hand in his own. For a moment it fluttered like a frightened bird, then lay quite still.

It was but fair, perhaps, that Arthur Beaumont entered the round tower of the Reeks a second time as master.

ANECDOTE OF LONGFELLOW.

Prof. Luigi Monti tells a pleasant story of Henry W. Longfellow. For many years this gentleman had been in the habit of dining with the poet every Saturday. One Christmas day, as he was walking briskly toward the old historic house, he was accosted by a little girl about twelve years old, who inquired the way to Longfellow's home. He told her it was some distance down the street, but if she would walk along with him he would show her. When they reached the gate, she said:

"Do you think I can go in the yard?"

"Oh, yes," said Signor Monti. "Do you see the room on the left? That is where Martha Washington held her receptions one hundred years ago. If you look at the window on the right, you will probably see a white-haired gentleman reading a paper. Well, that will be Mr. Longfellow."

She looked gratified and happy at the unexpected pleasure of really seeing the man whose poems she said she loved. As Signor Monti drew near the house, he saw Mr. Longfellow standing with his back against the window, his head of course out of sight. When he went in, the kind-hearted Italian said:

"Do look out of the window and bow to that little girl, who wants to see you very much."

"A little girl wants to see me very much—where is she?"

He hastened to the door, and beckoning with his hand, called out:

"Come here, little girl, come here, if you want to see me!"

She needed no second invitation; and, after shaking her hand and asking her name, he kindly took her into the house, showed her the "old clock on the stairs," the chair made from the village smithy's chestnut-tree, presented to him by the Cambridge children, and the beautiful pictures and souvenirs gathered in the many years of foreign residence. I am sure that child will carry all her life delightful memories of her Christmas call at Mr. Longfellow's.

THE FIRST PRINCE OF WALES.

The title of "Prince of Wales" has entirely changed its character. Originally, it was applied to a native sovereign. In the ninth century, when the Danes and Saxons had completely broken the power of the Britons in England, Wales was still in the hands of the *Cymri*, a branch of the same stock as the Britons; and it was governed by three brothers, with the dignity of princes—the Prince of North Wales having precedence of the others in rank.

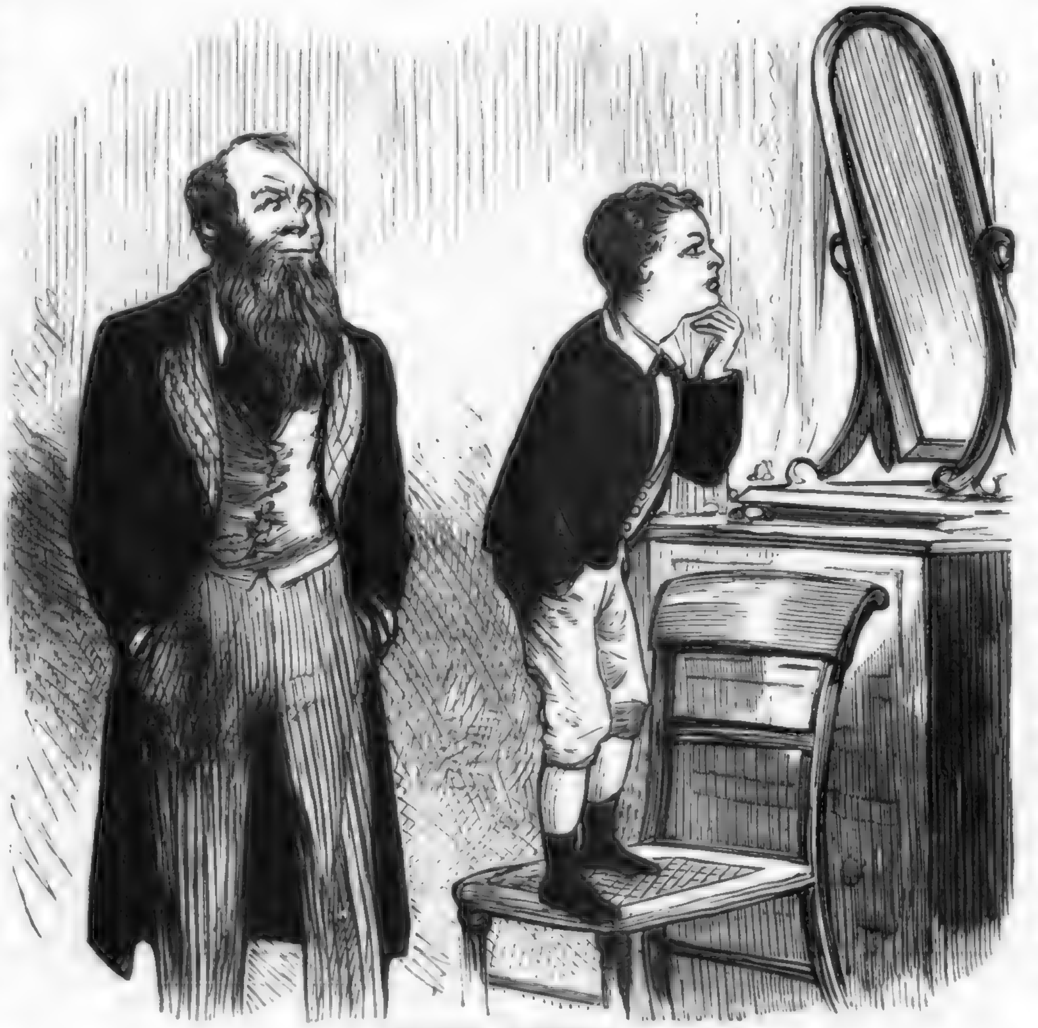
It was, however, a very stormy and unsettled rule; for we find that, during the next three centuries, the princes of Wales were often obliged to pay tribute to the Saxon, Danish and Norman rulers of England; and, moreover, the princes were frequently quarreling among themselves, overstepping each other's landmarks, and breaking agreements without much scruple. At length one prince, Llewellyn, rose superior to the rest, and was chosen by the general voice of the people sovereign of Wales, in 1246.

The border district between the two countries, known as the Marches, was the scene of almost incessant conflicts between the English and Welsh, let who might be king in the one country, or prince in the other. There is a passage in Fuller, illustrative of the hardships endured by the English soldiers during a raid across the Marches nearly to the western part of the Principality: "I am much affected with the ingenuity [ingenuousness] of an English nobleman, who, following the camp of King Henry III. in these parts (Caernarvonshire), wrote home to his friends, about the end of September, 1245, the naked truth, indeed, as followeth: 'We lie in our tents, watching, fasting, praying and freezing. We watch, for fear of the Welshmen, who are wont to invade us in the night; we fast, for want of meat, for the half-penny loaf is worth five pence; we pray to God to send us home speedily; and we freeze for want of Winter garments, having nothing but thin linen between us and the wind.'"

On the other hand, the Welsh were always ready to take advantage of any commotions across the border.

In 1268, Llewellyn was compelled to accept terms which Henry III. imposed upon him, and which rendered him little else than a feudal vassal to the King of England. When Henry died, and Edward I. became King, Llewellyn was summoned to London, to render homage to the new monarch. The angry blood of the Welshman chafed at this humiliation; but he yielded—more especially as Edward held in his power the daughter of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, to whom Llewellyn was betrothed, and he could only obtain her by coming to London. In 1278, Llewellyn and the lady were married, the king himself giving away the bride.

The Prince and Princess of Wales went to their future home in the principality. Their happiness, however, was short-lived: the princess died in giving birth to a daughter, who afterward ended her days as a nun in a Lincolnshire convent. Peace did not long endure between Edward and Llewellyn. A desolating war broke out, marked by much barbarity on both sides. Llewellyn's friends fell away one by one, and made terms with the powerful King of England. The year 1282 saw the close of the scene. While some of his adherents were combating the Earl of Gloucester and Sir Edmund Mortimer in South Wales, Llewellyn himself was fighting in the north. Leaving the bulk of his soldiers, and coming almost unattended to Builth, he fell into an ambush, which cost him his life.



YOUNG AMERICA.

HOPEFUL JUNIOR—"*Guess I shall have to shave to-day. Miss Lavender said my beard scratched her last night when I kissed her at forfeits.*"

[Paterfamilias is thunderstruck.]

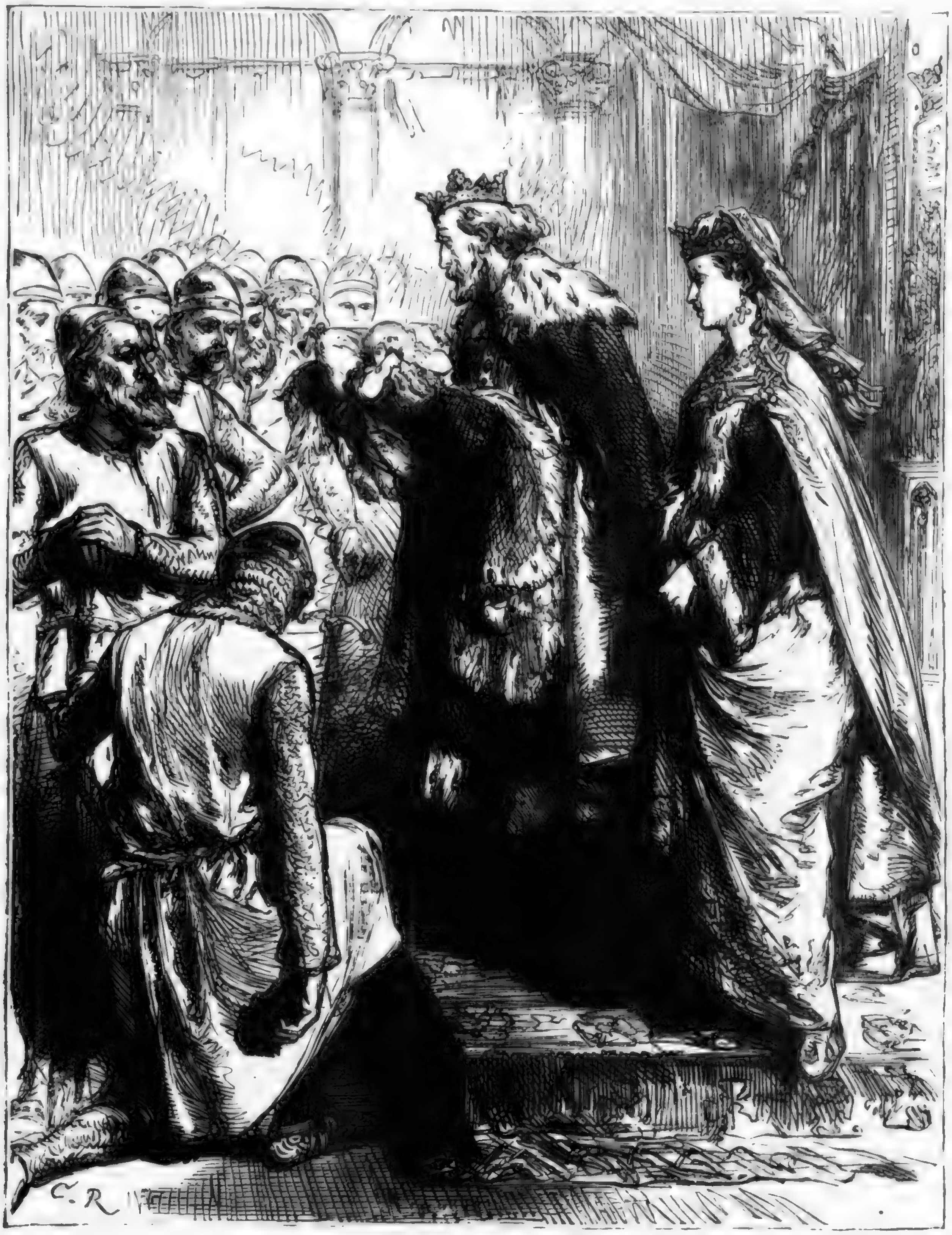
Dr. Powel, in 1584, translated into English an account of the scene written by Caradoc of Llanfargan: "The prince departed from his men, and went to the valley with his squire alone, to talk with certain lords of the country, who had promised to meet him there. Then some of his men, seeing his enemies come down from the hill, kept the bridge called Pont Orewyn, and defended the passage manfully, till one declared to the Englishmen where a ford was, a little beneath, through the which they sent a number of their men with Elias Walwyn, who suddenly fell upon them that defended the bridge, in their backs, and put them to flight. The prince's squire told the prince, as he stood secretly abiding the coming of such as promised to meet him in a little grove, that he heard a great noise and cry at the bridge; and the prince asked whether his men had taken the bridge, and he said, 'Yes.'

"'Then,' said the prince, 'I pass not if all the power of England were on the other side.'

"But suddenly, behold the horsemen about the grove; and as he would have escaped to his men, they pursued him so hard that one Adam Francton ran him through with a staff, being unarmed, and knew him not. And his men, being but a few, stood and fought boldly, looking for their prince, till the Englishmen, by force of archers, mixed with the horsemen, won the hill, and put them to flight. And as they returned, Francton went to despoil him whom he had slain; and when he saw his face, he knew him very well, and stroke off his head, and sent it to the King at the Abbey of Conway, who received it with great joy, and caused it to be set upon one of the highest turrets of the Tower of London."

Thus closed the career of Llewellyn, the last native sovereign of Wales. Edward I. speedily brought the whole principality under his sway, and Wales has ever since been closely allied to England. Edward's queen gave birth to a son in Caernarvon Castle, and this son, while yet a child, was formally instituted Prince of Wales.

It thenceforward became a custom, departed from in only a few instances, to give this dignity to the eldest son, or heir-apparent of the English King or Queen. The title is not actually inherited; it is conferred by special creation and investiture, generally soon after the birth of the prince to whom it relates. It is said, by an old tradition, that Edward I., to gratify the national feelings of the Welsh people, promised to give them a prince without blemish on his honor, Welsh by birth, and one who could not speak a word of English. He then, in order to fulfill his



THE FIRST PRINCE OF WALES.

promise literally, sent Queen Eleanor to be confined at Caernarvon Castle, and the infant born there had, of course, all the three characteristics. Be this tradition true or false, the later sovereigns cared very little whether the Princes of Wales were acceptable or not to the people of the Principality.

In the mutations of various dynasties, the Prince of Wales was not, in every case, the eldest son and heir-apparent; and in two instances there was a princess without a prince. Henry VIII. gave this title to his two daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, in succession; but the general rule has been as above stated.

It may be useful here to state, in chronological order, the eighteen Princes of Wales, from the time of Edward I. to that of Victoria. We shall construct the list from details given in Dr. Doran's "Book of the Princes of Wales." Each prince has a kind of surname, according to the place where he was born. (1) *Edward of Caernarvon*, son of Edward I., born 1284; died, 1327, as Edward II. (2) *Edward of Windsor*, son of Edward II., born 1312; died, 1377, as Edward III. (3) *Edward of Woodstock*, son of Edward III., born 1330; known as Edward the Black Prince, and died 1376. (4) *Richard of Bordeaux*, son of Edward the Black Prince, born 1367; died 1399, as Richard II. (5) *Henry of Monmouth*, son of Henry IV., born 1387; died, 1422, as Henry V. (6) *Edward of Westminster*, son of Henry VI., born 1453; died 1471. (7) *Edward of the Sanctuary*, son of Edward

IV., born 1470; died, 1483, as Edward V. (8) *Edward of Middleham*, son of Richard III., born 1474; died 1484. (9) *Arthur of Winchester*, eldest son of Henry VII., born 1486; died 1502. (10) *Henry of Greenwich*, second son of Henry VII., born 1491; died, 1547, as Henry VIII. (11) *Henry of Stirling*, eldest son of James I., born 1594; died 1612. (12) *Charles of Dunfermline*, second son of James I., born 1600; died, 1649, as Charles I. (13) *Charles of St. James's*, son of Charles I., born 1630; died, 1685, as Charles II. (14) *George Augustus of Hanover*, son of George I., born 1683; died, 1760, as George II. (15) *Frederick Louis of Hanover*, son of George II., born 1707; died 1751. (16) *George William Frederick of Norfolk House*, son of the last named, born 1738; died, 1820, as George III. (17) *George Augustus Frederick of St. James's*, son of George III., born 1762; died, 1830, as George IV. (18) *Albert Edward*, son of Queen Victoria, born 1841; and came of age, 1862.

Besides the above, there were two wanderers, who were regarded in many parts of Europe as Princes of Wales, and certainly were so in right of birth. These were the son and grandson of the fugitive James II.—*James Francis Edward*, born 1688, and known afterward as the "Old Pretender," died 1765; and his son, *Charles Edward*, born 1720, and for a long period known as the "Young Pretender," died 1788.

ECHOES.

ECHOES are produced by the reflected waves of sound. When a sufficient interval exists between a direct and a reflected sound, we hear the latter in an echo. But, as Prof. Tyndall has shown us, sound, like light, "may be reflected several times in succession, and as the refracted light under these circumstances becomes gradually feebler to the eye, so the successive echoes become feebler to the ear. The reflection of echoes is also in part due to the fact that the reflecting surfaces are at different distances from the hearer."

Not only is sound in all respects reflected and refracted like light, but it may, like light, be condensed by suitable lenses. For instance, a bell placed on an eminence in Heligoland failed, on account of its distance, to be heard in the town. A parabolic reflector, placed behind the bell, so as to reflect the sound-waves in the direction of the long, sloping street, caused the strokes of the bell to be distinctly heard at all times. It is found, too, that curved roofs and ceilings act as mirrors upon sound, a fact of interest to the architect. In some apartments the singing of a kettle seems, in certain positions, to come, not from the fire on which it is placed, but from the ceiling; and so with the ticking of a clock. A rather remarkable instance of the same thing is cited by Sir John Herschel. In one of the cathedrals in Sicily, the confessional was so placed that the whispers of the penitents were reflected by the curved roof, and brought to a focus at a distant part of the edifice. The focus was discovered by accident, and for some time the person who discovered it took pleasure in hearing, and bringing his friends to hear, utterances intended for the priest alone.

The whispering gallery of St. Paul's, London, is another well-known instance. Here the faintest sound is conveyed from one side to the other of the dome, but it is not heard at any intermediate point. In Gloucester Cathedral, a gallery of an octagonal form conveys a whisper seventy-five feet across the nave, while the ticks of a watch may be heard from one end of the abbey church of St. Albans to the other.

While echoes whisper secrets in the areas of antique halls, in the windings of long corridors, in the melancholy aisles of arched cathedrals and ruined abbeys, they are no less partial to caverns and grottoes, and reverberate with loudest voice among mountains. There are single and compound echoes. Some repeat only one syllable, and sounds of a certain pitch; others, known as tautological echoes, repeat the same words many times in varied tones. The reason of this is, that the echoing body is far off, and there is time for one reflection to pass away before another reaches the ear.

Misson, in his description of Italy, mentions an echo in the vineyard of Simonetta, about two miles from Milan, which reflects a word twenty times over. Gasendi tells of another, near the tomb of Cecilia Metella at Rome, which repeated the first verse of the Æneid eight times; and a third near Coblentz repeats seventeen times. There is a deep *cul-de-sac*, called the "Ochsenthal," formed of the great cliffs of the Engelhorner, near Rosenlaui, in Switzerland, where the echoes warble in a wonderful manner. The sound of the Alpine horn, also, rebounding the rocks of the Wetterhorn or the Jungfrau, is in the first instance heard roughly. But by successive reflections, the notes are rendered more soft and flute-like, the general diminution of intensity giving the impression that the source of sound is retreating further and further into the solitudes of ice and snow.

A very famous echo is that at Lurlei. It is thus described by the author of the "Rhine and its Picturesque Scenery": "An old soldier blows an old tantivy on his huge French hunting-horn. No sooner have the fine brassy notes ceased, than you hear them repeated on the opposite shores, so distinctly, too, that, though you know it is but an echo, you can scarcely persuade yourself that there is not some one concealed on the top of Lurlei, imitating the sounds. The next portion of the entertainment is with the musket; and for this the old guard waits till the air is perfectly still. Then, directly a lull ensues in the breeze, click goes the trigger, and the report rattles against the wall of the opposite rock as if the crags were tumbling down in a shower; and no sooner has it burst upon the ear than you hear a second explosion, almost as loud as the first, clattering behind the summit of Lurlei. This time, however, the echo does not end here, for the moment after, the sound seems to be ascending the river in a kind of small thunder-peal, mustering along the opposite cliffs; then comes a pause as it leaps across the stream, after which you catch it again on the same side of the Rhine as yourself, ascending along the rocks in fainter and faster peals, till it reaches the vineyard adjoining the Falsenbank, by St. Goar; and the next instant, after another pause, the ear detects it across the river once more, where it ultimately expires, with a faint puff, just above the ruins of Katz."

Visitors to Killarney will remember the fine echo in the Gap of Dunloe. When a trumpet is sounded in a certain place in the Gap, the sonorous waves reach the ear in succession after one, two, three, or more reflections from the adjacent cliffs, and thus die away in the sweetest cadence.

One at Woodstock Park, near Oxford, repeats seventeen syllables by day, and twenty by night; another, at Shipley Church, in Sussex, does no fewer than twenty-one syllables.

We get a more astonishing effect still at Ulleswater, lying between the Counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. There used to be, and may be now, a small vessel on the lake, mounted with brass cannon, for the purpose of exciting the echoes. A gunshot was distinctly reverberated seven or eight times. It first rose overhead in one vast peal; then subduing a few seconds, it rose again in a grand interrupted burst on the right. Presently it rose on the left, and thus thrown from rock to rock, in a sort of aerial perspective, it was caught again, perhaps, by some nearer promontory, and returning full on the ear, surprised you, after all was over, with as loud a peal as at first.

The grandest effect, however, was produced by a successive discharge of cannon, at the interval of a few seconds between each. The effect of the first was not over when the echoes of the second, the third, or perhaps the fourth began. Such a variety of awful sounds, mingling and commingling, and at the same moment heard from all sides, made one imagine that the very foundations of every rock on the lake were giving way, and the whole scene, from some strange convulsion of nature, was falling into general ruin.

Though the natives of Scotland are generally supposed to be extremely reticent of speech themselves, their country, as it happens, is very loquacious in the matter of echoes. This is accounted for by the rugged and mountainous character of the northern kingdom. Roseneath, near Glasgow; Cartlane Craigs, Lanarkshire; Lock Dockart, Perthshire; Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh; Loch Kinellan, Cromarty; the castles of Achinduin and Kingerloch, in Argylshire, are all noted for what Dr. Tyndall calls wave motions, and tourists linger at these places and listen with delight at the curious effects produced. At Roseneath, if a trumpet be played, the echo will begin the tune, and repeat it accurately; as soon as this echo has ceased, another will give the tune in a lower note, and after the second has ceased a third will succeed with equal fidelity, though in a much feebler tone. But the most beautiful echo in Scotland—one of the finest, indeed, in the world—occurs in the ancient and ruined abbey church of Paisley. When the door of the chapel is shut the reverberations are equal to the sound of thunder. Breathe a single note in music, and the tone ascends gradually, till it dies away in soft and most bewitching murmurs. If a good voice sing, or a musical instrument be well played, the effect is indescribably agreeable.

A JAPANESE CAT STORY.

Cats have always been associated in the minds of the Japanese with vampires, ghouls and other monsters of the "horresco referens" genus. Indeed, feline animals tolerably well justify this ill report, for while we have tales innumerable of old women murdered, stout warriors possessed, and gentle maidens bewitched by cats, we have only one authentic record of good service done by a member of the nine-lived race, and that was when the Princess Mesan employed her cat to carry the love-letters no other messenger could have transmitted. The Province of Iga has always been celebrated for the ferocious exploits of its wild cats, which are said to be of enormous size and particularly savage nature; but an exploit just reported from Gifu in Mino shows that tame cats are sometimes quite as dangerous as their undomesticated brethren.

A farmer, by name Onda Sahei, residing in the village of Yasukuta, possessed a cat which had lived in his house for so many years that it was known throughout the district as "Onda's old cat." Good fare and comfortable circumstances had produced their usual effect, and each year Tom developed a fresh increment of bulk, and strengthened instincts of domesticity. A few months ago the farmer's young wife bore a child, and at the fall of the year preparations for unwonted festivity were made in consequence. Stout pines and massive straw plaits were hung at the portal, coral lobsters and obese oranges nestled in luxuriant bunches of greenery over the lintels and alcove, and all the neighbors were invited to join in the pounding of a colossal rice-cake. The cat alone held aloof from the general jollity, but since he had long passed the time of life when gambols cease to be entertaining, no special notice was taken of his moroseness. A little after sunrise on New Year's Day the family assembled to partake of the rice-cake, but just as the farmer was raising his chop-sticks to his mouth, an unearthly miauling and piteous cries were heard in the adjoining chamber, where the baby had been left asleep. The farmer's wife was the first to reach her child's bed—and with what speed we can well imagine—where she found the cat tearing fiercely with tooth and claw at the throat of the helpless baby, accompanying his bloody work with sounds that resembled the growling of an infuriated tiger. It is needless to say that "Onda's old cat" slept that night in the bottom of the village stream, but as for the child, succor had come too late. It died the same evening, and the feast that should have celebrated its well-being, was offered to Jizo, the guardian god of baby spirits.

AN ANCIENT TURQUOISE MINE.

The Shah of Persia appears to be threatened not only by the Kurds, but by the Mexicans. The latter, it is true, do not present quite so troublesome and serious an aspect as the wild mountain warriors, but they may, nevertheless, make their influence felt in Teheran. The Shah has long been accredited with the possession of all the finest turquoises in existence. The mine—indeed, we believe, the only source of the finest stones—has hitherto lain within his dominions. Nishapur, in Khorasan, has yielded all the best stones of the kind, and the pick of these have, it is said, been systematically retained by the Shah, who has permitted only the poorer specimens to go into the market. There have been, and are now, other sources of less valuable turquoises. Saxony and Silesia both present localities where these gems are to be found, and Arabia was reported at one time to afford gems far superior even to the Persian. But the color, which at first was remarkably fine, proved to be not permanent.

A more formidable, because an ancient and well-tried, source of supply is now about to be re-established after a lapse of over two hundred years. This is the once famous turquoise mine of that part of Mexico which some thirty years ago first became a territory of the United States. This remote region lies in the heart of the American continent, but appears to participate largely in that mineral wealth which is so prominent a feature of Mexico generally. It is mountainous, and is traversed by the Rio Grande River throughout its entire length from north to south. Almost all kinds of metals are found here, and a good many precious stones; but the turquoise was obtained only in one mine, or group of mines. The workings, however, were very productive; but something over two hundred years ago a sudden inundation broke in upon the unfortunate Indians engaged in the extensive subterranean galleries, and drowned one hundred of them.

So overwhelming was the catastrophe, that the whole enterprise was abandoned, and ever since about the time of the fire in London none of the beautiful light-blue stones, small specimens of which are so popular with the ladies for "engage" rings, have been derived from America. The genuine turquoise is described by chemists as a phosphate of alumina, but there is a mineral product found in Languedoc easily mistaken for the stone, but said to be

XUM

really nothing but a bone colored with phosphate of iron. The Mexican turquoises are said to be very fine and abundant, and the Shah may therefore by-and-by find his nice little monopoly seriously reduced in value. He would scarcely be a Shah of Persia if he had not managed to make a rather good thing out of this mountain mine of Khorasan.

EMERALDS AND BERYLS.

By F. W. Rudler.

It is related by the elder Pliny, who wrote his famous "Natural History" eighteen centuries ago, that in olden times, when the Isle of Cyprus was not only "a place of arms," but a place of trade, there stood on the shore of the island, overlooking the tunny-fishery, a noble figure of a lion keeping watch and ward over the tomb of King Hermias. This figure was sculptured in white marble, and the eyes of the creature were represented by two huge *emeralds*. But the lion had not long been mounted upon its pedestal before the fishermen who dwelt on the coast complained that the brilliant rays shed forth from this green-eyed monster penetrated the neighboring waters, and scared the fish from their accustomed haunts. On this plea, the cunning fellows plucked the gems from their marble sockets, and thereupon the fish returned to their wonted waters, and the fishermen resumed their lawful craft.

THE LITTLE BATHERS.—FROM A PAINTING BY ANKER.

This story of Pliny's is worth repeating at the present day, because it teaches us one or other of two things. Either the emerald must have been a much more abundant stone with the ancients than it is with us, or, what is far more probable, the ancients must have applied the term to stones of a very different kind from those which are recognized as such at the present day. The truth is that, before mineralogy became a science, men were forced, when they attempted to name a stone, to rely upon the most superficial and trivial of characters. Color is, of all physical characteristics, the most striking; and it was color, consequently, that guided the older mineralogists in most of their feeble gropings after a rational system of classification.

In the case of the emerald—the *Smaragdos* of the Greeks—it is almost certain, from the accounts of ancient writers, that a number of minerals must have been confounded together, having little or nothing in common except a green color. Some of the ancient emeralds may, indeed, have been the true emerald of the modern mineralogist, but others were nothing but comparatively worthless copper ores. The emerald of Cyprus, for example, was probably unlike our modern emerald in every respect save color. Carefully as the island has been searched, no true emerald has been found there in modern times. Copper ores, on the contrary, are known to occur in the island, and were worked at so early a period that the Latin word for copper, *cuprum*, is said to have been derived from the Greek name of the island, *Kupros*. Now, in connection with copper deposits, we not infrequently find a number of greenish minerals, such as the well-known malachite, which is a carbonate of that metal. It is therefore highly probable that the famous Cyprian emerald—the stone that got into such ill repute with the tunny-fishermen—was nothing but a copper-bearing mineral of bright-green hue. Other so-called emeralds may have been green jasper, while others again were, in all likelihood, simply pieces of green glass, turned out, it may well have been, from the ancient glass-houses of Alexandria.

Whatever elasticity may formerly have been permitted in the use of the term emerald, or its classical equivalents, it has acquired among modern mineralogists a very definite and scientific meaning. The term is, in fact, restricted to the green varieties of a particular species of matter, which possesses a well-determined chemical constitution and a fixed set of physical properties. To ascertain its composition, a gem has occasionally been sacrificed in the interest of science. The chemist, after ruthlessly destroying the beautiful stone, has reported that it contains a large proportion of *silica*, a substance which occurs in its purest form as rock-crystal, and which takes its name from the fact that it constitutes the material of flint or *silex*. The emerald is, in fact, a compound containing silica, and is known in the language of chemistry as *silicate*. But since the silica forms less than seventy per cent. of the entire gem, it remains to determine what are its other constituents.

On exposing the emerald to further tortures in the laboratory, the chemist has been able to obtain from it a certain portion of *aluminium*. We may infer that, since the emerald contains silica and aluminium, it is therefore a *silicate of aluminium*. It is this; but it is much more than this. The chemist, by increasing the subtlety of his researches, has been able to extract from the emerald another metal, far more rare than aluminium, known as *glucinum*.

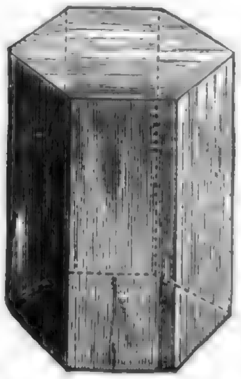


FIG. 1.—TYPICAL CRYSTAL OF EMERALD.

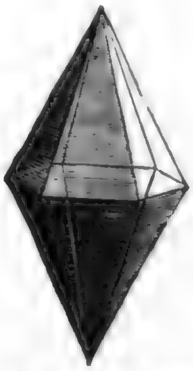


FIG. 2.—TYPICAL CRYSTAL OF SAPPHIRE.

This metal is found only in some half-dozen other minerals, and is not often extracted even from them. In fact, the raw materials from which glucinum may be procured are so expensive, while the process of extraction is so tedious and delicate, that many a chemist who spends his days in the laboratory has never yet set eyes upon a specmen of the metal.

The name glucinum has been given to this rare metal because it yields a series of salts, which are characterized by possessing a *sweetish* taste. We may remind the reader that from the Greek word *glukus*, meaning "sweet," we obtain, not only the name of this metal *glucinum*, but also the name of the better-known body, glycerine; while the same word, in a disguised form, appears in the familiar licorice, which is merely a corruption of *glycyrrhiza*, or the "sweet root."

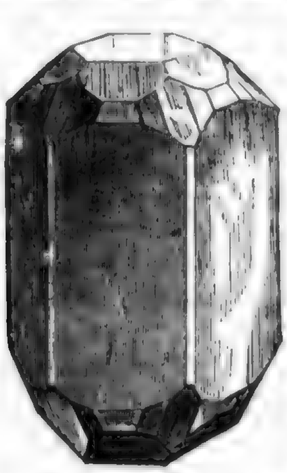


FIG. 3.—COMPLEX CRYSTAL OF EMERALD, RICH IN FACES.

Since the emerald contains two metals, or bases, combined with silica, it is, in chemical language, a "double" silicate —a silicate of aluminium and glucinum. When the diamond is examined, it is found to consist of carbon only, and it is therefore a chemical *element*. When the ruby and sapphire are studied, they are found to consist of alumina, and they are therefore chemically *oxides*; but the emerald, being a double silicate of aluminium and glucinum, is technically placed in the group of *salts*. The diamond contains but *one* element, carbon; the ruby contains *two* elements, aluminium and oxygen; while the emerald contains no fewer than *four* elements —aluminium and glucinum, silicon and oxygen; for silica itself is the oxide of a body called *silicon*.

By some chemists, especially in Germany, the metal glucinum is termed *beryllium*, a name which it has acquired from the fact that it exists not only in the emerald, but also in the beryl. Indeed, the beryl, when pure, has exactly the same composition as the emerald, and the two stones are therefore classed together by mineralogists as one and the same species. The term emerald is restricted to the bright green transparent crystals, while the term beryl is reserved for those forms which are coarser in structure and paler in tint. But just as the ruby and sapphire, however different to the eye, belong really to a single species, so the emerald and the beryl, notwithstanding their differences, are united in a single mineralogical species.

Since emerald and beyrl form but one mineral species, it may fairly be supposed, according to principles already laid down, that they possess the same characters of crystallization. And such a supposition is perfectly correct. Both minerals, in fact, crystallize in forms which possess a six-sided symmetry; and they are, therefore, akin in crystallization to the ruby and sapphire. But while ruby and sapphire crystallize in double six-sided pyramids, the emerald and beryl crystallize in six-sided prisms. Figures 1 and 2 serve to show at once the similarity and the difference in the two cases; the similarity is seen in the six-sidedness, common to the two cystals; while the difference is visible in the fact that the emerald crystal has six side-faces, and is flat at top and bottom, whereas the sapphire-crystal has a dozen triangular faces, and tapers to a point at each extremity.

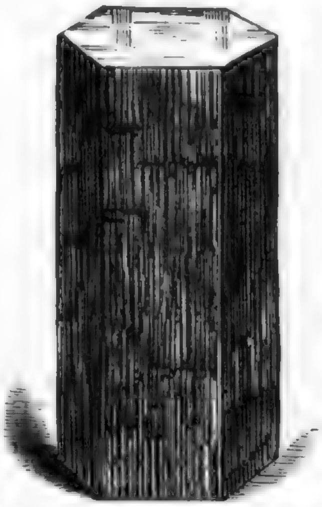


FIG. 4.—CRYSTAL OF BERYL, SHOWING LONGITUDINAL STRIATIONS.

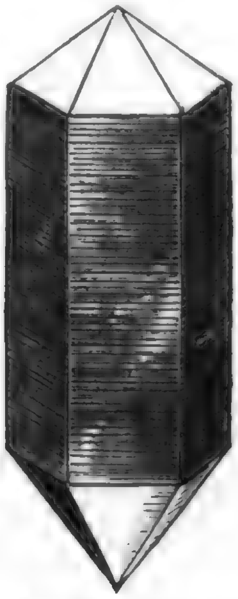


FIG. 5.—CRYSTAL OF QUARTZ, SHOWING TRANSVERSE STRIATIONS.

It must not be supposed that the emerald invariably assumes so simple a form as that indicated in Fig 1. Frequently the crystal becomes complicated by a multitude of additional faces, which run round its edges and cluster round its corners, as represented, for example, in Fig. 3. But however complex the crystal, and whatever may be the number of faces which it carries, it never swerves from its proper symmetry. Notwithstanding the complexity of its modifications, it still remains true to the crystallographic group of which it is a member, and all its vagaries are kept within the limits of the laws which rule in the hexagonal system.

In crystals of beryl, it often happens that the six sides of the prism, instead of being perfectly smooth, are roughened by a number of channels or furrows running lengthwise down the crystal. These irregularities of surface are called *striations*, and are represented in Fig. 4. Such grooves are, in some cases, so deep and so numerous as to obliterate the edges, and thus to transform the prism almost into a cylinder. It should be noted that such striations occasionally aid the mineralogist in separating one mineral from another. Quartz, for example, is a substance which, like beryl, assumes six-sided prismatic forms, and moreover these prisms are also striated, but then the striations in this case run *across* the prism, as represented in Fig. 5. If a mineralogist were blindfolded, and had a crystal of beryl in one hand, and a crystal of quartz in the other, he could easily distinguish between them, solely by the sense of touch—he would feel at once that the striations on the prism of beryl were longitudinal, while those on the rock-crystal were transverse. Compare Fig. 4. with Fig. 5. It will thus be seen that apparently the most trivial character, if constant, is not to be despised as a means of mineralogical discrimination.

Again, if a crystal of beryl and a crystal of quartz be broken by a fall on to the floor, or by a blow with a hammer, a marked difference in the nature of the fracture will be observed. The beryl or emerald breaks with ease *across* the prism, yielding fragments which have smooth and brilliant faces: they are, in fact, cleavage-planes; but the quartz commonly breaks without the slightest trace of cleavage—that is to say, the fracture is irregular, and the fragments do not present flat faces. It breaks, in fact, just as a piece of common glass would break. Many emeralds belonging to Oriental potentates are mounted in the form of cleaved slices, which are nothing but broad, flat pieces split from the stone, and having faces so smooth as to need no touch of the lapidary to heighten their lustre.

Another useful characteristic of beryl or emerald, serving to distinguish it not only from quartz, but from several other substances with which it might be confounded, is to be found in the specific gravity of the stone. The specific gravity of the beryl is about 2·7; in other words, it is rather more than two and a half times as heavy as an equal bulk of water. There is a method of determining the specific gravity of a gem which is at once simple and rapid, and can be used with advantage in examining certain precious stones, such as the emerald. Before describing this method, it is necessary to explain the principle upon which it is based.

When a country housewife wishes to know when a tub of brine is strong enough for pickling, she sometimes places an egg in the liquid, and observes whether it floats or sinks. Let an egg be dropped into a glass of common water, and it immediately sinks; but place it in concentrated brine, and it readily floats. There is an amusing experiment, which is sometimes introduced into popular lectures to illustrate this difference. A tall glass cylinder is half filled with brine, and then very gently filled up with ordinary water. The water floats upon the dense brine, and since both liquids are colorless, the junction is not detected by the eye. When the lecturer drops an egg into the cylinder, it immediately falls through the water; but on reaching the surface of the brine it stops, as if by magic, and remains suspended in the middle of the vessel, just as Mohammed's coffin is said to be poised in mid-air. The experiment is illustrated by Fig. 6.

When a body is immersed in a liquid, it of course displaces, or pushes aside, its own bulk of the liquid. If the weight of this displaced liquid be greater than the weight of the body, the latter floats; but if the weight of liquid be less than the weight of the body, the latter sinks; while if the weight of the liquid be equal to that of the body, the latter will neither sink nor swim, but will remain suspended indifferently in any part of the liquid. In the experiment just described, the egg sinks through the layer of water, because the weight of the egg is greater than the weight of a volume of water exactly the size of the egg; but it floats on the brine, because its weight is less than the weight of an equal bulk of brine. In other words, a solid body floats or sinks in a liquid according as its "specific gravity" is less or greater than that of the liquid; while if the solid and the liquid be of equal density, there is no tendency either to sink or to float.

If, now, an emerald be dropped into a glass of water, it will of course immediately sink, for the specific gravity of the stone is 2·7, while the specific gravity of the water itself is only 1, pure water being the standard of density, and therefore represented by unity. But it is evident that if we could obtain a liquid having a specific gravity higher than 2·7, then the emerald would float upon this liquid just as an iceberg floats in sea-water, or as a leaden bullet floats upon quicksilver, or as the egg floats upon the brine in the experiment cited above. It is by no means easy, however, to obtain suitable liquids of sufficiently high density; but some years ago, Mr. E. Sonstadt drew attention to a liquid which admirably fulfills the necessary conditions.

There is a poisonous compound known as *mercuric iodide*, which presents so beautiful a color that it has occasionally been used as a scarlet pigment. This body is not soluble in water, but it dissolves freely in a solution of iodide of potassium, and the resulting solution when concentrated has a specific gravity as high as 3, or even a trifle higher; in other words, a wine-glass of this solution weighs three times as much as the same glass of water. Professor Church, who has made the subject of precious stones a specialty, suggested some years ago that this solution might be used with advantage by the mineralogist in his examination of gems. For example, an emerald having a specific gravity of 2·7 would float on "Sonstadt's solution," as Professor Church has conveniently termed it; but a green sapphire—the stone which is known to mineralogists as *Oriental emerald*—will sink, since its specific gravity is about 4.

Here, then, is a simple method of discriminating between the two gems. No balance is needed; all that is necessary is to have a small bottle or glass of this dense liquid, and, on dropping the suspected stone into the vessel, we tell in a moment whether it is a green sapphire or a true emerald. In like manner, we could distinguish an emerald from a green garnet, the latter sinking while the former floats. This method of testing a suspected gem almost reminds one of the old rough-and-ready way of determining whether a suspected individual were a witch or not, by throwing her into a horse-pond, and observing if the unfortunate creature swam or sank.

Sonstadt's solution may also be used with advantage, as Professor Church has well pointed out, to distinguish a colorless beryl from a piece of rock-crystal. Some beryls are so pale as to look like crystal; but if Sonstadt's solution be diluted to a specific gravity of 2·67, it affords a ready means of sorting beryls from crystal. Beryl has a specific gravity of about 2·7, and therefore sinks in this diluted liquid; while the crystal, having a density which never exceeds 2·65, must needs float. Here it is interesting to note the extraordinary delicacy of Church's test, for the difference in the density of the two stones does not exceed ·05, and yet the solution is available for detecting this trifling difference.

It should be noted that if an emerald, instead of a beryl, be dropped into a solution having a density of 2·68, the observer cannot be certain that the stone will sink; for the emerald is almost invariably flawed, and is sometimes so full of cracks that the inclosed air lessens the density of the stone to such an extent that it becomes as low as that of rock-crystal. There is little fear, however, of the brilliantly-colored gem, emerald, ever being confounded with rock-crystal. It is worth noting, however, that the presence of flaws in this stone is so general that the expression, "An emerald without a flaw," has passed into a proverb. When this gem is imitated in paste, the artificer frequently introduces the characteristic flaws to entrap the purchaser. If a counterfeit emerald, entirely free from flaws, were presented to a purchaser, it would really be too good to be real, and its very perfection would immediately arouse suspicion.

Next to specific gravity, the *hardness* of a mineral generally demands attention. Hardness is a character which is naturally prized in precious stones, inasmuch as it enables them to resist the effect of wear, and preserves their lustre of face and sharpness of edge. The emerald, however, is far inferior in hardness to the gems which have previously been mentioned. Thus, while the hardness of the diamond is indicated by 10, and that of the ruby by 9, the emerald scarcely reaches the eighth degree of this scale. It is scratched by a topaz, but is slightly harder than rock-crystal. When Pliny says that certain emeralds are too hard to be engraved on, it is clear that he cannot be referring to the stone which we call emerald. What he really meant was, in all probability, the green sapphire, which is still known to mineralogists as *Oriental emerald*.

Those physical characters which we have already discussed—crystallization, density and hardness—are utterly unimportant in the emerald, when compared with the *color* of the gem. It is its peculiarly vivid green hue that has rendered the stone in all ages a popular favorite, and which compensates for such imperfections as inferior hardness and the presence of flaws. Every one knows that the fatigued eye rests with relief upon any green object, and hence old writers like Theophrastus and Pliny extol the virtues of the emerald as a cure for weak eyesight. Dr. Holland, in his quaint translation of Pliny, published in 1601, tells us that "if the sight hath beene wearied and dimmed by intentive poring upon anything else, the beholding of this stone doth refresh and restore it againe."

Occasionally the emerald was cut with a curved face, and used by the ancients as a lens, or, as Pliny says, "shaped hollow, thereby to gather, unite and fortifie the spirits that maintaine our eyesight." Nero is said to have used an emerald lens, through which he viewed the gladiatorial combats in the circus. As the Emperor was short-sighted, he found the benefit of a concave lens, while the color of the emerald would give ease to the tyrant's eyes when wearied with the brutal sight. The value of green media led to the use of green spectacles in modern times; and every one must remember how Moses, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," made a sorry bargain when he bought them by the gross. Not only the vivid emerald, but the paler beryl, has been used to assist the sight, and it is likely that the German word for spectacles, *Brille*, is connected with *beryl*. The Rev. C. W. King, a high authority on gems, has pointed out that the low Latin word *beryllus* signifies a magnifying glass.

When the color of an emerald is not bright but only a pale green, the stone is termed an *aquamarine*, since the tint is compared to that of clear sea-water. An aquamarine of pale color may easily be mistaken for a topaz, some varieties of this gem having a very similar tint; but an appeal to Sonstadt's test-solution at once sets any doubt at rest. If the solution have a density of 3, an aquamarine will float upon it, while a topaz will sink, since its specific gravity rises to about 3·5.

The aquamarine is sometimes cut and polished for the purposes of the jeweler, but the stone is not highly valued. It has also been used, especially in the East, for the handles of swords and daggers. Figure 7 represents a matchless aquamarine in the collection of Mr. Beresford-Hope, now exhibited at the South Kensington Museum, London. This aquamarine, which was at one time in the handle of King Joachim Murat's sword, measures four inches in length, and weighs three and a half ounces.

In color, a typical aquamarine is singularly like the greenish glass used for soda-water bottles, and many a seaside lapidary could tell curious tales arising from this resemblance. It has not infrequently happened that a lady in quest of pebbles on the beach has had the good luck to find what she regards as a fine specimen of aquamarine, and has spared no expense in having it cut, polished, and elegantly mounted for personal decoration. Of course, no lapidary could have the heart to tell the good lady that her treasure was nothing but a water-worn fragment of the thick bottom of a soda-water bottle cast away by some excursionist of the previous season.

It often happens that the natural crystals of the double silicate of alumina and glucina possess neither the vivid green of the true emerald nor the delicate hue of the aquamarine, and it is then that they pass under the name of *beryl*. The beryl may vary considerably in color, presenting any shade of blue or green, yellow or brown, or it may even be colorless. Again, it may be either perfectly clear or perfectly opaque, or it may present any intermediate degree of translucency. But whatever its color, and whatever its translucency, the stone is still the same thing to the mineralogist. In crystalline form, and in chemical composition, the emerald, the aquamarine and the beryl are one and the same stone; they are, in short, but so many varieties of a single species of matter. There are wide differences, however, in their respective values, for while the true emeralds are highly prized, and even the aquamarine is held in some esteem, the coarser forms of dull-tinted beryl are utterly valueless to the jeweler.

Since the emerald is prized mainly on account of its vivid green color, it becomes interesting to inquire into the origin of this tint. In many cases it is extremely difficult to determine the precise nature of the coloring matter present in a gem, for the tinctorial power of some mineral-pigments is so intense that the veriest trace may suffice to produce a decided tint, and this trace may elude detection by the chemist, unless his methods are extremely searching. The old mineralogist, Klaproth, supposed that the green color of emerald was due to some compound of iron, and although he was wrong in this supposition, it is yet certain that the dull colors of some beryls are traceable to the iron which they contain as an impurity. When the French chemist, Vauquelin, first determined the composition of emerald, in 1797, he found that the mineral contained chromic oxide. Now, it is well known to chemists that this oxide is capable of imparting a fine green color to glass; it is used, indeed, as a green pigment in painting on pottery and in enameling. What, then, more natural than to assume that the color-giving property of this oxide comes into play in the emerald, and that this gem owes its beauty of hue to the chromic oxide which it contains?

Such an assumption had taken firm root among mineralogists for many years, when a blow was leveled at it by M. Lewy, who, in 1848, visited the great emerald mine of Muzo, in Colombia. On his return to France he examined the composition of some of the specimens which he had brought home, and found in them only such minute traces of chromium, that he believed the quantity to be utterly insufficient to produce the intense greenness of the emerald. More than this; he affirmed that when the emerald is strongly heated it loses its color. Now, chromic oxide, the reputed coloring matter of the emerald, is a very stable pigment, and ought not to be materially affected by heat. It is, in fact, used in potteries as one of the few "under-glaze colors"; that is to say, colors which can be painted on the "biscuit" before glazing, since it is not affected by the heat to which the ware is afterward exposed in the gloss-kiln.

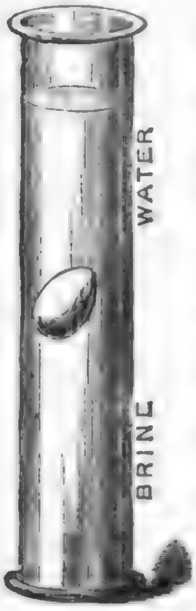


FIG. 6.—EXPERIMENT TO ILLUSTRATE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DENSITY OF BRINE AND OF WATER.

Admitting that the color of the emerald is fugitive, and is therefore not due to the presence of chromium, we have a right to ask M. Lewy how he explains the origin of the green tint. On igniting an emerald in oxygen, he found that carbonic acid gas was produced, just as is the case when a diamond is burnt under similar conditions. This experiment shows, therefore, that the emerald must contain carbon. Moreover, M. Lewy found that the emerald, when ignited, lost weight, and that while part of this loss was due to the escape of water, he inferred that part also was due to the expulsion of some hydrocarbon, or compound of carbon and hydrogen of organic origin. The emeralds of Muzo are found in a black bituminous limestone containing ammonites and other fossils, which appear to indicate that the rock belongs to that set of strata which geologists call the *Neocomian* beds. It would, therefore, not be unreasonable to conjecture that the decomposition of the animal matter which these fossils represent might readily yield the hydrocarbon which Lewy is said to have obtained, and to which he attributed the color of the emerald.

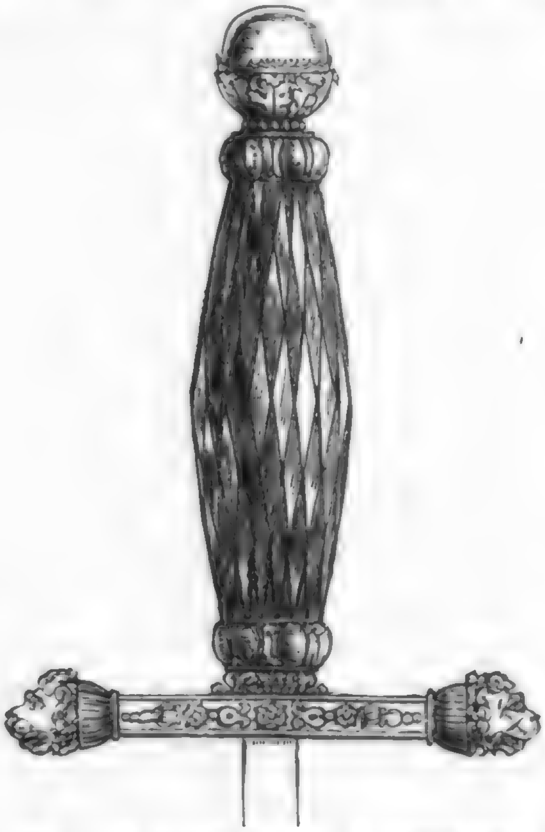


FIG. 7.—AQUAMARINE, MOUNTED AS SWORD-HANDLE.

There is no difficulty in believing that an organic hydrocarbon may act as an intense green pigment. Indeed, Lewy compared the coloring matter of the emerald to the green coloring matter which is so abundantly distributed through the vegetable world. Every green leaf owes its tint to the presence of the organic substance called *chlorophyll*. If the coloring matter of the emerald be akin to chlorophyll, as M. Lewy suggested, what an unexpected relation is established between the mineral and the vegetable kingdoms! Gems have often been fancifully called the flowers of the mineral world; but if the green emerald and the green leaf be tinted by similar substances, there may, after all, be more truth in this conceit than was ever dreamt of by the poet.

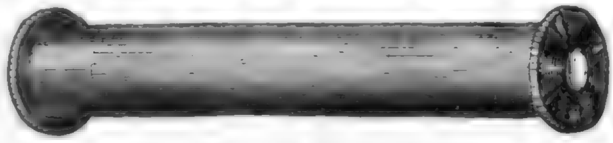


FIG. 8.—THE DICHROISCOPE.

Interesting as M. Lewy's inquiries unquestionably were, it must be admitted that his conclusions have not stood the test of time. Dr. Greville Williams in England, and Hofmeister, Wöhler, Gustav Rose, and Boussingault, on the Continent, have all given attention to this difficult question, and in no case have Lewy's conclusions been corroborated. Thus, Dr. Williams finds that the Muzo emerald does not become bleached when exposed for several hours to a red heat, and it is only after prolonged heating in a fused state that it begins to grow pale. Surely no organic coloring matter could maintain its integrity after some hours' exposure to a glowing heat, and nothing related to chlorophyll could possibly stand such severe treatment. Nevertheless, it is placed beyond doubt that the emerald does contain small quantities of carbon, as stated by Lewy. Dr. Williams, however, has found just as much carbon in a colorless beryl as in the richest-tinted emerald; and it is therefore impossible to connect the presence of this element with the color of the gem, as M. Lewy had attempted. In fact, Dr. Williams rather inclines to the notion that the carbon exists in a free state, perhaps as microscopic particles of diamond disseminated through the substance of the emerald. On the whole, it seems clear that no organic coloring matter is present in this gem, and that the balance of evidence on this vexed question tends to show that chromic oxide is the true green pigment. Vauquelin, the discoverer of chromium, was therefore, after all, correct in the speculations which he put forth eighty years ago, when he first detected the presence of his new metal in the emerald.

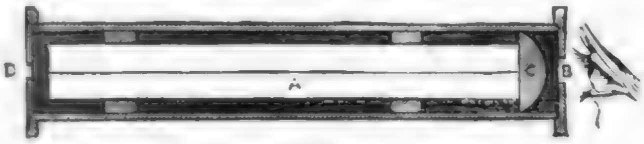


FIG. 9.—INTERNAL CONSTRUCTION OF DICHROISCOPE.

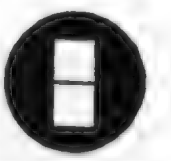


FIG. 10.—DOUBLE IMAGE OF APERTURE SEEN THROUGH THE DICHROISCOPE.

While referring to the color of the emerald, it will be instructive to explain a phenomenon which is exhibited by this mineral, in common with several other colored gems. This is the phenomenon of *Pleochroism*, or many coloredness. Certain minerals are found to display differences of tint according to the direction in which they are viewed. There is one mineral which so conspicuously exhibits two colors that it has earned for itself the name of *Dichroite*, or the double-colored stone. In like manner the emerald is dichroic, or double-tinted, but its dichroism is not in general sufficiently strong to be observed without the aid of a special instrument. Such an instrument was devised many years ago by Professor Haidinger, of Vienna, and is known as the *Dichroiscope*. It is a neat little instrument, which, as ordinarily constructed, shows externally nothing more than a brass tube about six inches in length, carrying at one end an eyepiece, and at the other end a perforated disk. Its form is shown in Fig. 8.

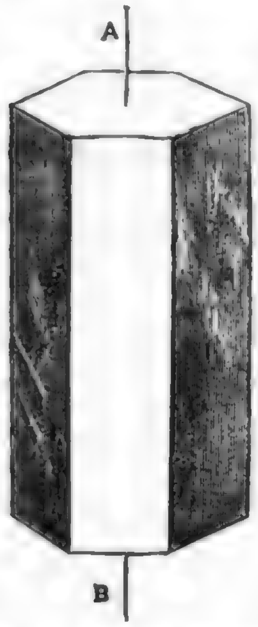


FIG. 11.—PRISM OF EMERALD, SHOWING THE DIRECTION OF OPTIC AXIS.

In order to explain the construction of this instrument, we may suppose the outer case split open lengthwise so as to display its interior, as in Fig. 9. We then see that the body of the tube is chiefly occupied by a long piece of Iceland spar (A). This is, in fact, a cleaved rhombohedral fragment of spar, which has had its two ends ground flat, at right angles to the axis of the tube. In some instruments the ends are not ground in this way, but two little wedges of glass are cemented on to the ends. Close to the round hole (B) through which the eye looks into the instrument, is a convex lens (C), while at the other end (D) the instrument is closed by a metal plate having a small square aperture pierced in the centre. Suppose for a moment that the calc-spar (A) is taken out; then, on looking through the eye-piece, we see, by means of the lens, a magnified image of the square aperture; but when the spar is inserted we see, not one image, but two images side by side (Fig. 10). When a ray of light enters a piece of this spar in any direction, save one, the ray becomes forked, or split up into two rays—one called the *ordinary* and the other the *extraordinary* ray. In the dichroiscope we have, therefore, two images of the square aperture, and the piece of calc-spar is cut of such a length that these images just touch, but do not overlap. With this instrument we are enabled to examine the feeble dichroism of such minerals as the emerald.

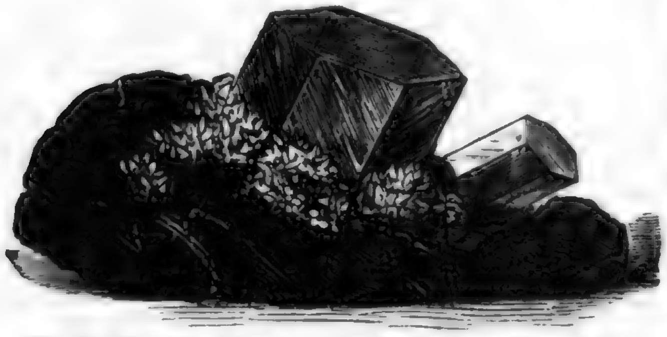
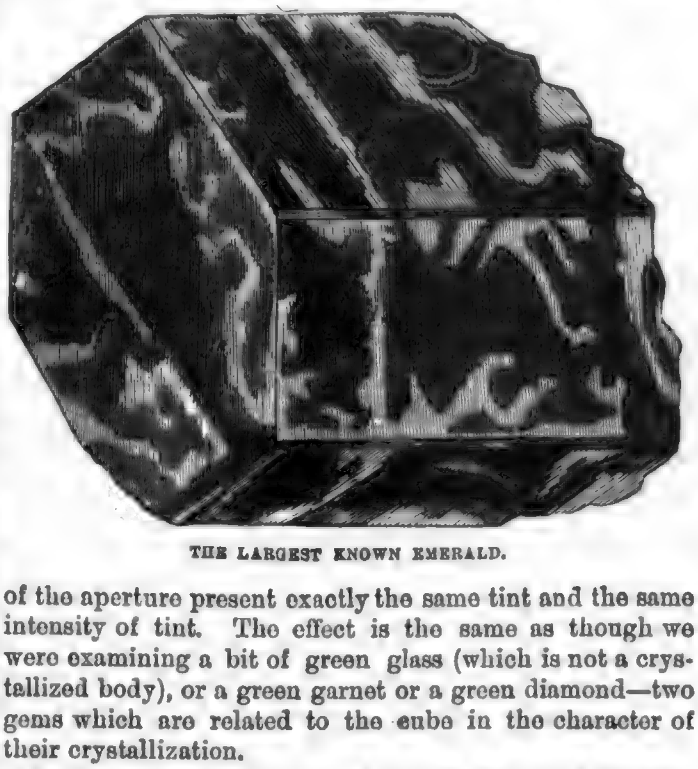


FIG. 12.—EMERALDS, WITH CALC-SPAR AND IRON-PYRITES, ON BLACK LIMESTONE, FROM MUZO.

If a piece of green glass, or any non-crystallized substance, be held behind the square aperture, the two images seen on looking through the instrument will be identical in hue. Again, if a mineral crystallizing in the cubical system, such as a colored diamond or a green garnet, be similarly examined, it will in like manner yield two images of one and the same tint. In other words, all uncrystallized bodies, and all crystallized bodies which belong to the cubic or regular system, are *not* dichroic; but, on the contrary, all other minerals—all substances, in fact, which crystallize in any of the other five systems recognized by crystallographers—do exhibit dichroism or pleochroism to a greater or less extent. In the case of the emerald, the pleochroism is sufficiently marked to be serviceable to the observer in distinguishing this gem from other green stones.

To understand this phenomenon, it is necessary to refer again to the crystallization of the emerald. The line A B, which runs lengthwise down the middle of the six-sided prism (Fig. 11) perpendicular to the two ends, indicates the direction of what is called the *principal axis* of the crystal; this is also its *optic axis*. It has been explained elsewhere that along the optic axis there is no double refraction; and, in like manner, there is in this direction no dichroism. If, therefore, the emerald be viewed through the dichroiscope, along the axis A B, the two green images of the aperture present exactly the same tint and the same intensity of tint. The effect is the same as though we were examining a bit of green glass (which is not a crystallized body), or a green garnet or a green diamond—two gems which are related to the cube in the character of their crystallization.



THE LARGEST KNOWN EMERALD.

Applying the dichroiscope, however, to one of the side faces, at right angles to the surface, we observe, if not at first, at least on rotating the instrument, that the two images are of decidedly different tints. In the case of the emerald, one image is of greenish-yellow color, while the other is of a greenish-blue hue. It is therefore possible, by means of the dichroiscope, to resolve the color of the emerald into two tints, one containing more yellow, and the other more blue, than the normal green color of this mineral; the former is the image due to the ordinary rays, the latter to the extraordinary rays.

It has been mentioned in the course of this article that the finest emeralds are obtained in South America. Prior to the Spanish conquest of Peru, the number of these gems which found their way into Europe was probably very limited. According to the old Spanish chronicler, Garcilasso de la Vega, the ancient Peruvians worshiped in the Valley of Manta a huge emerald, to which the multitude of worshipers, instigated by the priests, presented offerings of the choicest gems. Most of these emeralds were captured by the Spaniards, but it appears that the

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conquerors did not find the original locality. At the present day nearly all the emeralds that come into the market are obtained from the famous mines of Muzo, in the Colombian Province of Boyaca. These workings are situated on the eastern slope of the Andes, about seventy-five miles to the N.N.W. of the town of Santa Fé de Bogotà. There is another mine called Lasquez, two days' journey from Muzo.

The Muzo mines, after having been worked for untold generations, were stopped in the middle of the last century, nobody seems to know why. Rumors had got abroad that fires had broken out in the mine, and that it would be dangerous to resume the workings; but, as the immediate neighborhood was not volcanic, such rumors were probably baseless. About the year 1844, a Colombian named Paris, bolder than his fellow-countrymen, visited the mine, and having obtained quantities of the gems, took them to Europe and to the United States, where they realized large sums. The mine was afterward worked by a French company, and all the fine stones found their way to Paris, where under the late Empire they were extremely fashionable, since green was the Imperial color.

When the emeralds are first broken from the rock they are exceedingly fragile, and readily crack spontaneously, whence the profusion of flaws in most specimens. To prevent the stones from splitting, they are sometimes protected from the sun's rays on removal from the matrix, and allowed to dry very gradually.

At Muzo, the emerald occurs in a dark-colored fossil-bearing limestone, associated with calc-spar, iron pyrites, and a rare mineral called *Parisite*, which borrows its name from the enterprising Colombian previously mentioned. Two crystals of emerald, seated on the characteristic black rock of Muzo, and accompanied by calcite and pyrites, are represented in Fig. 12.

From what source were emeralds derived before the discovery of America? It is certain, whatever may be the doubts as to the gem having been known in the East before the discovery of Peru, that emeralds occur in a few localities in the Old World, though nowhere in such quantity or in such beauty as in South America.

Some years ago M. Caillaud, a French traveler, discovered the remains of ancient workings for emeralds at Jebel Zabara, in Upper Egypt. Probably this locality supplied the early Eastern nations with most of their emeralds. Pliny, for example, speaks of the Coptic and Ethiopic varieties. These workings were re-opened by Mohamed Ali, in the hope of unearthing some fine stones. When Belzoni, searching for the ruins of ancient Berenice, visited the locality, he found fifty miners at work; but the expectations of sanguine explorers not being realized, the workings were eventually abandoned.

In 1830, some emeralds were discovered in the earth beneath the roots of a tree at Takowaja, near Ekaterinburg, in Siberia. This locality has since been diligently explored, and has yielded some very fine crystals. Probably the Scythian emerald of Pliny was obtained, as Mr. King has suggested, from the Ural and Altai mountains, by the gold-seeking barbarians known as Arimaspi, by whom they may have been brought down to the Greek colonies on the Euxine or to the Persians on the Caspian Sea.

The emerald is also found in the Heubachtal in Salzburg, where it occurs, as in Siberia, imbedded in mica-schist, while the coarser form known as beryl occurs sparingly in granitic rocks in Great Britain, and, among numerous other localities, is found in huge masses in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and other parts of the United States.

From this enumeration of the principal localities for emerald and beryl, it will be seen that the true emerald is of excessively local occurrence. It is worth mentioning, however, that there are no known laws regulating the geographical distribution of minerals similar to those which rule the distribution of animals and plants. Climate has no influence upon the development of minerals, although some people, more fanciful than scientific, have held that the richest-tinted gems are found only in tropical climes.

In consequence of the rarity of the true emerald, it always commands a high price in the market, and, speaking generally, it may be said to rank next in value to the ruby and sapphire. True, it is not equal in hardness or in lustre to these stones, much less to the diamond, but its surpassing beauty of color confers upon it a high value. It is, moreover, a stone which is seen to equal advantage by daylight or by artificial illumination.

In ancient times, the emerald was valued not only for the magnificence of its color, but also for the subtle virtues which it was reputed to possess. As a medicine, its value stood so high that it was almost as much prized by the apothecary as by the jeweler. A dose of powdered emerald, varying from four to ten grains, was accounted a certain remedy against the effect of fever or plague, and was even an antidote to the most virulent of poisons. But the internal administration of the gem was only a gross way of exhibiting its virtues. Worn as an amulet, it was reputed to ward off evil spirits and to preserve the chastity of the wearer, to divert bad dreams, and impart courage to its possessor.

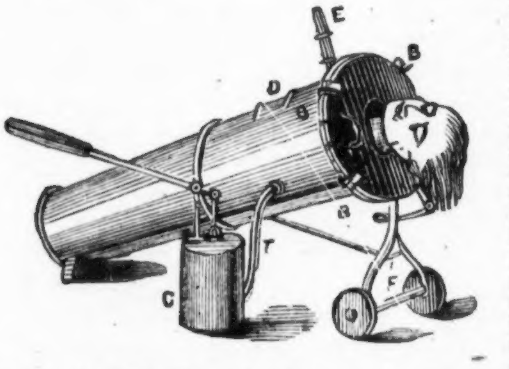
Most stones of a green color have at various times been the object of superstitious regard, and the emerald has especially been venerated. In these latter days, the gem has lost much of its ancient prestige, but it still holds a very high place as a popular favorite. The preceding article, however, has shown that while the mists of superstition which formerly surrounded the gem have been dissipated by the rays of science, the stone is still possessed of physical and chemical properties which surround it with a brilliant halo of scientific interest.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Fresh-water Spring in the Atlantic.—One of the most remarkable displays of nature may be seen on the Atlantic coast, eighteen miles south of St. Augustine. Off Matanzas Inlet, and three miles from shore, a mammoth fresh-water spring gurgles up from the depth of the ocean with such force and volume as to attract the attention of all who come in its immediate vicinity. This fountain is large, bold and turbulent. It is noticeable to fishermen and others passing in small boats along near the shore. For many years this wonderful and mysterious freak of nature has been known to the people of St. Augustine and those living along the shore; and some of the superstitious ones have been taught to regard it with a kind of reverential awe, or holy horror, as the abode of supernatural influences. When the waters of the ocean in its vicinity are otherwise calm and tranquil, the upheaving and troubled appearance of the water shows unmistakable evidences of internal commotions. An area of about half an acre shows this troubled appearance—something similar to the boiling of a washerwoman's kettle. Six or eight years ago Commodore Hitchcock, of the United States Coast Survey, was passing this place, and his attention was directed to the spring by the restless upheavings of the water, which threw their ship from her course as she entered the spring. His curiosity becoming excited by the circumstance, he set to work to examine its surroundings, and found six fathoms of water everywhere in the vicinity, while the spring was almost fathomless.

Iron Floating on Iron.—For more than a century, says W. M. Williams, the iron-founders have succeeded in puzzling the philosophers by showing them an experiment quite familiar in the foundry, but questioned and even denied in the lecture-room and learned society. This experiment is the throwing of a lump of cold iron into a pot of melted iron. The solid iron, instead of sinking, as it should if it behaved according to laboratory determinations of its specific gravity, contradicts them flatly by rising to the surface and floating upon the melted metal of lower specific gravity than itself. An account of the controversies and attempts at explanation that have been connected with this experiment would fill a whole number of this magazine ; but one has been lately offered which really seems to solve the mystery. Prof. Chandler Roberts and Mr. Wrightson have invented an instrument for measuring the specific gravity of heated metals, and find that, although cold iron, or completely solidified iron, is unquestionably more dense than melted iron, it becomes abnormally expanded just before melting, or at the temperature at which it assumes that plastic condition which renders welding possible ; and thus it floats when it reaches this temperature. Having repeated the popular foundry experiment, I am prepared to support this theory. I noticed that in every case the metal sank, then presently it rose and floated, but I attributed the sinking to the force of projection. Now the idea is suggested, I remember that the uprising was slower than it should have been as a mere result of immediate buoyancy, and that the time which elapsed was sufficient for the heating of the lump to the temperature named by Messrs. Roberts and Wrightson. Besides this, there is a peculiar porosity in iron at this temperature—so great, that under the hammer it appears like a sponge; and I suspect that a frothing then occurs, due to the loosening of some of the gases which are occluded or solidified within the cooler metal. If this is the case, the increase of volume or porosity due to this increase of gas explains the special diminution of specific gravity at this temperature. Graham extracted hydrogen and other gases that were occluded or solidified within various samples of iron by merely heating them, and then pumping out the gases from the pores which their evolution had created.

An Instrument for Producing Artificial Respiration.—The Spirophore is the name of an apparatus invented by a M. Woillez, in France, for restoring asphyxiated persons, especially such as have been in danger of drowning, and new-born infants. It consists of a cylinder of sheet-iron closed at one end and open at the other. The case is large enough to receive the body to be treated, which is let down into it as far as the head, which remains outside. A tightly-fitting diaphragm closes the aperture about the neck. A strong air-pump, C, containing more than four and a half gallons of air, is situated outside of the case, and communicates with it by a thick tube, T. It is worked by means of a lever, the ascent of which produces aspiration of the air confined about the body. The raising of the lever again restores the abstracted air to the case. A transparent piece of glass, D, on the upper part of the cylinder enables one to see the chest and abdomen of the patient, and a movable rod, E, sliding in a vertical tube, is made to rest on the sternum. M. Woillez states that he has made several experiments with the apparatus, the general results of which are as follows: When a human body is inclosed as described, and the lever quickly lowered, a vacuum is produced around the body, and immediately the external air penetrates into the chest, the walls of which are seen to rise as in normal life. The ribs separate, the sternum is pushed up 0.393 inch at least (indicated by the movable rod which rests on it). Further, the epigastrum, and even the abdomen below, present an inspiratory projection, which shows that the enlargment of the chest is effected, during this artificial inspiration, not mearly by the raising of the ribs and the sternum, but also by the descent of the diaphragm. All returns to the former position when the lever is raised again. These complete respiratory movements may be repeated fifteen to eighteen times in a minute, as in a living man. M. Woillez has measured the quantity of air which thus penetrates into the chest at each pressure of the lever. He finds that this is, on an average, one and three-quarter pints; whereas the physiological average is only seven-tenths of a pint. More than twenty-two gallons of air can be made to traverse the lungs of the asphyxiated person in ten minutes. It is easy, then, to see the advantages presented by this apparatus for treatment of the asphyxiated, especially drowning persons and new-born infants. In all cases of asphyxia by vitiated or insufficient air, or by certain poisonings, in paralysis of the respiratory muscles, in most dysphoric affections, in asphyxia by bronchial mucosities, and that due to inhalations of chloroform, and lastly, in determining some cases of apparent death, the spirophore may be used to produce an efficacious artificial respiration, and without danger to the lungs, which are not liable to rupture, however strong the action of the lever, from the fact that the force of penetration of air into the lungs is never superior in this case (as in the case of normal life) to the weight of the atmosphere.



As the result of his personal observations, M. Carlet states that the walking of insects may be represented by that of three men in Indian file, the foremost and hindmost of whom keep step with each other, while the middle one walks in the alternate step. The walking of arachnids can be represented by four men in file, the even numbered ones walking in one step, while the odd numbered ones walk in the alternate step.

A Nuremberg chemist has devised a new method of decorating silks and other fabrics, which is expected to supersede embroidery. The art is called "eidographie," and the operator uses hollow pencils which are charged with a fluid metallic compound. On exposure to air the compound instantly hardens. Every color can be produced, and the designs traced with the pencil are exceedingly durable, lasting as long as the materials on which they are traced. Glass can be stained, and woodenware and pottery decorated, by the same process. The manufacture of the pencils has already become a considerable industry in Germany.

M. Bonnaud, the successor of the celebrated photographic firm of Numa Blanc, in Paris, has invented a mode of reproducing photographs in colors on baked china at a hundredth part of the cost of the old faiences. By it a common dinner-plate can be converted into a veritable work of art, which under the old system would cost at least fifty dollars, and can be produced at a twentieth of that sum, and even then at an enormous profit. The coloring and tints are finer and purer and more clearly defined than anything on hand-painted china, and a revolution in the prices of such *bric-à-brac* is at hand.

A curious fact has been noted by Prof. Von Tieghem. The cells in the root of an apple-tree underwent alcoholic fermentation when the soil was very damp. The tree then presented a very sickly appearance.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Ghosts must come from gnome man's land.

A disagreeable man is one whose idea of fun differs from yours.

Why is the earth like a blackboard ? Because the children of men multiply on the face of it.

Why is it impossible that there should be one best horse on a course ? Because you will always find a better there.

Why is the money you are in the habit of giving to the poor like a newly-born babe ? Because it's precious little.

"Ah, yes," soliloquized a toothless old man—"ah, yes. In infancy we cut our teeth, and in old age our teeth cut us! Such is life!"

"Bridget, I cannot allow you to receive your lover in the kitchen any longer." "It's very kind of you, ma'am, but he's almost too bashful to come into the parlor."

Encouragement.—*Jones* (who has just added the last finishing touch to his picture): "Well ?" *Smith:* "Well, you have just got it into a capital state to begin working upon."

She had sued for breach of promise, and the verdict of the jury was against her. "Want to poll the jury ?" she was asked. "Yes, I do. Jes' gimme the pole for two minutes."

A Galveston widow is about to marry her fifth husband. Her pastor rebuked her for contemplating matrimony so soon again. "Well, I just want you to understand if the Lord keeps on taking them, I will, too," was the spirited reply.

REFLECTIONS.

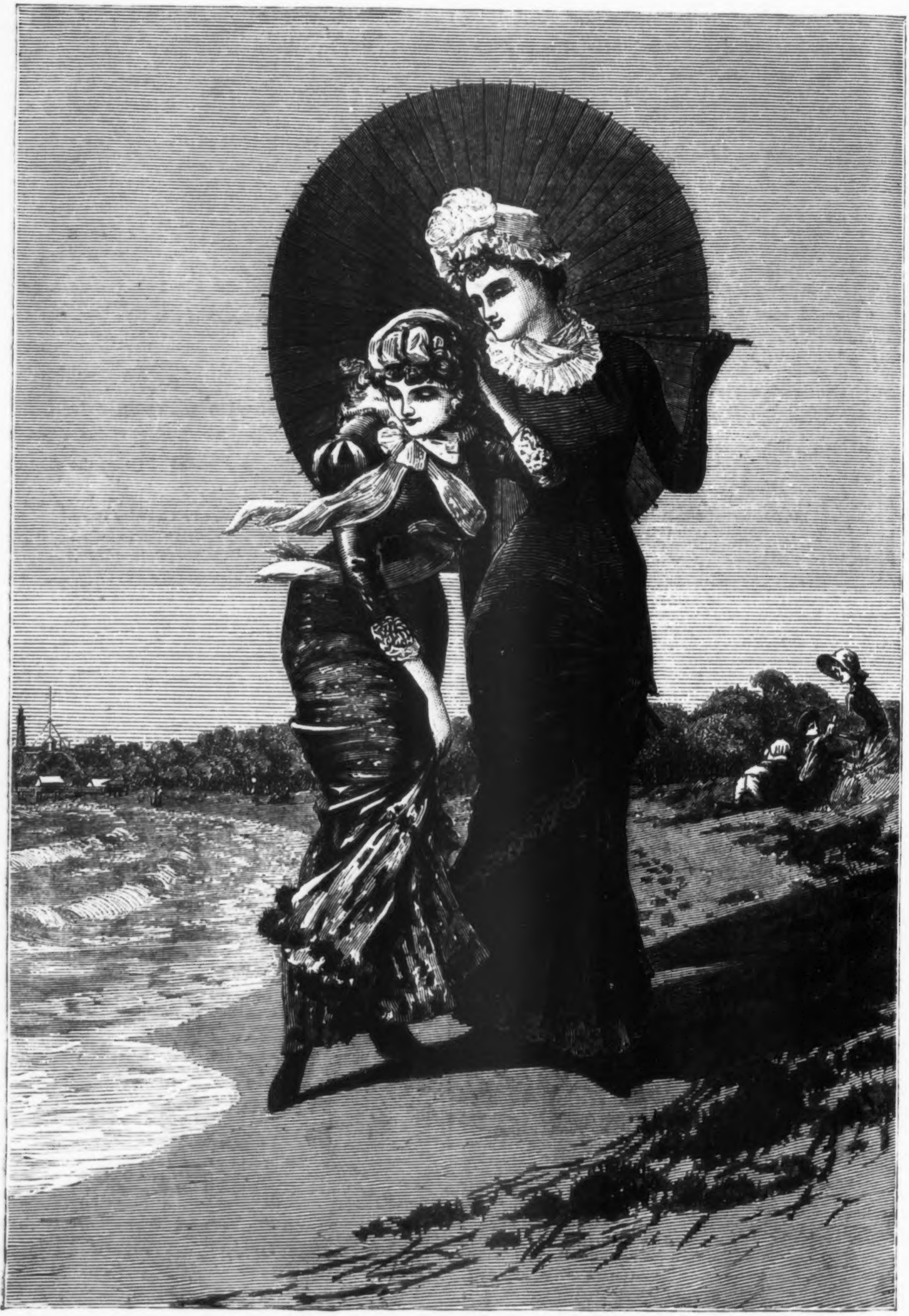
Oh, she wears a sealskin sacque
When it snows;
And her stunning suit is black
As a crow's;
Short—and thinks it is a pity,
Charming, jolly, wise and witty;
Has a *retroussé*—so pretty—
Little nose.

In her basket phaeton,
When it blows,
With her striking glasses on,
Out she goes;
And she's just as sweet as stately,
As she sits there so sedately,
With her cheeks and lips so greatly
Like a rose.

She plays Chopin, Liszt, and Spohr
For her beaux,
And she speaks of "Pinafore,"
Heaven knows!
With a naughty "D" and "Never!"
But she's awful nice and clever;
If she liked me, I'd endeavor
To propose.

"What is your name ?" asked a teacher of a boy. "My name's Jule," was the reply. Whereupon the teacher impressively said: 'You should have said 'Julius, sir.' And now, my lad," turning to another boy, "what is your name ?" "Billious, sir."

A lady with a fatal squint came once to a fashionable artist for her portrait. He looked at her and she looked at him, and both were embarrassed. He spoke first: "Would your ladyship permit me," he said, "to take the profile ? There is a certain shyness about your ladyship's eyes which is as difficult in art as it is fascinating in nature."



ON THE SANDS AT QUEENSCLIFF, AUSTRALIA.